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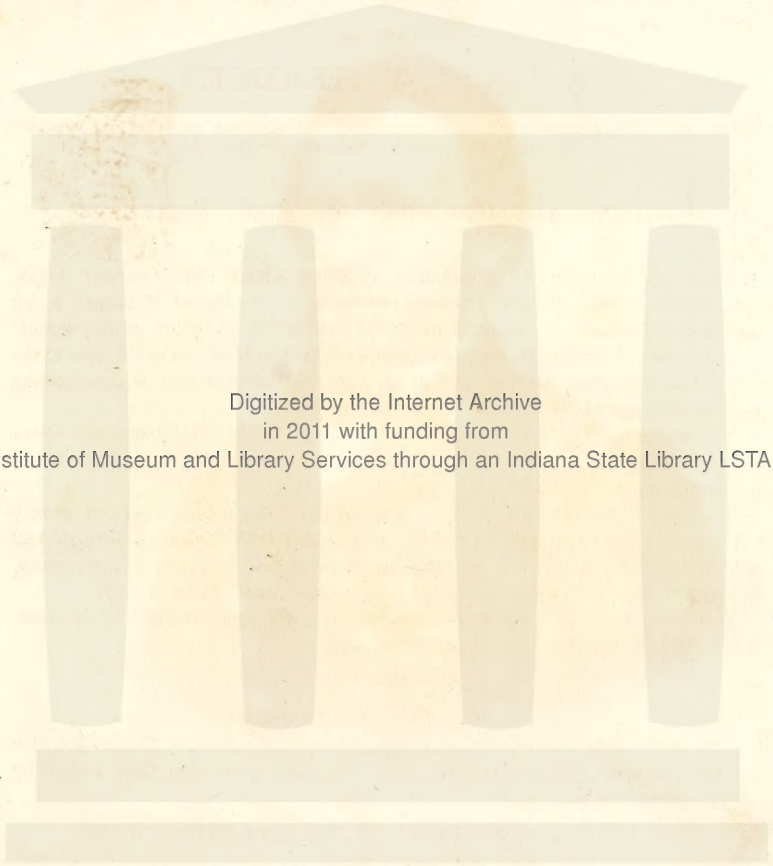
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THEIR

CAMPAIGNS AND GENERALS.

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PREFACE.

THE design in the present work is two-fold: first, to give the history of the two great generals who brought the war to a successful close, including a full account of the campaigns by which the final result was reached. It is as necessary to note the early training, by battles and campaigns, by which they were finally enabled to grasp the entire situation and move together to the same triumphant end, as it is to know the final measures and movements that brought success. The war produced no one great military genius who at once vaulted to supreme command, and, like the first Napoleon, revolutionized military science and astonished the world by the novelty and grandeur of his movements. Both the government and the generals GREW to their great positions. Hence what is needed is not indiscriminate eulogy, but truthful narrative and just criticism. GRANT and SHERMAN are two names that will live forever in our history, not because they were the subjects of a blind adulation, but because their worth was properly estimated and their deeds truthfully recorded. The time has gone by to apotheosize men—make gods of them. We want to see

them as they are—though great, still human, and surrounded with human infirmities; worthy of immortal honor, not because they are unlike us, but because they excel us—great too, not merely in their actions, but in the work they accomplished for their country.

The second object is to group around these two men those generals who climbed to immortality by their side —shared their fortunes—helped to win their battles, and remained with them to the last.

Many great and worthy generals might be added to the list we have selected, but in the progress of the war they have been dropped from active service from various reasons—some from inequalities of character or temper —improper habits, or inability to resist the temptations of pride and ambition. Some have fallen before personal or political malice of men in and out of power. These are omitted, though their deeds will find a place in history, because their introduction here would mar the unity of the design in this work, which is to present to the reader the two men and the chief generals with them who closed up the struggle.

Besides, the introduction of every meritorious officer would make the work too cumbersome for our purpose, unless the biographies were reduced to mere encyclopedia articles.

The utmost efforts have been made to have these, sketches complete without being heavy—to give the leading qualities, peculiar characteristics, and actions of the men, in such a form as to *individualize* each.

Biographies possess but half their true value unless they give living portraits, so that each man stands out clear and distinct in his true character and proportions. A careful study of the war from the outset gives us, we think, the right to attempt this, without being charged with vanity. At all events, the men embraced in this volume merit all the honor they ever will receive, while their names deserve the separate places which it shall be our design, and at least our effort, to give them.

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GRANT AND SHERMAN:

THEIR CAMPAIGNS AND GENERALS.

CHAPTER I.



GRANT AND SHERMAN;

THEIR

CAMPAIGNS AND GENERALS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST GREAT PLAN OF CARRYING ON THE WAR—THE FAILURE OF HALLECK'S ADMINISTRATION—THE GREAT CHANGE IN AFFAIRS WHEN GRANT ASSUMED CONTROL OF OUR ARMIES—POPULAR ERRORS RESPECTING GENERALS AND THE WAR—CAPABLE LEADERS NOT READY-MADE, BUT GROW TO THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES—MISTAKEN NOTION OF THE GOVERNMENT—WANT OF CHARITY OF THE PEOPLE—OUR GENERALS NOT TO BE BLINDLY EULOGIZED, BUT THEIR MISTAKES, AS WELL AS TRIUMPHS, TO BE RECORDED—A TRUE NARRATIVE OF THEIR RISE TO GREATNESS THE ONLY ONE DESIRABLE.

We propose in this volume to take up the two military chieftains and their principal generals who brought this gigantic war to its triumphant close. At the outset a great plan was adopted by Scott, and afterward by McClellan, which, in its main features, consisted in having two great armies, one in the Mississippi valley, the other in front of Washington, move simultaneously forward east and west, driving the rebel armies before them, and subduing the country as they advanced. The navy, in the mean time, was to operate against the hostile seaports, closing up their commerce, or seizing them as new bases of supplies and movements inland of such forces

as would be needed to coöperate with the main armies. This plan was so carefully elaborated, that the exact number of men and guns thought to be necessary was given. It need not be added that this number was too small; for, at the commencement of the war, no one north or south comprehended the magnitude of the struggle on which we had entered. However, the plan was put in operation; the two armies moved, and the western one kept on its victorious march till it was stopped at Vicksburg. The eastern one planted itself before Richmond, while Burnside made a lodgment on the coast of North Carolina. The failure at Richmond, and the removal of McClellan, though they did not cause any new plan to be adopted, left the old one in abeyance; and during the two years that Halleck was general-in-chief, the war seemed to resolve itself into separate engagements, which gave us no permanent advantage, and took us not one step nearer the close of the conflict.

The commencement of Halleck's reign was distinguished, in the east, by the withdrawal of the army from the James—where every military man of sense knew it would have to be placed again—the defeat of Pope, and the invasion of Maryland; in the west, by the retreat of Buell from before Chattanooga to Nashville, the invasion of Kentucky and Tennessee by Kirby Smith and Bragg till their forces threatened even Cincinnati, the evacuation of Cumberland Gap by Morgan, and the surrender of all East Tennessee into the hands of the rebels.

This sad beginning was made worse by the terrible defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg, the equally disastrous failure of Hooker at Chancellorsville, and the invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee. West, Rosecrans finally pushed on to Chattanooga, but was stopped there,

while everything indicated that he would be compelled to retreat, and the campaigns in Tennessee and Kentucky all have to be fought over again. Never did a general-in-chief before make up in so short a time so sad a record. That the President retained him in power so long, under such an accumulation of disasters, filled the country with surprise. The removal of subordinate leaders did not reach the source of the difficulty, and the war seemed farther than ever from its end, till the European powers came to the conclusion that it never *could* end, except in the independence of the South. But for the triumphs of the man who was soon to displace the incapable general-in-chief, and change all this, the discouragement of the patriot would have well-nigh reached despair.

When Grant assumed the chief command, a new spirit was breathed into this chaotic mass; order began to spring out of confusion, as at the creation of the world; sea and land became separated, and harmony and design appeared where before blind chance seemed to rule.

But although this great change came over the aspect of military affairs the moment Grant and Sherman were placed at the head of the two grand armies of the Union, it is not to be supposed that they were the only two great generals the war had produced, or the only ones who were able to bring it to a successful issue. It is an error to imagine, as many do, that the Government kept casting about for men fit to do the work these men did, and, after long searching, at length found them. Several were displaced, who would have, doubtless, succeeded in bringing us ultimate victory, had they been allowed a fair trial. The error was in supposing that men, capable of controlling such vast armies, and carrying on a

war of such magnitude and covering almost a continent in its scope, were to be found ready-made. They were not to leap forth, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, completely panoplied and ready for the service to which they were destined. A war of such magnitude, and covering the territory that ours did, would have staggered the genius of Napoleon, or the skill of Wellington, even at the close of their long experience and training. To expect, therefore, that officers, who had never led ten thousand men to battle, were suddenly to become capable of wielding half a million, was absurd. Both the army and the leaders, as well as the nation, had to *grow* by experience to the vastness of the undertaking. A mighty military genius, capable at once of comprehending and controlling the condition of things, would have upset the government in six months. Trammelled, confined, and baffled by "ignorance and unbelief," it would have taken matters into its own hand. Besides, such prodigies do not appear every century. We were children in such a complicated and wide-sweeping struggle; and, like children, were compelled to learn to walk by many a stumble. Greene, next to Washington, was the greatest general our revolutionary war produced; yet, in almost his first essay, he lost Fort Washington, with its four thousand men, and seriously crippled his great leader. But Washington had the sagacity to discern his military ability beneath his failure, and still gave him his confidence. To a thinking man, that was evidently the only way for us to get a competent general—one capable of planning and carrying out a great campaign. Here was our vital error. The Government kept throwing dice for able commanders. It is true that experience will not make a great man out of a naturally weak one; but it is

equally true that without it, a man of great natural military capacity will not be equal to vast responsibilities and combinations. Our experience proved this; for both Grant and Sherman came very near sharing the fate of many that preceded them. Nothing but the President's friendship and tenacity saved the former after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. His overthrow was determined on; while the latter was removed from the department of Kentucky, as a crazy man. Great by nature, they were fortunately kept where they could grow to the new and strange condition of things, and the magnitude of the struggle into which we had been thrown. If the process of changing commanders the moment they did not keep pace with the extravagant expectations of the country, and equally extravagant predictions of the Government, had been continued, we should have been floundering to this day amid chaos and uncertainty.

The same principle will apply to the Government. To expect that it would rise at once to the true magnitude and comprehensiveness of this unprecedented war, was unjust. Errors on its part were as inevitable, as mistakes on the part of generals. The Administration had got to grow to the new and complicated condition of things, as well as the army and the leaders. Not recognizing this necessity, made the people very wanting in charity and proper consideration for the Government. Many talked and acted as if they thought that the mere fact that a man was President, rendered him equal to any emergency and to any demand. The President, like the people themselves, and the army and the generals, must gradually and through many errors feel his way to the true comprehension of such an unprecedented struggle. We demanded that neither should make any mistakes, and

looking only at our vast power and resources, were impatient that they were not gathered up at once, and wielded with a skill and prescience superhuman. In short, we demanded that men, suddenly placed in the most difficult positions that ever tried the capacity of mortals, should do what nobody but a weak and vain person pretended he himself could have done, were he to stand in their place. After events have transpired, it is a common and withal an easy and shallow criticism to say, "It could have been better done." In art, literature, and war, it is all the same. Any one can say it, and claim wisdom in the utterance.

We have said this much, because in the present work we do not design to indulge in blind eulogy, but shall speak of errors, as well as successes—show how circumstances developed character and wrought out greatness. Truly great men do not like indiscriminate flattery. Aware that they have gained by experience, even by defeats themselves, they cheerfully acknowledge it, and repudiate the claim of perfect wisdom and a sagacity that never allowed them to err. They love truth as well as praise, and the more discriminating the latter is, the higher it is prized. The ability to redeem errors, and obtain final success in spite of mistakes, is the strongest evidence of true greatness. Next to being great one's self, is the sagacity to see capacity in others, and thus be able to select the instruments appropriate for the work to be done. In this respect, both Grant and Sherman were distinguished above ordinary men.

CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

HIS ANCESTRY AND NATIVITY—BROUGHT UP A TANNER—ENTERS WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY—BREVETTED SECOND LIEUTENANT, AND SENT TO JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.—JOINS TAYLOR'S ARMY IN MEXICO—AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY, TRANSFERRED TO SCOTT'S ARMY AT VERA CRUZ—MADE QUARTERMASTER OF HIS REGIMENT—BREVETTED CAPTAIN FOR GALLANTRY AT CHAPULTEPEC—HIS MARRIAGE—STATIONED AT DETROIT AND SACKETT'S HARBOR—SENT TO OREGON—RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION—SETTLES ON A FARM, NEAR ST. LOUIS—ACTS AS COLLECTOR OF DEBTS FOR HIS NEIGHBORS—GOES TO GALENA AND SETS UP A LEATHER-STORE IN CONNECTION WITH HIS FATHER—BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR—OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND RAISES A COMPANY—MADE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE STATE—REFUSES A BRIGADIERSHIP—APPOINTED COLONEL AND SENT INTO MISSOURI—MADE BRIGADIER, AND ASSIGNED TO THE DISTRICT OF CAIRO—EXPEDITION TO BELMONT, AND CAPTURE OF THE ENEMY'S CAMP—HIS HORSE SHOT UNDER HIM—HIS CONGRATULATORY ORDER—HIS DISTRICT ENLARGED—THE CAIRO EXPEDITIONS—A STRICT ORDER—PRIVATE PROPERTY TO BE RESPECTED—EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT HENRY—INVESTMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON—THE BATTLE—ORDERED UNDER ARREST—PUT OVER THE WEST TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT—ADVANCES TO PITTSBURG LANDING — BATTLE OF—HIS DEFEAT FIRST DAY—SHERMAN'S LETTER—DETERMINATION TO REMOVE HIM FROM COMMAND—CHARGES AGAINST—FATE CEASES TO PERSECUTE HIM—HIS STAR IN THE ASCENDANT—ADVANCE AGAINST CORINTH—LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH HALLECK—HIS CONDUCT AT MEMPHIS—BATTLES OF IUKA AND CORINTH—TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO VICKSBURG—SHERMAN'S FAILURE AT VICKSBURG.

HIRAM ULYSSES GRANT, or, as he is known, Ulysses S. Grant, is of Scotch descent, and in those great qualities which distinguish him, shows that the Scotch blood still flows strongly through his veins. His father was a

native of Westmoreland Co., Pennsylvania, but in 1794 removed to Ohio. Ulysses was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont Co., of the latter State, April 27th, 1822. His father was a tanner by trade, to which business he also was brought up. Receiving only the limited education which at the time could be furnished in what was called the Far West, he grew up a sturdy youth, differing little from scores of hard-working young men around him. When eighteen years of age, he succeeded, through the influence of Mr. Hamer, member of Congress from Ohio, in obtaining an appointment in the Military Academy at West Point. He labored under great disadvantage, in comparison with many young men in his class, in his want of knowledge of the preparatory studies which they possessed. He made up, however, for all deficiencies in this respect, by his close application and perseverance.

A mistake in entering his name on the books at West Point, changed it from the baptismal one. His grandmother wished him named Ulysses, after the Grecian hero, but his grandfather preferred that of Hiram; so the matter was compromised by calling him Hiram Ulysses. Mr. Hamer, in presenting his name for a cadetship, by mistake wrote it Ulysses S. Grant. With that name, therefore, he graduated, and by it has ever since gone. He graduated in 1843, No. 21 in his class, which indicated only a good respectable standing. Appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Regular Infantry, he joined his regiment, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, and the next spring moved with it up the Red River, to do frontier duty. In 1845, when trouble began to arise between this country and Mexico, Taylor was sent to Corpus Christi with an "Army of Occupation," of which Grant's regiment formed a part. He was soon after pro-

moted to a full second lieutenant. In 1846 war was declared by Mexico, and Grant's active military life commenced. He marched with Taylor from Point Isabel, and participated in the battles of Resaca and Palo Alto. When the army moved into the interior, his regiment accompanied it, and took part in the hotly-contested battle of Monterey. Transferred to the army of General Scott, he was appointed quartermaster of his regiment, and took part in every battle between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. For his gallantry at Molino del Rey, he was appointed brevet first lieutenant. In the battle of Chapultepec, which occurred a few days after, he so distinguished himself, that he was brevetted captain, and honorably mentioned in the despatches. He with Captain Brooks, and a few men, by a skilful move on the left flank of the enemy at the first barrier, compelled the Mexicans to seek safety in flight. His intrepidity on the occasion was so conspicuous, that Garland made special mention of him. At the close of the war, he married a Miss Dent, of St. Louis, Missouri, and soon after was stationed at Detroit. From thence he was transferred to Sackett's Harbor. Subsequently, a force being sent to Oregon, he accompanied it, and here, in 1852, received his full commission as captain. The next year he resigned his commission, and settled in St. Louis, Missouri, on a small farm near his father-in-law. The rough life, however, to which he was now subjected, did not suit him, nor the duties of a collector of debts, which he at one time undertook to be, for his neighbors.

The young captain was getting along indifferently well in Missouri, and the prospect before him was not very flattering, when he received a letter from his father, inviting him to go into the leather-trade with him. Glad of

a chance to improve his condition, he at once removed to Galena, Illinois, and in 1859 settled down to the leather business, for which his military career was not the best preparation he could have had.

The sign of "Grant & Son, Leather Dealers," in the far West, stands in strong contrast to the name of Lieutenant-General Grant, as five years after it stood written in the front of the temple of military fame.

The prospect before him at this time was, that he would obtain a fair competence in his business, and live and die a respectable citizen of Galena. But the troubles that had long been brewing between the North and South came to a head on the election of Mr. Lincoln. Grant had voted against him, for he saw, like many others, the danger to the Republic of a sectional issue. But when the news of the fall of Fort Sumter startled the nation, his old military ardor was aroused. The flag under which he had so often perilled his life had been struck down by traitors, and his business was at once cast to the winds. Saying, "Uncle Sam educated me for the army; and although I have served faithfully through one war, I feel that I am still a little in debt for my education, and I am ready to discharge it and put down this rebellion." He immediately organized a company and tendered it to the Governor, and applied for a commission; but, it is said, failed to get it. Applications of that sort were numerous enough, and, at that period of the war, reserved too much for political friends. The Governor, however, being ignorant of the details of military organization, employed him to assist in organizing the quota of the State, as Adjutant-General.

Two weeks after, Governor Yates proposed to send his name to Washington for the appointment of Brigadier-

General. Grant refused his consent, curtly replying that he did not ask promotion, he wanted to *earn it.*

In June, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, that its own colonel could not manage; and though his rather shabby appearance at first excited the soldiers' ridicule, they soon found they had a man to deal with who was accustomed to obedience.

He was first sent into Missouri, but in August, being made Brigadier-General, he was assigned to the district of Cairo. He at once took possession of Paducah, an important position for future operations.

The enemy at this time had a large force, under Polk, at Columbus, also a camp and garrison opposite, at Belmont. Grant, finding his force too small to attack the former place, determined to break up the camp at the latter. The object of the expedition, he said, was to prevent the enemy from sending out reinforcements to Price's army in Missouri, and also from cutting off columns that he had despatched after Jeff. Thompson. In order not to be overwhelmed by the garrison at Columbus, he asked General Smith, commanding at Paducah, to make a demonstration against the former place, which he did, by sending a small force, that was not to advance nearer, however, than twelve or fifteen miles. He also despatched another small force on the Kentucky side, for the same purpose, with directions not to advance nearer than Ellicott's Mills, twelve miles from Columbus. These demonstrations against a place, with small detachments halting twelve or fifteen miles away, we hardly think he would order now.

The force under his own command was two thousand eight hundred and fifty strong. These were embarked in transports on the evening of the 6th of November, and

moved down to the foot of Island No. Ten, within eleven miles of Columbus, where they stopped for the night, tied up to the Kentucky shore. At daylight, next morning, the transports moved quietly down-stream till almost within range of the rebel guns, when they were quickly pushed to the Missouri shore, and the troops landed. The gunboats Tyler and Lexington accompanied them.

The cannon were hauled by hand up the steep banks, amid dropping shot and shell from the rebel encampment, from which, as it occupied an elevated position, Grant's movements could be distinctly seen.

The troops, after landing, passed through some corn-fields and halted, preparatory to an advance. Colonel Buford was ordered to make a detour to the right, and come down on the rebel camp in that direction. The main army then moved forward till it arrived within a mile and a half of the abattis that the rebels had piled in their front. This was composed of trees, that for several hundred yards had been felled with their tops pointing outward, and the limbs sharpened, so that a dense breastwork of points confronted any force advancing down the river. The gunboats in the meantime were engaging the batteries at Columbus.

As the columns advanced, the dropping fire of the skirmishers showed that the enemy had been met, and was determined to dispute every inch of ground to their encampment. The Thirtieth and Thirty-first having been sent forward to relieve the skirmishers, a spirited action was commenced, which lasted for half an hour, in which our ranks were thrown into disorder. Colonels Foulke and Logan, however, soon rallied them, and drove the enemy back for a quarter of a mile, where, being rein-

forced, they attempted to turn McClernand's left flank. Being defeated in this by a prompt movement of Colonel Logan, and suddenly swept by a fierce fire of artillery and musketry, they began to show signs of wavering. Foulke and Logan, sword in hand, shouted to their men, urging them forward by stirring appeals, which were answered with cheers, and these raw troops stood up like veterans to their work.

The officers, however, had to set the example of exposure, for now, added to the fire in front, the batteries at Columbus, which had ceased firing at the gunboats, sent their huge projectiles crashing through the tree-tops overhead. Grant and McClernand were both in the thickest of the fight, exposing themselves like the commonest soldier. The latter, while leading a gallant charge, received a ball in his holster; and the horse of Grant was killed under him. While this struggle was going on, a tremendous fire from the Twenty-seventh broke over the woods, to the right and rear of the rebel encampment. The other regiments having now worked their way into line through the brushwood, the whole closed sternly up on three sides of the abattis at once, and sweeping rapidly forward, drove the enemy pell-mell through it. Following close on their heels, our excited troops dashed through and over with a cheer. The sight of the Twenty-seventh in the open space beyond roused all their ardor, and they, too, soon stood in the clear ground around the camp. The artillery opened on the tents, not three hundred yards distant, and the rebels broke for the river and the woods like a flock of frightened sheep. A detachment having rallied in the woods, McClernand galloped thither, and came near losing his life—one ball grazing his head, another hitting his horse in the shoulder, while others cut his trappings.

The camp being ours, McClernand called for three cheers for the Union, which were given with a will; the flag went proudly up, while the bands struck up national airs. The torch was then applied to the tents and baggage, and in a moment the spot was wrapt in flames and smoke. The enraged enemy across the river at Columbus now turned their batteries on the smoking camp, and soon shot and shell were hurtling through the air on every side. Grant saw at once that he could not stay here; and to hasten his departure, he was told that the rebels at Columbus had thrown a large force across the river, directly in his rear, and between him and his transports. The artillery was immediately turned on them, while Logan ordered his flag to the front, and moved straight on the enemy, followed by the whole army, except Buford's Regiment, the Twenty-seventh, and two Cavalry companies, that returned by the same circuitous route by which they advanced.

The rebels gave way as our banners advanced, and the transports were again reached, and the troops hurried on board. Col. Dougherty, while hurrying up the rear, was shot three times; and his horse falling on him, he was taken prisoner.

It was a spirited contest. The Seventh Iowa especially fought gallantly, losing their lieutenant-colonel and major, the colonel himself being wounded. Our total loss was about three hundred, while that of the rebels was nearly a thousand—a great disparity, especially when it is considered that we were the attacking party, and the former fought a part of the time behind defences. Two guns were brought off, and two more spiked, and some battle-flags captured, together with many prisoners. Grant was delighted with the conduct of his men and

officers, and, in a letter to his father, giving an account of the battle, he said, "I am truly proud to command such men."

He issued a congratulatory order to his troops, the first he ever penned after a battle, which stands in such striking contrast to those of his later campaigns, that we give it entire:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT, S. C., MO.,
CAIRO, *November* 8, 1861.

The General commanding this Military District returns his thanks to the troops under his command at the battle of Belmont on yesterday.

It has been his fortune to have been in all the battles fought in Mexico by Generals Scott and Taylor, except Buena Vista, and he never saw one more hotly contested, or where troops behaved with more gallantry.

Such courage will insure victory wherever our flag may be borne and protected by such a class of men. To the brave men who fell the sympathy of the country is due, and will be manifested in a manner unmistakable.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Though this action was gallantly fought, it injured, rather than helped, the opening prospects of Grant. It being generally thought that the object of the expedition was to take Columbus, it was regarded as a total failure, and so reported by the rebels.

Even afterwards, when its true object was made known, the praise awarded him was faint. It was not clear how marching into a hostile camp, and then retreating, could effect the object he said he wished to secure. A few hours would suffice to reëstablish the camp and restore things to their old status, and the movements he proposed to check could go on as well as ever. As a lesson of experience to the men, it was, doubtless, valuable; but, on the whole, one fails to see what good was actually accomplished that would compensate for the loss, or discern the wisdom of the expedition. Since the close

of the war, however, Grant has, for the first time, published his report of the expedition, which will be found in the Appendix, No. A.

His next movement, also, failed to awaken any general confidence in his ability. During the winter, Halleck, having been appointed over the Western Department, enlarged Grant's district, who began to assemble troops in Paducah, and at other points, to be ready for a movement upon the enemy. In the very heart of winter it commenced, and three grand columns, under Paine, McClernand, and C. F. Smith, in all nineteen regiments of infantry, six of cavalry, and seven batteries, moved off, as it was supposed, against Columbus. "The Cairo Expedition," as it was called, ended in nothing. McClernand, with some five thousand men, made a march of seventy-five miles over ice, and through snow and mud, while the cavalry marched a hundred and forty, and came back again, reporting that some new roads had been discovered, foolish reports exploded, the inhabitants impressed with our military strength, &c., and that was all. Doubtless Grant had some plan for taking Columbus, but found himself unable to carry it out. This second essay certainly did not promise much for his future reputation. He had thus far exhibited only moderate ability. He, however, had shown, in two orders which he issued, the temper of the man. Some of his pickets being shot near Cairo, he ordered all the inhabitants within six miles to be brought into camp and properly guarded. "The intention," he said, "was not to make political prisoners of these people, but to cut off a dangerous class of spies." "This order," he said, "applied to all classes, conditions, age, and sex."

The other was designed to guide the conduct of the

troops in the grand "Cairo Expedition." He said, "Disgrace having been brought upon our brave fellows by the bad conduct of some of their members, showing, on all occasions, when passing through territory occupied by sympathizers of the enemy, a total disregard of the rights of citizens, and being guilty of wanton destruction of private property, the General Commanding desires and intends to enforce a change in this respect." * * * * * *

"It is ordered that the severest punishment be inflicted upon every soldier who is guilty of taking or destroying private property, and any commissioned officer guilty of like conduct, or of countenancing it, shall be deprived of his sword, and expelled from the army, not to be permitted to return," etc.

It will stand recorded to his enduring honor, that, amid all the exasperation, public clamor, and private temptations, that carried so many beyond the limits and laws of civilized warfare, he maintained a character above reproach. Many of our officers were guilty of atrocious violations of private property, whose conduct has thus far escaped public condemnation; but when the present chaotic state of affairs has wholly given place to calm reflection and Christian feeling, they will stand side by side in history with those epauletted marauders that disgraced the English flag, both in our first and second wars with England.

Grant's record in this respect is untarnished. What he was at first, he continued to be to the last, temperate in judgment, dispassionate in feeling, and forbearing in the hour of victory.

When, for the third time, public attention was fixed on Grant, fortune seemed still unwilling to smile upon him. Foote had been engaged all winter in preparing a

fleet to descend the Mississippi, and the public supposed that Columbus was to be the first point attacked; but in the previous autumn a different plan had been discussed at Washington, and when Buell was assigned to Kentucky, he took it with him. This was to ascend the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, that flow north to the Ohio, and thus flank Columbus, and pierce the heart of Tennessee. The land force was put under General Grant, and early in February the expedition set out. He divided it in such a manner as to prevent the escape of the garrison, when it should be driven out of the fort by Foote's shells.

When the latter, on the morning of the 6th, was unmooring from the bank where the fleet had lain all night, several miles below the fort, he told Grant that he must hurry forward his columns, or he would not be up in time to take part in the action, and secure the prisoners. The latter smiled incredulously. But recent rains had made the cart-paths and roads so heavy, that his progress was slow. As he toiled forward, the heavy cannonading, as Foote advanced to the attack, broke over the woods, and rolled in deep vibrations down the shore, quickening his movements. Before, however, the fort was reached, the firing ceased. Grant was perplexed at the sudden termination of the contest; it did not seem possible that the fort had been taken so soon; it was far more probable that the gunboats had fallen back disabled. He sent scouts forward to ascertain the truth, which soon came galloping back with the news that our flag was flying above the fort. The unexpected tidings rolled down the line, followed by long and deafening cheers. Grant, with his staff, spurred forward, and in half an hour rode into the fort, which was immediately turned over to him.

It was a great victory, but unfortunately he had taken no part in the contest that secured it, nor did he arrive in time to prevent the escape of a large portion of the garrison. He determined, however, in his next movement, to make up for his disappointment in this. The reduction of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, was only a preliminary step to the reduction of Fort Donelson, nearly opposite on the Cumberland, some twelve miles distant, and the key to Nashville. Leaving a garrison in the former, Grant struck across the country, with his army of fifteen thousand men, while six regiments were sent off by water to coöperate with the gunboats, which were to attack the fort from the river-side.

Foote having arrived first before the fort, and landed the troops and supplies for the main army, advanced against it on the 14th, and endeavored to capture it as he did Fort Henry. But although he carried his vessels gallantly into action, and held them for a long time under the overwhelming fire of the batteries, he was finally compelled to give it up, and drop, crippled, out of the fight. Grant had arrived two days before, and spent the intermediate time in completing the investment of the place. The fort stood on a high bluff, with a wooded, broken country in front, seamed with ravines that alternated with rocky heights and stretches of timber and underbrush, which made the approach to it difficult. Floyd commanded, with Pillow and Buckner as subordinates, and had a force of nearly twenty thousand men. Grant, in investing the place, sent McClernand's division, composed of three brigades, to the south, his right resting on the river above it. General Smith's was below, the army stretching back in a semicircle, till the extremes met in the centre. It was cold weather, in the middle of

February, and amid rain, sleet, and snow, the troops suffered severely. The rebel officers, when they saw the place completely invested, felt that something must be done at once, or they would be starved into surrender. A council of war was therefore called, in which it was resolved to attempt to open a passage through our lines, on the right, to Nashville. It was Grant's purpose to intrench himself in his position, and wait till the gunboats were repaired, and then make a simultaneous attack by land and water. This plan, however, was frustrated by the determination of the enemy.

On the morning of the 15th, Grant repaired on board the flag-ship of Foote, to consult upon the time and manner of making it, when the rebels issued from their trenches, and, without a note of warning, fell like a thunderbolt on McClernand. Buckner, in the meantime, to keep the latter from being reinforced, was ordered to move out on the Wynn's Ferry road, upon our centre. Pillow commanded the attacking force on our right, variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand men. Heralded by three commanding batteries, attended by a regiment of cavalry, they struck McClernand's right with a force that threatened to sweep it from the field. But the brave Illinoians stood manfully up to their work, and the battle had hardly commenced, before it was at its height. The country was wooded, and covered with underbrush, and broken into hollows and ridges, rendering a survey of the field impossible. Our lines extended for two miles around the fort, and this sudden uproar early in the morning, on our extreme right, along the banks of the Cumberland, called each division into line of battle. Lew. Wallace was posted next to McClernand, on the top of a high ridge, with forests sweeping off to the front

and rear. When the deep and mingled roar of artillery and musketry broke over the woods, he thought McClernand had moved on the enemy's works. But that brave chieftain was making, instead, desperate efforts to hold his own against the overwhelming numbers that, momentarily increasing, pressed his lines, with a fierceness that threatened his complete overthrow. Finding, at length, that his troops were giving way, he, at eight o'clock, sent off a staff-officer at full speed to Wallace, for help. The latter had received orders from Grant to hold the position he occupied, in order to keep the enemy from escaping in that direction, and dared not move; and so hurried off the courier with his despatch to headquarters. But Grant not being there, the latter kept on to the gunboats, in search of him. McClernand, wondering that no help came, and seeing his lines swinging back, despite the heroic efforts of the commanders, hastened off another messenger to Wallace, saying that his flank was turned, and his whole division was wavering. Wallace could wait no longer to hear from Grant, and immediately despatched Colonel Croft, commanding a brigade, to his help. Losing his way, the latter marched clear round, almost to the river, when he was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force. Though he bravely met the assault, confusion followed, through ignorance of each other's whereabouts and purposes. After a short and sanguinary struggle, the enemy suddenly left him and bore heavily down on McClernand again. Wallace all this time sat on his horse, listening to the steady crash to the right that made the wintry woods resound, when there burst into view a crowd of fugitives, rushing up the hill on which he stood. The next moment an officer dashed on a headlong gallop up the road, shouting, "We are cut to pieces." Seeing

his whole line of the third brigade beginning to shake before this sudden irruption, he ordered its commander to move on by the right flank, he himself riding at its head to keep it steady. He had not gone far before he met portions of regiments in full retreat, yet without panic or confusion, calling aloud for ammunition. To his inquiry, how the battle was going, *Colonel* Wallace told him, coolly, as though it were the most ordinary circumstance, that the enemy was close behind, and would soon attack him. He immediately formed his line of battle, and sent off to the left for help. The retiring regiments kept on to the rear, a short distance, and refilled their cartridge-boxes. Scarcely was this new line of battle formed, when the rebels, following up their advantage on the right, swooped down, confident of victory, full upon him. The shock was firmly met, and the enemy brought to a pause. Hours had passed in the meantime, and McClernand was disputing every inch of ground he was compelled to yield. Desperate fighting over batteries; repulses and advances of regiments and brigades; shouts and yells heard amid the intervals of the uproar, sweeping like a thunder-storm through the leafless woods, out of which burst clouds of smoke, as though a conflagration was raging below; hurrying crowds in all the openings,—combined to make up the terrific scene that was displayed that wintry morning on the banks of the Cumberland. About three o'clock, Grant rode on the field, to find his right thown far back, ammunition exhausted, and the ranks in confusion. Most generals in this crisis would have retired their troops, formed a new line, and waited till the attack could be renewed with the assistance of the gunboats. But the enemy not following up his advantage at this critical moment, showed to his quick eye that his strength was ex-

hausted, the force of his blow spent; and he immediately ordered General Smith, on the extreme left, down the river—who had been comparatively idle during the day—to move at once upon the enemy's works in his front. It was a bold undertaking, but one of those sudden inspirations which, taken in the heat of battle, often decides its fate. Napoleon once said, "A battle often turns on a single thought." It was true in this case. In order to distract the enemy, while Smith was moving to this desperate task, he directed McClernand—exhausted and shattered as he was—to recover his lost ground, piled with his own dead, and assault the rebel works, from before which he had been driven. Wallace commanded the assaulting columns, composed of the two brigades of Colonels Smith and Croft. As the brave regiments moved past him, he coldly told them that desperate work was before them. Instead of being discouraged by this, they sent up loud cheers, and "Forward, forward," ran along the ranks. "Forward, then!" he shouted, in turn. Through dense underbrush, over out-cropping ledges of rock, across open stony places, up the steep acclivity, swept by desolating volleys, they boldly charged, or climbed like mountain-goats. Now lying down to escape the murderous volleys, then rising with a cheer, they pushed on till they got within a hundred and fifty yards of the intrenchments, when the order came to fall back. It was now dark, and, disobeying the order, Wallace kept the hard-won position. He did not know at the time the brilliant success won on the left by Smith. Newspaper correspondents had denounced the latter as a Southern sympathizer, and he was about to show them an example of the workings of that sympathy. The intrenched hill in front of him commanded the interior works of the enemy, and on its bristling top he

was determined to plant his flag. Sending a force around to the right, to make a feint, he took three picked regiments—the Second and Seventh Iowa, and Fifty-seventh Indiana—to compose the storming column, and, riding at their head, ordered the advance. As his eye glanced along that splendid body of men, he felt they were equal to the bloody task assigned them. The bayonet was to do the work this time. It was to be swift success, or utter destruction. Mounting the slope with leaning forms, those brave troops entered the desolating fire, that rolled like a lava-flood adown the height, and pressed rapidly upward and onward. Their gallant leader moved beside them, with his cap lifted on his sword, as a banner to wave them on. Grim and silent, with compressed lips and flashing eyes, they breasted the steep acclivity and the blinding, fiery sleet, without faltering for one instant. They sternly closed the rent ranks as they ascended, until at last the summit was gained. Then the long line of gleaming barrels came to a level together; a simultaneous flash, a crashing volley, a cheer, ringing high and clear from the smoking top, a single bound, and they were over and in the rebel works. The flag went up, and with it a shout of victory that was the death-knell of Fort Donelson. Hurrying up his artillery and supports, Smith fixed himself firmly in position, and awaited the morning light to complete the work already more than half done.

That night the rebel Generals held a council of war, which ended in Floyd's turning over the command of the fort to Pillow, and he again transferring it to Buckner. This being done, the two former, with a portion of the Virginia brigade, stole secretly on board some steamers, and escaped to Nashville.

In the morning, when the roll of the drum and the bugle-

note awakened the Federal army, a white flag was seen waving from Fort Donelson. Soon an officer appeared, bearing proposals from Buckner for an armistice of twelve hours, and that commissioners might be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation. Grant replied that no terms were to be entertained; he demanded unconditional surrender, and that immediately, or he should move at once on his works. Buckner replied, that, ungenerous and unchivalric as this was, he must submit to it; and the Fort was surrendered, with its garrison of thirteen thousand men, some sixty cannon, commissary stores, &c. The number of the captured was swelled by two regiments of Tennesseans who next day entered the Fort, ignorant of its fall.

This was the first great victory of the war, and electrified the nation more than any after success. On the other hand, it was received by the South with the deepest mortification and rage. The Fort surrendered on Sabbath morning, and the people of Nashville were crowding to church, elate with confidence, caused by a despatch received the night before, from Pillow, stating that our army was beaten. When the stunning news ran through the streets of the city that the Fort had fallen, the gentle clamor of bells calling to prayer was changed to the loud clang of alarm, and soon every vehicle was engaged to carry away the alarmed inhabitants that surged in swaying crowds through the streets.

The rebel loss in the engagement was only some twelve hundred, while ours was about double—we being compelled to assail the enemy behind his breastworks. Grant at once became the idol of the West, and the Illinois troops won a reputation that they maintained untarnished to the close of the war.

Still, adverse fortune seemed to follow Grant. With the tidings of victory, there went to Washington an infamous charge against him, and an order was telegraphed back, ordering him under arrest. Thus, just as the nation was ready to make him its idol, his career seemed about to close. But fortunately the charge was pronounced a slander, and Lincoln would not listen to the pressing demands on every side for his removal, but stood as ever his firm friend.

Grant's district was now enlarged, and called that of West Tennessee, the Tennessee river forming its southern boundary. He was also made Major-General of Volunteers.

His first great campaign being ended, he, as spring opened, prepared for another, under the direction of Halleck. Having changed his headquarters to Fort Henry, he was directed to ascend the Tennessee to Pittsburg Landing, while Buell advanced across the country from Nashville to the same point. When the junction should be formed, the combined army was to move on Corinth, where the rebel army under Johnston and Beauregard lay strongly intrenched. Situated at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and Mobile and Ohio railroads, it was a place of great importance.

Grant's army was landed on the west bank of the Tennessee, and thrown out several miles in the direction of Corinth, and encamped to wait for Buell, who was pushing his way across the country. Beauregard, aware of the Federal plan, resolved to fall on Grant before Buell reached him, and drive him into the Tennessee. In accordance with this plan, Johnston set out from Corinth, twenty miles distant, on the 4th of April, intending to attack Grant on Saturday, next day; but pouring

rains had made the roads so heavy that he was unable to do so until Sunday morning.

The three divisions of Sherman, Prentiss, and McClernand, were the farthest advanced on the roads toward Corinth, where they had lain in camp for nearly three weeks; yet, strange to say, no breastworks were thrown up, or lines of abattis made, behind which the troops, many of whom were entirely raw, especially the division of Sherman, could make a stand. So when, at day-dawn on Sunday morning, the rebel batteries opened, and their heavy lines came down on our camps, they swept them like an inundation. Some of the soldiers were preparing their breakfast, when the pickets came dashing in, crying that the rebels were upon them. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. From the very outset, the battle on our part was without plan or cohesion, while the rebel General held his army completely in hand, and hurled it with skill, boldness, and irresistible power, on any point he wished to strike. Prentiss in the centre, after striving in vain to bear up against the flood, was surrounded and compelled to surrender, with some three thousand or more of his troops. Sherman and McClernand fought with their accustomed bravery, but they could hold only a portion of their troops to the deadly work. Stuart was cut off from the main army, and compelled to fight his own battle. Cavalry charged hither and thither over the tumultuous field, riding down our disordered troops; our batteries were swept by the hostile flood, and the broken, disjointed army borne steadily back toward the Tennessee. Sherman, awake to the peril of the army, clung to each position with the tenacity of death, and rode amid the hail-storm of bullets as though he had forgotten he had a life to lose. McClernand closed sternly in with him, and

a portion of their devoted troops breasted nobly the desolating fire that swept the field; but it was all in vain to attempt to stem the refluent tide of battle. Hurlbut, too, moved bravely into the chaos, and gave Sherman breathing time. Grant, who was at Savannah, several miles down the river, did not reach the battle-field till ten o'clock. When he did arrive, his presence failed to arrest the disaster. The bleeding, shattered, but still bravely fighting army, swung heavily back toward the Tennessee river, which, when once reached, would be its tomb. As the sun of that spring Sabbath stooped to the western horizon, he looked on a field trampled, torn, and crimsoned, and apparently lost to the Union cause. The rebel leader had fallen, and Beauregard had assumed command, and promised that his steed should ere night drink of the waters of the Tennessee. But as darkness fell over the field, he ceased his persistent attacks, and lay down to wait for the morning to complete the work apparently almost done. Of Grant's army of over forty thousand men, four thousand were prisoners in the hands of the enemy, six thousand were killed or wounded, while nearly a third of the entire host that had moved to battle in the morning, were skulking under the banks or scattered in disorder where they could not be brought into action. Half of the artillery was captured, and the scarce twenty thousand men that still kept their ranks, stood within sight of the rushing waters of the Tennessee. It was a sad, lost field; but fortunately Buell was near. The heads of his eager columns, that had pushed on all day, urged by the heavy, incessant explosions that rolled over the forests in front, telling them that their comrades were in peril, appeared on the opposite side of the river. "Buell has come," rung in thrilling shouts over the field. Grant

had already seen him, and now felt that the lost day might be retrieved; and riding up to the bleeding, lion-hearted Sherman, told him to be ready in the morning to assume the offensive.

That was a sad night to the army. The dead and wounded lay everywhere, the latter moaning for water, or gasping out their lives on the torn and trampled field, while ever and anon a heavy explosion from the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, that at the close of the day had helped with their ponderous shells to keep back the right wing of the rebel army, that was bearing our shattered left to swift destruction, broke through the gloom. At midnight a heavy thunder-storm burst along the river, adding deeper solemnity to the scene, and drenching with grateful rain-drops the feverish, thirsty thousands, to whom no other help than this gift of Heaven came, that long, dreary night. Thanks to Buell, light rose above its darkness to Grant. But for him, his rising fame would have there closed with that of other equally brave generals, whom disaster had laid aside for the war.

In the morning, Buell formed his line of battle near the shore, and Sherman gathered up his shattered ranks ready to strike once more the ponderous blows he knew so well how to give. McCook, and Nelson, and Crittenden were there with their brave divisions, whose serried front and long, swinging tread and steady movements, gave assurance of victory. Sherman, whose brave heart had been sore vexed at the unwieldiness of his green troops, looked at them with pride. The latter, he said, "knew not the value of combination and organization. When individual fear seized them, the first impulse was to get away."

In the morning, he "stood patiently awaiting the

sound of Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road." At length his thunder spoke, and as the deep reverberations steadily approached, he gave the word "Forward." The drums rolled out, and soon he came, when he said, "I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact Kentucky forces of General Buell, whose soldierly movement at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined forces." His quick military eye saw at a glance that different soldiers were in the field, and that not mere "pluck," but discipline, was to settle the fortunes of the day. Buell's line of battle, with scarcely a check, steadily swept the field, bearing the enemy back over our camps, carried with such resistless fury the day before, and recovering our lost artillery. Sherman also forced his shattered batallions forward, and the bloody field of Shiloh was won. But, about a third of Grant's army had disappeared. Many stragglers, however, afterward came in. Sherman lost two thousand out of his single division; McClernand about a third of his; Hurlbut two thousand, and McArthur half as many. Had the battle been lost, the rebels would have swept the country up to the Ohio. Even the victory could not shield Grant from general condemnation, and a great effort was made to induce the President to remove him from command. Several of the Governors of the Western States waited on Halleck, and urged his removal, declaring that he was not only incapable, but too intemperate to be trusted with an army. The more moderate satisfied themselves with the complaint that he had committed a gross blunder in placing his army on the west bank of the river, without furnishing any means for its retreat in case of disaster. There was no reason for exposing it to an attack until Buell's army should arrive, because no battle was desired until the forces could form

a junction. There has been no satisfactory explanation given for this disposition of the army, and doubtless for the simple reason that none can be given. His retention in command was doubtless owing more to the zealous advocacy of Mr. Washburne, member of Congress from Illinois, than from any other cause. The fault of the surprise rested, of course, as he insisted, on the division commanders in front, instead of him, as well as the neglect to throw up field-works for self-protection. Sherman has lately endeavored, in a long letter, to defend Grant from the public charges made against him; and although the effort does credit to his heart, it cannot stand scrutiny for a moment. He says the fault of landing the army, if it was one, on the west side of the river, must be laid to General Smith, who placed it there. This would do, if a battle had followed immediately on the landing of the army; but he knows, as well as any one, that in allowing it to stay there *three weeks*, Grant assumed the whole responsibility of the act. In fact, it became his. It seems to have dawned on his mind, that others might see it in this light, and so he endeavors to defend the act itself. If he had simply *asserted* it, we might have deferred to his superior military judgment, and acquiesced, though we failed to see the grounds on which it was based. But when he goes on to give the reasons for his views, we have the right to test them by common sense. In the first place, he says that the battle was not lost on the first day, for he received orders to assume the offensive the next morning, before he knew that Buell had arrived. But Grant knew he was at hand, so that the statement amounts to nothing. The intention seems to be to imply that Grant, without reference to Buell's arrival, had determined to assume the

offensive; but this was impossible, for Buell had seen Grant in the afternoon, and told him of the near approach of his forces. There seems a lack here of Sherman's usual straight-forward, open way of stating things. He says, "I repeat, I received such orders before I knew General Buell's troops were at the river." But *his* knowledge had nothing to do with the orders; the whole question turns on whether Grant gave the order before *he* knew of Buell's arrival. This he neglects to state. But even if it were so, we do not see how it helps the matter much; it shows pluck, but we cannot admit that it promised success. With half of his army gone, or broken into irrecoverable fragments—half his artillery captured—with an army more than double that of his own, flushed with victory, hanging along his front, "to drop the defensive" which all day long had not been maintained at any given point for only a short interval, and now weakened in men, guns, and *morale*, "to assume the offensive" would doubtless have been very "plucky," but we fear that the impartial student of the battle-field will conclude that would have been the sum-total of the attempt. Again, he says, "there was no mistake" "in putting that army on the west side of the Tennessee;" and proceeds to give the following reason for his opinion, which will strike one as more surprising, if possible, than the act itself. He says: "It was necessary that a combat, fierce and bitter, to test the manhood of the two armies, should come off, and that was as good a place as any. It was not, then, a question of military skill and strategy, but of courage and pluck," etc. If this means anything, it asserts that Grant's army was placed where it was overwhelmed the first day, solely to fight a square, stand-up battle, "to test the comparative pluck and endurance of the rebel and

Union soldiers. There was no strategy in the case." One may well ask in amazement, then, what Buell was sent across the country from Nashville for, to form a junction with them? Besides, if there was no "strategy" in the case, both Halleck and Buell have grievously misled the public, for they assert that a plan of campaign had been laid out, the main features of which were that the two armies should form a junction before active operations commenced; Halleck was then to assume command, and Corinth was to be the first objective point of the grand "Army of Invasion." Their statements do not tally well with the assertion that all that was wanted was a pugilistic fight between two armies—a simple gladiatorial contest. But this is not the worst of it: the assertion proves too much, or rather, proves what is not true; for it was not a fair test of the soldierly qualities of the two armies; it was not a fair pitched battle. One army was taken unawares and thrown into confusion before the battle had fairly commenced; and hence a struggle under such adverse circumstances, could in no way be considered a fair "test of the manhood" of at least our army. In the second place, Sherman, in his despatch, says: "My division was made up of regiments perfectly new, all having received their muskets, for the first time, at Paducah. None of them had ever been under fire, or beheld heavy columns of the enemy bearing down on them. To expect of them the coolness and steadiness of older troops would be wrong." But why would it be wrong to expect this? Simply because it was *not a* "*fair* test of the manhood" of such troops to put them against such disciplined forces as the rebels proved to be —least of all, when a battle was sprung upon them, and before they could avail themselves of the little knowledge

they had of "organization and combination." In the last place, if the battle was a "fair test of the manhood" of the opposing troops, it proved what no one believes to be true, viz., the superiority of the Southern soldier; for we were terribly beaten all day—driven from point to point, till, at nightfall, nearly half the army had disappeared. We therefore assert that it was never designed that a battle should be fought there to "test the manhood of the two armies"—that in the very nature of the circumstances it could have been no test—that the result of that first day's battle, compared with our after-experience, *shows that it was no test.* We fear that even the sanction of so great a name as Sherman's, will not save the bad logic of his argument. He says, in his letter, that, from the extraordinary accounts which historians have given of that battle, he begins to doubt whether he himself was there at all; but we venture to say that, among all those accounts, not one has conveyed so erroneous an impression respecting the propriety of the plan, the purpose, and the actual result of the first day's battle, as that letter has done, written ostensibly for the correction, but which actually is a perversion, of history. That it should not have been brought on in the way and time it was, will be the verdict of history, in spite of all special pleading on the part of commanders or subordinates who had anything to do with it. If there is one maxim in military science that is irrefutable, it is, that it is wrong to expose an army to be cut up in detail by the concentrated forces of an enemy. And this is just what was done by placing the army on the west bank of the Tennessee, within twenty miles of Corinth, while Buell was still pushing across the country from Nashville, subject to all the delays that might arise from the

weather or the enemy. Up to this point, Grant had not made a movement, or fought a battle, that had not brought down on his head more or less abuse or criticism. But here, adverse fate seemed to give up the struggle against him, and Fortune adopted him as her favorite son. The clamors that had followed on his track, and travelled back from his camps to Washington, began to die away, until at last they were changed to peans of praise, that deepened with every revolving month, till the land was filled with the sound of his name. From that day his star has steadily climbed the heavens, until it now stands in all its bright effulgence at the zenith, shedding its tranquil light on the grateful nation. He could now ask no greater favor of his friends than that they should stop trying to prove that he was just as wise at the beginning as at the end of his career. Halleck shortly after assumed command in person of the forces in the field, under the name of the Army of Tennessee, and laid regular siege to Corinth, in which Grant commanded the right wing. The slow movements of the Commander-in-Chief were not in accordance with his ideas of the manner in which a campaign should be conducted. It is said, on good authority, that Grant lost his temper, for the first time, when urging Halleck to advance against Corinth, saying that if he did not, the rebel army, with all its material, would escape. His language to the cautious Commander-in-Chief was stronger than his subordinate position would justify, and he expected to be brought to account for it. Whether such an intention was ever entertained or not, the final escape of the rebel army, with all its guns, stores, &c., effectually quieted all desire to provoke an investigation.

In July, Halleck was made General-in-Chief of all

the forces of the Union, and called to Washington, when the Department of West Tennessee was created, and Grant placed in command of it. He had a good deal of trouble with the disloyal people of Memphis, who held constant communication with the rebel forces, and carried on quite a traffic with them. He therefore issued an order, expelling all disloyal families who had given aid or information to the South, or who refused to sign a parole that they would not do so in future. He also issued an order, declaring that independent guerillas would not, when captured, receive the treatment due to prisoners of war. He next suspended the "Memphis Avalanche," a rebel paper. The various orders, etc., in regard to these matters, will be found in the Appendix.

During the summer, while Buell was trying to reach Chattanooga, Grant's army lay comparatively quiet, protecting the railroad south from Columbus, by which supplies were forwarded.

In September, hearing that Van Dorn and Price had advanced on Iuka, he took one portion of his forces, assigning Rosecrans to the command of the other, and by different routes moved on the place. Rosecrans arrived at the appointed time, and fought and defeated the whole rebel force. The rebel leaders, however, instead of being disheartened by this defeat, set on foot a still more formidable movement—one designed to cut the communications north of Corinth, and stop our supplies. Rosecrans, the moment he discovered it, hastily called in all the troops within reach, and gave battle behind his intrenchments. The rebels assaulted the place in the most determined manner, and came very near carrying it; but were finally defeated with terrible slaughter.

The Mississippi having been opened to Vicksburg,

and Buell removed, Rosecrans was now put over the army of the Cumberland, with headquarters at Nashville, preparatory to moving on Bragg, who had retired to Murfreesboro after his invasion of Tennessee. Grant, in the meantime, turned his attention to Vicksburg. Reorganizing his forces during the autumn, he, in the meantime, between cotton speculators, disloyal inhabitants within his lines, pilfering, etc., was exceedingly annoyed. Wishing to be conciliatory, and soften as much as he could the asperities of war, and relieve non-combatants of its oppressive burdens, he granted privileges, and modified the strict rules that he had laid down as much as possible. His kindness, however, was not appreciated, and his leniency abused, so that he was now and then compelled to show the iron hand. The hangers-on of the army, whose sole object was to make money, reckless of the means used, awakened his indignation. The tricky, unscrupulous Jews especially aroused his anger, and he issued an order, in December, expelling every individual of them from his Department, in twenty-four hours after the reception of the orders by the post-commanders. If any returned, they were to be seized as prisoners; and to make the riddance final and complete, he closed the order with the following prohibition:

"*No passes will be given these people to visit headquarters, for the purpose of making personal application for trade-permits.*" He thus shut the door completely in their faces.

In December, everything being ready, he commenced his movement against Vicksburg. Sherman, at the head of the Fifteenth Army Corps, was to proceed down the river from Memphis, and attempt to carry the place by assault, while he should follow on by rail, and bear-

ing to the left, move on Jackson, east of it, holding and engaging the rebel force there. But Sherman's large flotilla had scarcely pushed from shore, when Holly Springs was disgracefully surrendered, and the supplies on which the expedition partly depended, captured. This unexpected disaster compelled Grant to halt, and Sherman was left unsupported. The rebels, advised of his approach, and Jackson not being threatened by Grant, were able to bring over by rail, from the latter place, all the troops necessary to defend Vicksburg. Sherman, ignorant of all this, proceeded to carry out his part of the programme, and desperately assaulted the rebel works. Hurled back, he was compelled to abandon the attempt, and reëmbarked his troops. Grant now adopted another plan for the capture of the place. From the knowledge gained of the strength of the works on the north side through Sherman's failure, he was convinced that operations, to be successful, must be conducted against it from the south side. Concentrating his forces, therefore, he in February established them at Young's Point, preparatory to a move down the river.

CHAPTER III.

VICKSBURG.

CANAL AROUND IT—ABANDONED—LAKE PROVIDENCE ROUTE—MOON-LAKE ROUTE—THIS ALSO ABANDONED—THE STEEL'S BAYOU ROUTE—DESCRIPTION OF EXPEDITION THROUGH—A FAILURE—GRANT RESOLVES TO RUN THE BATTERIES WITH GUNBOATS AND TRANSPORTS—THE NIGHT-PASSAGE—MARCH OF TROOPS AROUND VICKSBURG INLAND—NEW CARTHAGE—HARD TIMES—GRAND GULF—ITS BATTERIES RUN—PORT GIBSON REACHED—STRIPS FOR THE RACE—BATTLE—GRAND GULF EVACUATED—BOLD DETERMINATION OF GRANT—BATTLE AT RAYMOND—MARCH ON JACKSON—VICTORY AT—THE ARMY WHEELS ABOUT AND MARCHES ON VICKSBURG—BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL—BATTLE AT BIG BLACK RIVER—VICKSBURG INVESTED—FIRST ASSAULT—SECOND GRAND ASSAULT—REASON OF—THE LONG SIEGE—THE SURRENDER.

VICKSBURG stands on a high, narrow tongue of land, made by an immense bend in the Mississippi. Hence, back of it, the upper and lower portions of the river are close together, though by the long sweep around the city they are several miles apart. Across this neck Engineer Williams some time before had cut a canal, hoping to turn enough water into it to float vessels through, and thus avoid the necessity of attacking the place at all. This had, however, been abandoned, and Grant now endeavored to re-open and enlarge it. But the giving way of one of the dams, the overflow of the land, and the obstinate adherence of the Mississippi to its old channel, caused the enterprise to be abandoned. Grant

now attempted to get in the rear of the place by inland navigation of another kind. About seventy miles above Vicksburg, and only five or six miles from the river on the west side, lies Lake Providence, a large sheet of water. Below it, and connected with it by a bayou, lies Swan Lake. This bayou runs through a forest, and is filled with snags. Swan Lake is some thirty miles long, and instead of finding an outlet for its waters directly across the country into the Mississippi, flows directly south in a stream called Tensas River, which, running inland, passes Vicksburg, and finally joins the Black River, and through it reaches the Red River, and thus at length the Mississippi below Natchez, and hence below Vicksburg. To attempt to get boats through this long, crooked inland route, was a stupendous undertaking; yet it was not deemed impossible that the Mississippi itself might be made to pour its mighty flood through it, and thus leave Vicksburg an inland town, with its formidable batteries commanding only the muddy bed of the stream. A canal, therefore, into Lake Providence was cut, and a few barges floated successfully through it. But the river kept on its old course, and with the subsidence of the spring freshets, the new channel, which had promised so much, became a shallow water-course. Time and labor had been thrown away, and Grant was compelled to resort to some other method of getting in rear of Vicksburg. He now tried the other side of the river. Nearly two hundred miles by the river, above Vicksburg, there is a lake on the east side, and, like Lake Providence on the west side, lies near the bank. This is called Moon Lake, the waters of which, bearing different names as they flow south, at length empty into the Yazoo. If this latter stream could be once

reached, it would be open sailing to the rear of Haines' Bluff, which thus being turned, the rear of Vicksburg could be reached. A canal was, therefore, cut from the Mississippi into Moon Lake. The water at once poured through it of a sufficient depth to admit the steamboats, and the perilous undertaking was successfully commenced. Now winding slowly along the narrow and crooked channel—now backing water to keep the boats from plunging into the bank, and now creeping underneath overhanging trees, and through dark swamps, where solitude reigned supreme, the expedition kept on its toilsome way, until the Yazoo was at length reached. But just at the moment when success seemed sure, and only a swift sail remained down the Yazoo, they came upon a fort erected in a commanding position, and so surrounded by bogs that a land-force could not approach it. Against the heavy guns mounted here the frail wooden boats could present no defence, and hence, after a short action, retired; and so nothing was left but to creep disappointed and weary back, the long, tedious route to the Mississippi.

What now can be done? was the next inquiry. Grant had no more idea of abandoning the expedition than when he first set out. A fourth plan was, therefore, adopted. Behind Haines' Bluff he must get, any way. The batteries here commanded the Yazoo River, and the fleet had tried in vain to silence them. Another circuitous water-route remained, which led into the Yazoo, above this bluff, and yet below where Fort Pemberton, which had stopped the boats of the last expedition, stood. By a reference to the map, this will be seen to be a most extraordinary route. The expedition was to move inland, first north, and then south, making an immense oval.

Leaving the Yazoo below Haines' Bluff, it entered Steel's bayou, designing to keep north to the Rolling Fork, and through it turn back, and striking the Sunflower River, come down into the Yazoo just above Haines' Bluff, and not many miles from where it originally set out. Such labyrinthian navigation, we venture to say, was never before attempted by war-vessels. Passing for thirty miles up Steel's bayou, the boats came to Black bayou, in which trees had to be cut down and torn out, and the vessels "hove around" the bends, which were too short to be turned by the rudder. Now butting the Iron-clads against trees, and toppling them over, and now tearing them up by the roots, the fifteen vessels in all worked their difficult way on. Although the bayou was only four miles long, it took twenty-four hours to get through it, thus averaging about five rods an hour. They then entered Deer Creek, where Sherman arrived with a small portion of his command, to coöperate with the boats. Up this stream to Rolling Fork was thirty-two miles by water, while by the land-route, that Sherman was to take, it was but twelve miles.

Up this narrow channel, filled with small willows, through which the boats with difficulty forced their way, Porter kept slowly on, filling the inhabitants with almost as much astonishment as though he were sailing across the solid land. The movement was a complete surprise, and Porter, hoping to outspeed the announcement of his coming, pushed on as rapidly as possible; but with his utmost efforts he could make barely half a mile an hour. At length he got within seven miles of the Rolling Fork, from which point it would be plain sailing. But his progress had been so slow that the rebels had penetrated his plans, and now began to line the banks with gangs of



THE LAST INLAND ROUTE OF GEN. GRANT TO REACH THE REAR OF VICKSBURG.

negroes, felling trees across the narrow stream, to obstruct his passage. To chop and saw these in two and haul them out, required the most unremitting labor. He, however, pushed on till he got within half a mile of the Rolling Fork, when he found the enemy closing on him with seven pieces of artillery. In the meantime, the rapid strokes of the axe and the sound of falling trees were heard in his rear, showing that the enemy was attempting to block him up here, and finish him at leisure. He at once became anxious for his boats, and Sherman not having arrived as he expected, he determined to wheel about and make his way back while he could. In the meantime, sharp-shooters were lining the banks, and the crack of the rifle mingled in with the roar of artillery and crash of falling trees. He, however, succeeded in forcing his way back, until at length he met Sherman's force. At first, he thought of retracing his steps; but the men, who had now for six days and nights been kept constantly at work, were worn down, while the enemy were gathering in heavy force in front, and he concluded to abandon the expedition altogether.

When the boats finally returned, and reported this last project also a failure, Grant saw that it was in vain to attempt longer to get to the rear of Vicksburg by an inland route. The broad Mississippi, sweeping under the enemy's batteries, was the only course now left him. Long weeks of toil had passed and nothing been accomplished, and now, by a less resolute, persevering man than Grant, the task might have been abandoned as hopeless; but he, having made up his mind to take Vicksburg, determined to see no impossibilities in the way of doing it.

The gunboats had shown that they could pass the batteries with comparative impunity, and he resolved to try

the experiment of getting transports past also, while he marched his army inland down the river to meet them. He had to wait, however, till the spring freshets subsided, for the country between Milliken's Bend and New Carthage, below Vicksburg, on the west side of the river—the only route the army could take—was flooded with water. Toward the close of April it was deemed practicable for the army to move; but before it started, the question must be decided, whether transports could be got past the eight miles of batteries that lined the shore above and below Vicksburg. It was resolved to test this matter at night, and the plan adopted was, to have the gunboats move down and engage the batteries, whilst the transports, under cover of the smoke and darkness, should slip quickly by, near the western shore. It was a desperate enterprise, to which men could not legitimately be ordered, and volunteers were called for. So many offered that the necessary number had finally to be drawn by lot. Grant resolved to try the experiment first with three transports.

A little before midnight, the gunboats moved from their moorings and dropped silently down the river, followed meekly by the transports. It was a night of intense anxiety to Grant, for if this plan failed, even his fertile resources could see no way of getting to the rear of Vicksburg. An hour had not elapsed after the boats disappeared in the darkness, before the thunder of artillery shook the shore, followed soon after by the light of a conflagration, kindled by the rebels, to light up the bosom of the Mississippi. Under its blaze the poor transports lay revealed as distinctly as though the noon-day sun was shining, and at once became the target of rebel batteries. They, however, steamed on through the raining shells for

eight miles, and two of them succeeded in getting safely through. The Henry Clay was set on fire, and floated a burning wreck down the river. If he could save this proportion of transports, Grant was satisfied, and so sent down next night six more, towing twelve coal barges. Five of them and half the barges got through, though some of them were more or less damaged. It was a great success; but now the army was to move down to meet them, through the most execrable country troops were ever called to march over. McClernand's corps, forming the advance, commenced the march; but the country was soon found to be impassable, except by building corduroy roads. This required immense labor, while twenty miles of levee had to be guarded, lest the enemy should cut it and let the waters of the Mississippi over the country. All obstacles, however, were at length overcome, and New Carthage, the point where the transports were to be met, arose in sight; but alas, it was an island! The rebels, divining Grant's purpose, had cut the levee above it, and the Mississippi was flowing around it in a broad stream that could not be crossed for want of boats. In this dilemma the only course left open was to keep on down the river, nearly fifty miles, to Hard Times, building bridges and constructing roads as they marched. This place at length was reached, where the transports were awaiting them to carry them across to Grand Gulf, the spot selected by Grant from which to commence his march on Vicksburg. But here, again, the rebels had anticipated him, and formidable batteries frowned from the place. The gunboats advanced boldly against them, and a fierce engagement followed; but the utmost efforts of Porter could not silence them, and the fleet had to withdraw. Here was another dilemma, and

the expedition seemed brought to a halt. Grant, seeing himself effectually stopped, disembarked his troops, which had already been put on board the transports, and started them once more through the forest down the river, to a point below, called Bruinsburg; and directed the gunboats to run the batteries of Grand Gulf as they had those of Vicksburg. This was successfully done, and next to the last day of April the army was transported across to the eastern shore, Grant being the first man to set foot on land. That very afternoon McClernand's corps was started off toward Port Gibson, lying to the southeast of Grand Gulf. He did not even wait for the army-wagons to be brought across the river, but with three days' rations moved off at once. Grand Gulf, which he designed to make his base of supplies, must be taken before the enemy at Vicksburg, informed of his intentions, could reinforce the place. He saw that it must be swift marching, quick fighting, sudden and constant victories, or the storm would gather so heavily about him that his advance would be stopped. Hence he ordered as little baggage to be taken as possible, and set the example of retrenchment himself. Washburne, member of Congress from Illinois, his ever fast friend, accompanied the expedition, and says that Grant took with him "neither a horse, nor an orderly, nor a camp-chest, nor an overcoat, nor a blanket, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for six days was a tooth-brush. He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations and sleeping upon the ground, with no covering but the canopy of heaven." This shows not only how terribly in earnest Grant at this point was, but also how thoroughly he comprehended the peril of his situation.

McClernand's corps had started at three o'clock in

the afternoon, and kept up its march till two o'clock in the morning, when it was suddenly brought to a halt by a battery in its path. At daybreak this was reconnoitred. No time could be wasted, and the battery, which occupied an eminence, protected by a heavy force which had been sent down from Grand Gulf, was attacked on both flanks at once. Severe fighting followed, which lasted most of the day, and for a time it looked as if Grant would be stopped right here. But he pressed the enemy so fiercely, that, as soon as night came on, the latter retreated, leaving five cannon and a thousand prisoners in our hands. Our loss was nearly eight hundred. Grant wrote his despatch respecting the battle by moonlight. The columns now pushed on to Port Gibson, which so uncovered Grand Gulf that it was hastily evacuated. Grant rode across the country fifteen miles to visit it, and establish his base of supplies before advancing against Vicksburg. He designed to halt here until he could gather in all his forces and supplies, and fix everything on a firm footing before pushing into the interior. But here another disappointment met him, apparently more serious than any which had yet befallen him. He had expected Banks, with his army, to join him, when he would be strong enough to meet the combined forces of the enemy, and move cautiously to the investment of Vicksburg. But this commander refused to comply with his request, saying that he had work of his own on hand. It was a serious question now what course prudence would dictate. Troops, he knew, were moving from the east toward Vicksburg, under Johnston, and the rebel leader could, in a short time, concentrate an overwhelming force against him. To guard against this as much as possible, he had left Sherman's corps behind,

at Milliken's Bend, to make a demonstration against Haines' Bluff, so that the enemy would not send off troops south to oppose him. The ruse succeeded; the enemy were deceived and kept at that point, when Sherman sailed back to Milliken's Bend, and following in the track of the army, joined it at Grand Gulf.

Grant now took a rapid, comprehensive survey of his position, and saw plainly that but two courses lay open to him—either to join Banks, who would not join him, and help to take Port Hudson, which he undoubtedly would have been ordered to do, could the War Department have communicated with him, or, cutting loose from everything, take his gallant army in hand, and boldly pushing inland, like the First Napoleon in his famous Italian campaign, endeavor to strike the enemy, in detail, before he could concentrate his forces. He did not hesitate for a moment, but chose the latter course, perilous as it was. He knew he must have victories, successive, rapid, and constant, or he was lost. In this decision, and the way he carried it out, he showed that he was capable of the inspiration of true genius, which commonly belongs to those of a more imaginative, impetuous temperament.

The rebel General Bowen, when he evacuated Grand Gulf, retreated across the Big Black river, directly to Vicksburg, and joined Pemberton. Johnston, with another army, was at Jackson, forty-five miles east of Vicksburg, ready to move on Grant's rear the moment he advanced north on that place. The latter manœuvred so as to favor this plan, and deceived the enemy into the belief that he designed to cross the Big Black, in the track of Bowen, and follow him to the intrenchments of Vicksburg. Cutting loose from Grand Gulf, and depending

mainly on the country to supply his lack of forage and supplies, he moved to the Big Black. Instead of crossing, however, he marched rapidly up the southern bank, and struck off east toward Jackson. On the way Logan found two brigades at Raymond, and crushed them with one terrible blow. Through the blinding rain, and mud, and darkness, McPherson, commanding the right, pushed on, and at length, on the 14th, came within two and a half miles of Jackson, where the enemy was drawn up in line of battle on the crest of a hill. A plain stretched away from the bottom of it, swept by the rebel artillery. But over it, with shouldered arms, and drums beating, the gallant troops moved without flinching, till within pistol-shot of the hostile ranks, when, giving one terrible volley, they sprang forward with the bayonet, rending the rebel host like a bolt from heaven.

Jackson was won, and Grant felt a load lifted from his heart as he saw himself planted between the rebel armies.

No time, however, was to be lost. Pemberton was already on his way from Vicksburg to assail his rear, and there could be no rest to his army till it once more touched the Mississippi north of Vicksburg, where supplies and men to any needed amount could reach him. That very evening, leaving Sherman at Jackson to complete the work of destruction of railroads, bridges, &c., he wheeled about, and moved rapidly back toward Vicksburg. When he got within two miles of the Big Black river, he came upon the enemy strongly posted on Champion's Hill, in thick woods, with their batteries sweeping all the roads and fields over which his columns must advance. Grant, who had so boldly swung his army clear of its

base, and set it down in the open country beset by foes on every side, commanded this battle in person. A heavy force from the north was hurrying down to crush him between it and Pemberton, and he must not only win victories at every step, but win them suddenly. He could not risk even a delay, much less a repulse, and he at once opened the contest. The enemy charged boldly, and at length drove the centre slowly back. But Grant had taken the precaution, when he heard of the proximity of the rebels, to send back to Sherman to hurry forward, and one of his divisions coming up at this critical moment, restored the battle. Meanwhile, Logan had been working to the rebel left, and no sooner did Grant receive word that he was in the desired position, than he gave orders for the whole line to advance. With a cheer, a plunging volley, and a headlong dash, the weary but excited troops went through the thickets and over the hill, taking two batteries and a thousand prisoners. But Grant had pushed them so fiercely forward in the conflict, that he lost between two and three thousand men.

Keeping on the next morning, he found the enemy strongly posted on both sides of the Big Black river. On the side nearest him they were encircled by a bayou with its extremities touching the river above and below their position, while on the opposite side arose a bluff black with batteries. McClernand had scarcely opened with his artillery, when the gallant Osterhaus was wounded. In the meantime, General Lawler had crept unobserved around to the right till he reached the bayou, when the men, flinging their blankets and haversacks on the ground, plunged into the water, and struggling across amid the raining bullets, suddenly appeared in the enemy's rear. Fifteen hundred prisoners and eighteen cannon fell

into our hands here, while our total loss was only three hundred and seventy-three.

The railroad and turnpike bridges both crossed the river at this point, and the rebels, on the opposite bluff, no sooner saw our troops in possession of this position, than they destroyed them, thus cutting off at the same time our army and that portion of theirs which held the position within the semicircular bayou. Taking advantage of this transient delay to our forces, Pemberton withdrew his troops into the defences of Vicksburg. Grant now had but one more step to take, when he would feel for the first time comparatively safe, viz., strike the Mississippi above Vicksburg with the right wing of his army. Confident that he would defeat the enemy on the Big Black, he had sent Sherman to cross farther upstream, and move across to the Yazoo, where Porter lay with his gunboats. In the meantime, bridging the Big Black river, McClernand passed on in front, McPherson following the road taken by Sherman, till the latter bore to the right to strike the Yazoo. Haines' Bluff, which for so many months had been a lion in our path to Vicksburg, was cut off from the latter place by Sherman's movement, and fell into our hands. By the 19th of May, the three army corps were in position, extending from the Mississippi below to its banks above Vicksburg, thus completely investing the place.

After long months of toiling and waiting—after repeated failures, till the enemy laughed in derision at Grant's futile obstinacy, he had at last, by one of the most brilliant military movements on record, succeeded in flinging his strong arms around the Gibraltar of the Mississippi. From the perseverance he had shown from the outset, from the tireless energy with which he had worked

undeviatingly toward that single point, from the rapid and tremendous blows he had dealt as he bore swiftly and fiercely down upon it at last, Pemberton well knew that "no maiden's arms were round him thrown." Still, notwithstanding all that Grant had overcome, his long marches, frequent battles, and unbroken victories, had only brought him to the threshold of his great undertaking. The work to be accomplished was yet all before him.

Thinking that the heavy blows he had dealt the enemy, and his sudden appearance in his rear, had so demoralized him that he could not make a stubborn stand behind his defences, he attempted to carry the place by a sudden assault. Repulsed in this, he spent several days in perfecting communications with his supplies, and, on the 22d, made a second grand assault along the whole line. He caused the watches of the corps commanders to be set by his, so that the advance should be simultaneous, and at ten o'clock the devoted columns moved off. Grant took a commanding position near McPherson's quarters, from which he could see the advancing columns in front, and a part of those of Sherman and McClernand. Smoking his inevitable cigar, he saw them steadily cross the field, enter the deadly fire, and with banners "high advanced," move proudly on the strong defences. The fire of the enemy was fearful, and the earth trembled under the crash of artillery. At first, it seemed as if nothing could stop that grand advance; and through the whirling smoke Grant saw, with delight, all along the line, here and there banners planted on the outer slope of the enemy's bastions. But when breast to breast with those strong defences, the fire that swept them was so awful, and the barriers that opposed them so inaccessible, that they could advance no farther. For five

hours they stood and struggled, and fell there in vain, and at length were compelled to give it up. Our loss was heavy, and no advantage gained.

Gen. Grant gave several reasons for making this assault, the chief of which were that Johnston was being daily reinforced, and in a few days would be able to fall on his rear; that the possession of Vicksburg would have enabled him to turn upon him and drive him from the State; that its immediate capture would have prevented the necessity of calling for large reinforcements that were needed elsewhere; and, finally, that the troops were impatient to possess Vicksburg, and would not have worked in the trenches with the same zeal, not believing it necessary, as they did, after their failure to carry the works by storm.

These were good reasons, but we suspect that he did not give the strongest one of all. In his attack on Fort Donelson, he had said, in reply to Buckner's request for an armistice, "I propose to move immediately on your works." This, at that time, he could say, for the position that Smith had secured made success morally certain. The Secretary of War, however, had taken up the phrase, and in a letter, sounding more like the rhodomontade of a school-boy than the utterance of a Secretary of War of a great nation, said, in effect, that this was all the strategy needed to secure victories. It had caught the popular ear, and being uttered at a time when it was all the fashion to ridicule siege operations—"General Spade" was a sobriquet applied to any one who undertook them—it was hardly safe for a commander to resort to them without the most indubitable evidence that nothing else could be done. He knew perfectly well that he was expected to move immediately on the enemy's works, and

he was far from sure, if he did not do so, that the extraordinary War Department would not see that some one was put in his place that would. The feelings of that Department, and the popular sentiment at the time, would not have sustained him if he had not made the attempt. It was not after all, we imagine, so much the impatience of his devoted troops, as the *outside* impatience, that he feared.

The second assault, however, settled the question, and he sat down before the place in regular siege, and soon reinforcements began to pour in to him. These he imperatively needed, for between casualties and sickness, his actual effective army, when he began the investment of Vicksburg, numbered less than that of the garrison.

Forts were now erected over against forts; corridors, passages, and pits were dug; the parallels gradually worked closer and closer, notwithstanding the steady play of artillery and ceaseless volleys of musketry, and a blazing southern sun. Day after day the work went steadily on, and on the 25th, the first mine was sprung under one of the principal forts of the enemy, and a fierce, bloody struggle ensued for its possession. Other mines were dug—the enemy ran countersaps, so that often only a thin wall of earth divided the hostile working parties. All this time, at intervals, Porter was thundering away in the Mississippi at the stronghold, and in the conflict lost the Cincinnati. Shells were flung from mortars, and two one hundred pound Parrott guns mounted on rafts, and from countless batteries, until a horrible tempest fell on the hostile works and on the city itself, compelling the inhabitants to dig caves in the earth in which to hide from the incessant rain of death. Famine at length began to stare the garrison in the face, while Grant had

dug his way up so close to the works, that a single bound would send his eager columns over them.

For forty-six days did he patiently dig his way toward the doomed city, until Pemberton, who had exhausted every means of defence, and held on till his scanty provisions were nearly gone, waiting and hoping for Johnston to raise the siege, at length gave up in despair, and sent a flag of truce to Grant with the following communication:

GENERAL: I have the honor to propose to you an armistice for ——— hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three Commissioners to meet a like number to be appointed by yourself, at such a place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you under a flag of truce, by Major-General James Bowen.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. C. PEMBERTON.

To this Grant replied as follows:

GENERAL: Your note of this date, just received, proposes an armistice of several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through Commissioners to be appointed, &c. The effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course, can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg, will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and, I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due them as prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of Commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no other terms than those indicated above.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

This was followed by an interview between the two

generals, midway between the two armies, at three o'clock, in which Pemberton insisted on terms which Grant could not accept, and they parted, Grant saying that he would give in a letter his ultimatum: this was the surrender of the place and garrison—the latter to be paroled and march away, the officers with their regimental clothing, and staff, field, and cavalry officers one horse each; the rank and file to be allowed all their clothing—nothing more—and to take such rations as they needed, and utensils for cooking them.

These terms, with very little modifications, were accepted, and the next day, the ever-memorable 4th of July, the national flag went up over the stronghold amid loud cheers. On this same anniversary of the birthday of our Independence, there was being decided amid flame, and thunder, and carnage, the battle of Gettysburg. East and west, at the same time, on the same Jubilee day, the rebellion culminated, and ever after, though with unequal movements, staggered downward to its final overthrow.

CHAPTER IV.

FALL OF PORT HUDSON—THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO GRANT—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN — A PUBLIC RECEPTION IN VICKSBURG — VISITS NEW ORLEANS—IS THROWN FROM HIS HORSE AND INJURED—PLACED OVER THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI — PLACED IN COMMAND AT CHATTANOOGA—ORDERS SHERMAN TO MARCH ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO JOIN HIM—HIS PLAN FOR RAISING THE SIEGE—THE BATTLE—GRANT'S APPEARANCE ON THE FIELD — THE GRAND ATTACK OF THE CENTRE UNDER HIS OWN EYE—MISSIONARY RIDGE CARRIED—THE PURSUIT—AN INDIAN CHIEF'S OPINION OF GRANT—THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER OF THANKS — GRANT'S ORDER — CONGRESS VOTES HIM A MEDAL—HE VISITS NASHVILLE AND KNOXVILLE—REFUSES TO MAKE A SPEECH —CREATION OF THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—GRANT NOMINATED TO IT—ENTERS ON HIS DUTIES—IMMENSE PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN—THE COUNTRY'S PATIENCE UNDER DELAYS—TWO ARMIES TO MOVE SIMULTANEOUSLY—THE BELL OF DESTINY BEGINS TO TOLL.

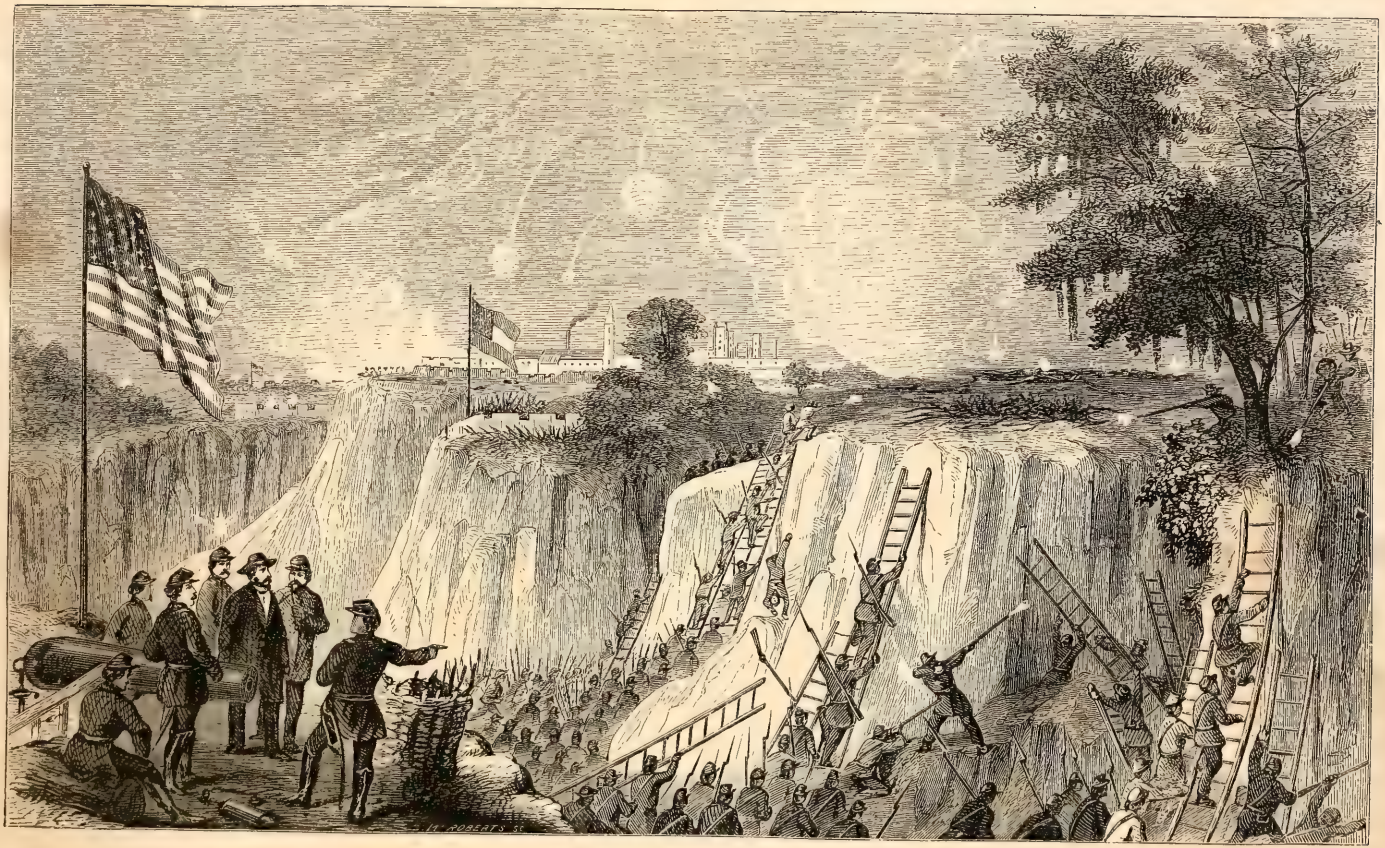
A FEW days after the surrender of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, which was a mere pendant to it, capitulated, and the Mississippi was open to the Gulf.

The event was hailed with enthusiastic joy throughout the land; the South was cut in twain, and one or two more bisections, it was felt, would finish the monstrous abortion called the Southern Confederacy. Grant was blamed for paroling the garrison, and the act complicated very much the after-exchange of prisoners of war, or rather *ostensibly* so, for the actual cause of the difficulty lay entirely outside of this arrangement.

The President wrote a letter of congratulation to

Grant, in which he said, "When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right, and I was wrong."

This letter was a good deal commented on, the opposition declaring that it showed what a blunder the Government would have committed, if it had been able to have its own way. As events turned out, Grant was right: and there is never any use in reasoning against success. But in truth, looking at all the facts and uncertainties of the case, prudence would have dictated that if Banks would not join Grant, he had better join him. The former should have at once raised the siege of Port Hudson, and entered on the campaign of the latter. As he would not, however, the course that Grant took, with the comparatively small number of troops under him, was fraught with the deepest peril. When it was known that he had cut loose from his base, and, Cortez-like, struck off into the interior, the President was not the only one who feared that he had made a mistake; but all students of military history trembled for him. Had this been the only course left open for him, the case would have been different; but, by a little delay, he doubtless could have had the army of Banks, and been made sure against any overwhelming disaster. Whereas, by the course he took, he not only ran the risk of defeat, but perilled the safety of his entire army. When Napoleon adopted similar tactics in his great Italian campaign, no more soldiers were within his reach, and what he did, he knew must be done with the army under him. This was not strictly the case with Grant, and



SIEGE OF VICKSBURGH.

hence the great risk he run was to some extent unnecessary. But, as before remarked, it is idle to reason against success. Grant won it, and not by mere good luck, but by brilliant manœuvring, swift marching, and splendid fighting; and he at once rose to the first rank among the generals of the army. Victory sometimes so dazzles men, that they cannot see the blunders committed, and that ought to have brought defeat; but in this case, from the moment that Grant took the bold resolution of cutting loose from his communications, he made no mistake, but moved toward his object like one of heaven's own thunderbolts,

> "Shattering that it might reach, and shattering
> What it reached."

Grant now took up his headquarters in Vicksburg, and soon after went to Memphis to superintend the affairs of his department, when he was honored with a public reception.

On the first of September he sailed for New Orleans. During his visit there, while reviewing the Thirteenth Corps, he was thrown from his horse, and badly bruised. Before he was entirely recovered, he went North, and at Indianapolis met General Halleck by appointment, who gave him a general order, which put him in command of the "Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee, constituting the Military Division of the Mississippi." This was by far the most extensive department yet given to any one commander.

In the mean time Rosecrans had been defeated at Chickamauga, and shut up in Chattanooga. Thomas for awhile superseded him, when Grant was ordered there to take command in person. Sherman, meanwhile, whom Grant, after the capture of Vicksburg,

sent back to Jackson to drive out the rebels, had been previously ordered to send a division to Memphis, to march from thence across the country, to the relief of Chattanooga. Another order immediately followed, directing him to move with his whole army.

When Grant reached Chattanooga, he found affairs in a desperate state. Bragg had closed round it, his lines reaching from the river north of the place, along Missionary Ridge, to Lookout Mountain on the south, and so cutting off the communications of the army, that all supplies had to be dragged for sixty miles across the country, and over abominable roads. In fact, there was momentarily danger of their being permanently severed, when the army in Chattanooga would have to retreat with the loss of its artillery, even if it saved itself. In the meantime, batteries were planted by the rebels all along the heights that overlooked the place, ready at any moment to open a bombardment upon it. Bragg, confident of success, had previously sent off Longstreet, to drive Burnside from Knoxville. Government, aware of the peril to this great strategic point, had hurried off from the east Hooker, with two corps, but even his arrival did not make Grant strong enough to assume the offensive.

He, however, found a giant to lean upon in Chattanooga, in the noble Thomas, and with him calmly surveyed the prospect before him. His plans were soon laid, and he only waited the arrival of Sherman, toiling across the country, to put them in operation. He had previously made a lodgment on the south side of the Tennessee, at Brown's Ferry, three miles below where Lookout Mountain abuts on the river, by which navigation was opened to the ferry, thus shortening his land transportation, and securing certain supplies to the army. Fifty pon-

toons, carrying twelve hundred men, were floated by night down the river, unobserved by the enemy's pickets, and landed at the ferry. These were immediately ferried across to the opposite side, and about three thousand men, who had been secretly marched down to the point and concealed, were brought over, and the position secured, compelling the enemy to retreat to Lookout Mountain. In less than forty hours, the Eleventh Corps was also across, and encamped in Lookout Valley. Grant now had a foothold on the left flank of the rebel line, and he only waited the arrival of Sherman to take position on the right flank above Chattanooga, to carry out his projected attack. In the mean time, Bragg sent a message to Grant, to remove non-combatants from the place, as he was about to open his batteries upon it. To this Grant returned no reply, for he was about ready to answer with his batteries and charging columns. Sherman's army, when it finally reached Chattanooga, was weary and footsore, yet no time could be given it for rest, and it marched at once to its destined position. On the 24th of November it crossed the Tennessee, on a pontoon bridge, the head of which on the south shore had been secured the night before by a surprise; and took up its position on Missionary Ridge, thus threatening Bragg's immediate communications. The day before, Thomas had made a reconnoissance in his front to develop the enemy's line, and taken, after a short conflict, Indian Hill or Orchard Knob, that overlooked the rebel rifle-pits. Hooker, in the mean time, pressed up the rugged height of Lookout Mountain, driving the enemy before him; and on the morning of the 25th, looked down from his dizzy elevation on Chattanooga below, with which he established communications.

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

Everything had thus far worked as Grant had planned; and now the last blow was to be struck, Sherman was to press heavily Bragg's right on Missionary Ridge and threaten his communications, so that he would be compelled to weaken his centre to repel the advance, and then Thomas was to move straight on the centre, and finish the battle with a clap of thunder.

Sherman commenced his attack early in the morning, and moving down from the elevation he occupied, crossed a road, and attempted to ascend the opposite heights. It was a fearful work that had been assigned him, and his bleeding columns swayed upward and backward in the uncertain fight, yet each hour pressing the enemy's right heavier and heavier. Hooker had come down from Lookout Mountain, where he had been fighting above the clouds, and was thundering away on the rebel left. Grant, in the centre, stood on Orchard Knob, smoking his cigar, listening to the thunder-crash to the left and right of him, and waiting for the auspicious moment when Thomas could be sent in on the centre. The forenoon slowly wore away, and Sherman, seeing the rebel batteries and troops steadily increasing in his front, looked anxiously away toward Orchard Knob; but all was silent there. Noon came, and on both extremities the roar of battle still shook the heights, yet between, all was motionless and silent. The hour of destiny had not yet come. Sherman continued to press the enemy fiercely in his front, compelling him still more to weaken his centre to resist the advance; but his men were getting weary, and his thinned battalions saw no hope of reaching the bristling heights above them. The afternoon passed on leaden wings to them; but at length Grant

saw that the decisive moment had arrived. It was now nearly four o'clock, and the signal to advance was given. This was six cannon-shots fired at intervals of two seconds each. With regular beat, one, two, three sounded, till, as the last deep reverberation rolled away over the heights, there was a sudden resurrection, as from the bowels of the earth, of that apparently dead line. Three divisions of the Army of the Cumberland composed it. A mile and a half of broken country lay before them to the rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge, and then there remained the rocky hill, four hundred feet high, to mount, every inch of it swept by artillery and musketry. Over this intervening space the columns moved at a rapid pace, breasting the fire of the rebel batteries, and at length reached the rifle-pits. Clearing these at a bound, they began to climb the steep. Met by the awful fire that rolled in a lava-stream down its sides, the regiments worked their way slowly up. Taking the matter into their own hands, they seemed to act without orders, each determined to be first at the top. It was a thrilling spectacle to see those banners advance—now one, and then another, fluttering highest up the acclivity amid flame and smoke. The ranks melted rapidly away, but the survivors kept on. Grant gazed, apparently unmoved, at the sight, yet with his whole soul in the struggle. Even the impassable Thomas, as he saw the slow and doubtful progress, exclaimed to Grant, "I fear, General, they will never reach the top." The latter, puffing the smoke from his cigar, merely replied, "Give 'em time, General; give 'em time." At last, just as the sun was sinking in the west, flooding the heights with his departing rays, the regimental flags swung out in the breeze on the top, and then a muffled shout, like the far-off murmur of the sea, came down to

Grant. Taken up by division after division, it rolled gloriously along the whole line. The bloody field was won, and Bragg in full retreat. All next day he was pursued as he fled, leaving guns, prisoners, wagons, and material strung along his path. Over seven thousand prisoners and forty-seven pieces of artillery were the fruits of the victory.

Having chased Bragg to Dalton, he then turned his attention to Longstreet, who was laying siege to Knoxville. Sherman was despatched to its relief, and Longstreet was compelled to raise the siege and retreat toward Virginia.

Never was a more skilfully-planned battle, or one more gallantly fought. The victory was a clear triumph of military genius, and steady, determined fighting. Bragg was fairly and openly met in his chosen position, behind his defences, on heights he deemed impregnable, and utterly routed.

Grant had in this battle an Indian chief on his staff, and the grave sachem thus describes his impressions of the General during the successive actions: "It has been a matter of universal wonder that Gen. Grant was not killed, for he was always in front, and perfectly heedless of the storm of hissing bullets and screaming shells flying around him. His apparent want of sensibility does not arise from heedlessness, heartlessness, or vain military affectation, but from a sense of the responsibility resting on him when in battle. When at Ringgold, we rode for a half a mile in the face of the enemy, under an incessant fire of cannon and musketry; nor did we ride fast, but on an ordinary trot; and not once, do I believe, did it enter the General's mind that he was in danger. I was by his side, and watched him closely. In riding that dis-

tance, we were going to the front, and I could see that he was studying the positions of the two armies, and, of course, planning how to defeat the enemy, who was here making a desperate stand, and slaughtering our men fearfully. Roads (he says) are almost useless to him, for he takes short cuts through fields and woods, and will swim his horse through almost any stream that obstructs his way. Nor does it make any difference to him whether he has daylight for his movements, for he will ride from breakfast until two o'clock next morning, and that, too, without eating. The next day he will repeat the same, until he has finished the work."

The country was delirious with joy at this great victory, and the President issued a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving, and sent the following letter to Grant:

WASHINGTON, *December 8th.*

Major-General Grant:

Understanding that your lodgment at Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you and all under your command my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all.

A. LINCOLN.

Grant issued a congratulatory order to his army, in which, at the close, he said: "The General commanding thanks you individually and collectively. The loyal people of the United States thank and bless you. Their hopes and prayers for your success against this unholy rebellion are with you daily. Their faith in you will not be in vain. Their hopes will not be blasted. Their prayers to Almighty God will be answered. You will yet go to other fields of strife, and with invincible bravery and unflinching loyalty to justice and right, which

have characterized you in the past, you will prove that no enemy can withstand you, and that no defence, however formidable, can check your onward march."

Congress voted him a medal, and different Legislatures passed votes of thanks, and the country with one voice demanded that he should be given the chief command of all the armies. A bill was therefore passed by Congress, creating the rank of lieutenant-general, which had been conferred as an honorary title on Gen. Scott; and soon after the President sent in Grant's name for the office.

In the mean time Grant went to Nashville, in order to visit Knoxville to inspect in person the situation of affairs in that portion of his department. At the latter place he was received with wild enthusiasm by the people, and, in accordance with the universal custom of the Americans, a speech was demanded of him. But he informed them that he never made a speech, and knew nothing about it; and no speech was got out of him. Returning, he visited St. Louis to see a sick child, and while there a public dinner was given him.

His nomination for the position of lieutenant-general being confirmed, he went to Washington in February to assume the duties of his high office. All felt that a new era was now to commence. Congress, in creating the rank, confessed that it had interfered quite long enough in the conduct of military affairs, and thought the Cabi net had too. The Secretary of War saw in it that the country was tired of his management, and that hereafter he must confine himself to the appropriate duties of his department, which he knew so well how to perform. The new strategy he had introduced, "to move immediately on the enemy's works," had had its full and

bloody trial; costing the country probably a hundred thousand men. The ruling politicians had become alarmed. Setting out with the determination to control the war, they began to see that under their management the country would soon get sick of it altogether, and hence if they did not want to break down utterly, they must place its conduct exclusively in military hands. There was a general sentiment that they dare not lay hands on Grant, for with his removal there seemed nothing but chaos beyond.

Grant entered on his high duties without any flourish of trumpets or high-sounding proclamations, or extravagant promises, but like one who knew thoroughly the great work before him; and at once addressed himself to its accomplishment. Sherman was given the vast western command which he himself had held, and the two were to move together at the appointed time, to deal the rebellion its death-blow. Weary months now passed away. Spring came with its genial weather and hard roads, and yet Grant did not move. Still no murmurs were heard, such as filled the land when the Army of the Potomac first remained so long quiet on the same ground. The country had had enough of popular campaigning, and in the three terrible years it had passed through, at last learned the much-needed lesson of patience. The "On to Richmond" cry, which so long dazed the brains of many, was no more heard. It was plain that Grant was to be let alone, and in that lay our only hope.

But though everything seemingly continued so quiet around Washington, the land was shaking to its centre under the mighty preparations going forward. The people did not know of it, because the amazing activity was made up of so many minor movements, each one of which

was not of sufficient magnitude to attract notice. But Grant had determined that when he gave the word for the mighty host, stretching from the Mississippi to the Atlantic to move, it should be a fair test between the power of the North and South—that the coming struggle should be conclusive and final. All through the early spring, the countless railroads of the North groaned under the weight of troops, either new levies, or old soldiers returning to their respective regiments. Transports loaded with ordnance and supplies darkened all our water courses. The great thoroughfares of travel and commerce were monopolized by the Government, and he who could have embraced the vast North at that time with a single glance, would have been terrified at the mighty military preparations going on. He would have seen that a struggle was impending, the like of which the world had never seen.

The South, through its spies, was aware of this, and Davis saw that the coming campaign would settle the fate of the Confederacy. He therefore began to gather all his resources for the decisive struggle. Neither was the navy idle, for six hundred vessels of war hung like full-charged thunder-clouds around the rebel fortifications.

Never, since the time of the first Napoleon, were such vast military resources placed in the hand of one man as now rested in that of Grant.

Thus the month of April passed, and the waiting people wondered at his inaction. But by the first of May he was ready. While the navy was to strike along the coast at important points, the two armies, one east and the other west, were to move simultaneously forward —Sherman with Atlanta as his objective point, and Grant

with Richmond for his. The Alleghany Mountains divided them, and thousands of miles intervened, and yet one head was to control both. When everything was ready, the two armies arose from their long inaction and moved forward. The great bell of destiny, hung in the blue dome of heaven, began to toll the knell of the Confederacy, and the solemn sound never ceased, till its hideous form was laid in its deep, dark grave forever.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN.

CHARACTER AND PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN—THE ARMY CROSSES THE RAPIDAN —THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS—LEE'S RETREAT TO SPOTTSYLVANIA—BATTLES BEFORE IT—GRANT, BY A FLANK MOVEMENT, MARCHES TO THE NORTH ANNA RIVER—MAKES A SECOND FLANK MOVEMENT TO THE PAMUNKEY—THE CHICKAHOMINY—BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—STRENGTH OF THE REBEL WORKS—HE MARCHES TO THE JAMES RIVER—CROSSES IT AND ATTACKS PETERSBURG—IS REPULSED—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN—SIEGE OF RICHMOND—EARLY SENT TO THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—GOES INTO MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA—THE MINE OF BURNSIDE—GRANT DEFEATED AT HATCHER'S RUN—WINTER QUARTERS—CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER — SHERMAN ADVANCING—DESPERATION OF THE REBELS — THEIR ATTEMPT TO TAKE CITY POINT WITH IRON-CLADS—NARROW ESCAPE OF GRANT'S ARMY—ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN—LAST GREAT MOVEMENT OF THE ARMY—DESCRIPTION OF—PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND EVACUATED—THE RACE FOR LIFE OF THE REBEL ARMY—THE SURRENDER—ACCOUNT OF IT—A MOMENTOUS SABBATH—SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON—COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION—JOY OF THE PEOPLE—ENTHUSIASM FOR GRANT—HIS CHARACTER.

GRANT'S campaign differed in some respects materially from that of Sherman, for while the latter had but one line of communication with his supplies, and that lengthening as he advanced, the former could change his base so as to keep it always about the same distance from his army, or, at least, never very remote. Again, the former was exposed to flank attacks on either side, while the latter could be threatened only on his right, and that by the Shenandoah valley, which a moderate force could protect.

Grant had also a much larger army, for while that of Sherman consisted of a hundred thousand men, the former had in his army proper, or coöperating with him against Richmond, or within call, probably double that number. But he had likewise the ablest commander, and the grandest army of the Southern Confederacy to contend against. Besides, Lee was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and its capacities for defence, and, from two similar campaigns against him, had been able to fix definitely upon the best plan to defeat a third. He was, moreover, to act almost entirely on the defensive, and fight behind works; so that, though vastly inferior in numbers, not having probably over a hundred thousand men, he was able to make it an equal contest.

Grant probably did not confine himself to one single mode of operations. His great object was, whatever intermediate events might happen, to strike Richmond on the north side, so that he could sweep around to the west, while Butler cut it off from the south. The movements of the latter, therefore, were to correspond with his. Like Burnside and Hooker, he wished, if possible, to get between Lee and his communications, and force him at the outset to a decisive battle. If he succeeded, and the rebel army was utterly defeated, he could take his own course about investing Richmond. If Lee was forced to retreat, as he did not doubt he would be, he designed to follow him closely to the rebel capital, punishing him severely at every step. To render Lee's rapid escape by the railroads impossible, he sent Sheridan on a raid to break them up. Sigel and Couch, in the mean time, were in the Shenandoah valley, protecting his flank, and keeping back reinforcements from that direction.

With this general outline before him, Grant, on the night of the 3d of May, broke up his encampments, and the noble Army of the Potomac moved off toward the Rapidan. The next morning it crossed at two fords, Ely's and Germania, some five or six miles apart. It was divided into three corps—the Second, commanded by Hancock, the Fifth, by Warren, and the Sixth, by Sedgewick. Hancock, in front, crossed at Ely's ford, followed by Warren, while Sedgewick crossed at Germania, forming the right. Lee did not dispute the passage of the stream, but fell back, so as to protect the entire line of railroad from Gordonsville to Saxton's Junction. It was thought at the time that he had been taken by surprise, but this was, undoubtedly, a mistake. The two armies had confronted each other too long at that point, not to have it well understood by him that a crossing would be attempted in that neighborhood. He seemed to think that a more successful attack could be made by concentrating a heavy force on the separate corps after they were over, and while in process of reaching their appointed positions. Carrying out this plan, he first fell on Sedgewick, who had crossed alone, and was in rear of the other two corps. If, by a sudden onset, he could crush him, or drive him into the river, he could sweep down the banks in the rear of the other two corps, cutting them off from the fords, and destroy the vast trains not yet over.

But Grant designed neither to build pontoon bridges or protect fords; he had crossed without any intention of returning.

The onslaught upon Sedgewick was terrific; but the latter, not satisfied with bracing himself up to resist it, boldly advanced to meet it. Hurled back, Lee came on

again with the same result. Repulsed here, he gathered up his bleeding columns, and, quick as lightning, poured them into the gap between Hancock and Warren. So unexpected and fierce was this onset, that for a time it threatened to be successful. Warren, endeavoring to advance, was driven back, and lost two guns. The troops, however, rallied, and the fight raged with fearful ferocity till nine o'clock, long after darkness had closed over both armies. The next morning Lee made a simultaneous attack on both wings—Longstreet advancing against Hancock, and A. P. Hill against Sedgewick. The fighting, if possible, was more terrific than the day previous. Before these desperate charges our whole line of battle was shaken terribly. In various parts of the field the ranks were often thrown into confusion, and once, on the left, the battle seemed lost. Grant was standing under a tree, smoking, and chipping the bark with his knife, when the tidings reached him that the left was broken. "I don't believe it;" was his quiet reply. Still, it was nearly true, and would have been wholly so, but for the timely arrival of Burnside, with his forty or fifty thousand men, constituting the reserve. This bringing up the whole reserve into action so early in the campaign, shows that Grant narrowly escaped the disaster that overtook Burnside and Hooker in the same neighborhood.

Burnside had made a forced march from Manassas, and on this eventful morning, with Sedgewick, whom Grant had with great forethought brought over from the right during the night, restored the battle. That such an enormous concentration of forces was needed here, shows how well Lee had laid his plans, and how, under other circumstances, they would have been successful. The result taught him, in turn, that he had a commander

to deal with that would give him all he wanted to do. The next day no general engagement took place; but the army stood in order of battle, and skirmishes and lesser conflicts were constantly occurring.

This ended the three days' fight in the Wilderness—certainly one of the most remarkable on record. Grant had at least 250 pieces of artillery; yet, in the main, they slept idly in long rows under the trees, wholly useless in this strange struggle, in which the contending hosts could see each other only as they came in contact.

Although the mightiest armies that had ever met on this continent stood up in a great pitched battle, to one on the field it seemed only bushwhacking through a forest seven or eight miles in extent. Grant could not see his army—he could only *hear* it. The incessant volleys, roaring away on either side, till lost in the distance, told of a great conflict; but except so far as ordering up reinforcements and responding to calls for help, it was a succession of separate conflicts. Lee, who knew all the roads through this tangled wilderness, had greatly the advantage in moving his troops from point to point, and thus could more easily carry out his object—viz., to turn one flank or the other, and compel Grant to fall back across the Rapidan, thus repeating over again Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He fought his army well, and with great desperation; but he failed, and was compelled finally to retreat.

The endurance of the men, on both sides, was wonderful. Portions of our army fought and stood in line of battle for forty-eight hours continuously.

Never before did a wilderness present such a spectacle. On both sides, probably nearly 30,000 men had fallen, and though the wounded were gathered together, the dead

lay everywhere; and in the hurry of Lee's retreat and Grant's pursuit, those who were buried were often but half interred, and arms and legs protruded from the loose soil in every direction.

As Lee retreated towards Spottsylvania, Grant, giving his troops no time to rest, pressed toward the same point also, hoping to get there first and head off his antagonist. But the former was too quick for him, and Bartlett's brigade in the advance, which was ordered to attack at once on approaching the place—on the supposition that only cavalry would be found there—ran into Longstreet's whole corps, and was fearfully cut up, one of his regiments losing three quarters of its number in fifteen minutes. Rawlinson's division, which was pushed forward to his rescue, also broke in disorder, when Warren, coming up, seized the division-flag and rallied the troops in person, and held the ground from eight o'clock till noon. Other divisions arriving in the afternoon, the contest was renewed at six o'clock, and the first line of breastworks carried, though we lost 1,500 men in doing it. This was Sunday. The next day was passed in skirmishing and reconnoitring. On Tuesday, Grant made a grand attack on the enemy's position, and a most terrific conflict followed. Our wearied men fought as though fresh from their encampments. Bayonet charges occurred in various parts of the line, and the roar of artillery, and crash of musketry, and shouts of infuriated men, conspired to make that evening a scene of terror inconceivable, indescribable. The carnage was awful; not less than eight or ten thousand men falling on our side alone. We took some 1,200 prisoners; but the attack failed, and the decimated columns withdrew.

But neither the obstacles which Grant met, nor the

awful slaughter of his troops, created despondency in his heart. On the contrary, they aroused him to more determined efforts, and he telegraphed back—"I will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Reinforcements were hurried on to him, and the garrisons around Washington almost emptied to replace his fearful losses. The Secretary of War dared no longer interfere as he did with McClellan, and keep back troops to protect the capital. Grant demanded them, and they were sent forward.

The latter now changed his base of supplies to Fredericksburg, while his army lay around Spottsylvania for two weeks, striving in vain to find a weak point in the enemy's position, or to overlap his right wing. Every day, the roar of artillery shook the earth, and terrible assaults on both sides strewed the ground with the dead. Heavy rains and fogs set in; but still the work of death went on. We gained some successes—Hancock, in his brilliant charge, taking some 5,000 prisoners; but it placed the army no nearer success, and at length Grant gave it up, and resolved on a flank movement. It was hard to come to this, for he did not want to force Lee to a retreat, but to a decisive battle while far from his base, and with his lines of communication cut by Sheridan, who was making havoc with the rebel cavalry. Besides, he did not wish to swing round in front of the Richmond works, from which McClellan's army had been driven two years before; but follow the rebel leader straight into the capital from the north. Kautz had cut the railroad below Petersburg, and Butler, who was occupying Bermuda Hundreds, had destroyed it between that place and Richmond, and if he himself could come down on the city from the north, its fate would be sealed. Still, no other

resource was left him. So, on Friday night, Hancock moved off to the eastward, and the next night was at Bowling Green, seventeen miles from Spottsylvania. Lee, however, made aware of the movement, started off Longstreet's corps the same night, and a race between the two armies commenced. The Fifth Corps, Warren's, followed on Saturday morning, and about the same time Ewell also started; and so, corps after corps succeeded, until Spottsylvania was deserted. The North Anna river was the goal both were aiming at. If Grant could reach it first, he would even yet force Lee to the decisive battle he was straining every nerve to bring about.

Hancock, who had the left, struck the river about a mile west of where the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad crosses it. Warren, on the right, struck it four miles farther up at the Jericho ford. His advance division, Griffin's, reached it a little after midnight on Monday, May the 23d, and immediately plunged into the stream, flowing waist deep, and stumbling in the darkness over its rocky bed, crossed without opposition.

Hancock, on reaching the bridge over which he was to cross, found the enemy in force, and had to carry a *tête du pont* and a fort at the point of the bayonet, which he did in gallant style. Once over, he met but little opposition, while Warren had to fight his way onward. It was now ascertained that the rebels, who had got the start, held the South Anna, which had been fortified, apparently for just such a contingency as this.

Grant, seeing that the position could not be forced, at least not without a loss that would make it no victory, made another flank movement, and swung his army around to the Pamunkey, and on the last day of May,

pitched his headquarters near Hanover Court House, the spot where, two years before, rested the extreme right of McClellan's lines.

The manner in which he handled his immense army in these flanking operations, showed a military ability far above that which often wins a great battle. It seemed to be a single machine in his hand, which he worked with consummate skill, and apparently without effort.

Throwing his army across the Pamunkey, he advanced to the Chickahominy, while he transferred his base to the White House, from which General W. F. Smith, with the Tenth and part of the Eighteenth corps, joined him.

The rebels had learned wisdom from the lesson taught them by McClellan two years before, when the Chickahominy was crossed without opposition; for now its banks bristled with fortifications. In attempting to force its passage, occurred the battle of Cold Harbor. After a determined but unsuccessful assault and a bloody repulse, Grant, impassible as ever, mounted his horse and rode along the lines to ascertain from the different commanders the actual state of things in their immediate front. He returned leisurely, absorbed in thought, and it was evident that the attempt would not be renewed. He was now on the line of McClellan's peninsular campaign, with a much larger army, but with difficulties tenfold greater to contend with. A deep river, strongly fortified, lay before him, and beyond it, five miles of earthworks stretched to the rebel capital. It was plain the army never could travel that road to Richmond. It lay here, however, for nearly ten days, and another July in the deadly Chickahominy swamps seemed inevitable. But Grant, with all his obstinacy and tenacity of purpose,

never exhibits these qualities in the *mode* of reaching his object. The moment events show that one plan is no longer feasible, he instantly drops it and adopts another. He clings to his main object with the grip of death, but cares little for the mode of securing it. Seeing, therefore, that Richmond could not be reached by the Chickahominy, he determined by a sudden movement to fling his army over the James river, and seize Petersburg, which Butler had failed to take, laying the blame of defeat on Gilmore.

This, however, was a delicate operation, for the opposing lines were so close that it was hardly to be expected that he could move off, unobserved, such an immense army, without exposing himself to a sudden attack. But concentrating his lines till his front was not more than four miles long—making it almost as deep back—and throwing up strong works to protect his flanks, he, on Sunday night, the 12th of June, quietly and swiftly changed front and marched away from the Chickahominy. Smith's corps moved off to the White House and embarked on transports, while the rest of the army struck across the country to the James river, fifty miles away. Passing below the White Oak Swamp, stirring recollections were brought to the army of the Potomac, which two years before fought their way on almost the same line to the point toward which they were now pressing.

Grant broke up his camp and sent off all his immense trains on the 12th. Two days after, on the 14th, Hancock was crossing the James by ferry at Wilcox Landing, and the Sixth corps by ferry and a pontoon bridge a little lower down. When Lee found Grant gone from his front, he evidently expected he would strike for Malvern Hill, and from that point march on Richmond; but the

thunder of his guns as he advanced against Petersburg dispelled this illusion. Grant expected to take Petersburg by this sudden movement, and thus advance his lines nearer to Richmond on the south side. The attack was at first successful and the outer works captured, and the report flew over the land that it had fallen. It ought to have been so, and would have been but for a mistake for which Grant was not responsible. At the same time that our assaulting columns moved against the place in front, Butler advanced once more to the railroad connecting it with Richmond, and from which he had previously been driven. He reached the track and tore it up; but the rebels no sooner found our army repulsed before Petersburg, than they sent a strong force against him, and driving him back, repaired the road.

Grant now had apparently played his last card and failed. The most terrific campaign on record had ended, and a long siege, of nearly a year's duration, was to commence. He had fought his way, inch by inch, from the Rapidan to the James, yet never gained a substantial victory. Every battle had been a drawn one, and he had lost probably in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand men, while he had not weakened the enemy by more than half that number.* The latter, after the battle of the Wilderness, fought always behind breastworks, where

* No reports of the losses in these various battles were published, and, so far as we know, complete ones at the time were not sent in to the Government. The above estimate is based on the report of one corps made to the Government at Spottsylvania. If the reports were not made till after time was given for stragglers and the sick and the slightly wounded to return, of course the sum-total will not be much more than half the above estimate. But we are convinced that if the missing from the muster-rolls after each battle were added up, the aggregate would reach very nearly, if not quite, this frightful number. The War Department makes the total loss to the close 90,000.

their losses should not have been, by ordinary rules, more than one to three. The friends of McClellan pointed to this result, and exclaimed exultingly, "You see that McClellan was right, and the Administration wrong, when he remonstrated against removing the Army of the Potomac from the James, and it would not listen to him."

No man of sense doubts this now. Events have proved that General Scott was right when he said, "The great, the vital mistake which the Government has made during this war was to recall the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula." The removal of its commander was one thing, and that of the army was quite another. One did not necessitate the other. They said also, and the Richmond papers reiterated it, that Grant could have placed his army on the spot it now occupied without the loss of a man, while, by the way he came, a vast army had disappeared. That was equally true, but the inference they drew from these indisputable facts *was not true*, viz., that Grant should have taken his army by water, as McClellan did, to the Peninsula. The first movement was a brilliant one, and should have been sustained, but results have shown that had Grant imitated it, he would have committed a fatal blunder. When, two years before, the Army of the Potomac lay there, Richmond was so poorly fortified in that direction, that Lee dared not spare a man from his army to operate elsewhere, so that, as McClellan said, Washington was best defended at Richmond. But that was not so now. The rebel government had profited by experience, and thrown up such impregnable works around its capital in this direction, that a few men comparatively could hold them against a large army. Grant was constantly reinforced, so that when he sat down in siege

before Petersburg, he, doubtless, had as large an army as the one with which he set out. Yet Lee felt so strong that he immediately despatched an army, twenty thousand strong, into the valley of the Shenandoah, which gathered its harvests, and then crossing into Maryland and Pennsylvania, burned Chambersburg, cut the railroad north of Baltimore, and advanced to the very gates of the national capital. It spread consternation on every side, and although the Nineteenth Corps opportunely arrived from New Orleans, it was not considered strong enough, with all the forces that could be raised in the vicinity, to cope with the rebels, and the veteran Sixth Corps had to be detached from the Army of the Potomac, and sent to protect Washington and the neighboring loyal country.

Now suppose that Lee lost only forty or fifty thousand men to our one hundred thousand in the march from the Rapidan to the James, and suppose further, that Grant had carried his army intact by transports to the James, just as strong and no stronger than it actually was when it reached there, and Lee had these forty or fifty thousand men that lay in hospitals, or strewing the battle-fields on the line of his retreat, to add to the twenty thousand he actually sent to the valley of the Shenandoah, swelling the force to sixty or seventy thousand men, who does not see that the siege of Richmond must have been raised, and the whole campaign gone over again? It requires but the simplest arithmetical calculation to determine, if twenty thousand men demanded the presence of two additional corps in front of Washington, how many corps would sixty or seventy thousand men have required. Those dead and wounded of Lee's army, that cost us so heavily, were, in the crisis of affairs, absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of

the siege of Richmond. Lee could not replace them—we could and did replace *our* losses. This statement is not a theory, but a conclusion proved by after events. Grant was not responsible for the extraordinary state in which he found things when he took chief command. After three years of war, he found the rebels menacing our capital, instead of we theirs. This, it was plain, had got to be reversed, or the war would never end, except in our defeat. The blunders of the Secretary of War and of the former General-in-chief had brought about this disgraceful condition of affairs, at the cost of two armies. Grant saw at once it could not be reversed, without a terrible sacrifice of life, and he boldly resolved to make it. The clear, correct, straightforward view he took of the whole matter, shows his great qualities, more than any battle he ever won. The English press, in view of the terrible loss of life that marked this apparently fruitless campaign, stigmatized him as the great butcher, but subsequent events have shown that his course saved human life in the end—in fact was the only wise one to pursue. Indeed, we believe our own countrymen make a mistake here; they seem to think that Grant, having started for Richmond on the route he did, pursued it from mere obstinacy of purpose; that it was the tenacity of the sleuthhound once settled on the track, rather than the stern conviction that he had chosen the only wise course, which impelled him on. Hence they take his despatch, "I will fight it out on this line, if it take all summer," as simply an evidence of pluck, which is a quality greatly admired by Americans. It showed his pluck unquestionably, but it is unjust to suppose that this was the utterance of mere pluck; it was also a declaration that he believed he had chosen the right

course—notwithstanding he had not succeeded in annihilating Lee's army—and meant to pursue it, cost what it would. It was, in short, a simple reaffirmation of judgment—a judgment at first made after mature deliberation, and now on a careful review, in the light of events, believed to be correct. He knew he was right, and that being settled, he would fight it out on that line as long as he had men to fight with. He is, doubtless, an obstinate man, but never will stick to a thing, right or wrong, simply because he has begun it. His mind is too well balanced, and his character built on too lofty a model, to allow him to do that. In the light of after events, his prescience in the matter appears to us wonderful. His forecast seemed to embrace all contingencies, and select the right thing under any circumstances.

Grant had now a difficult problem to solve. If he should take Petersburg, or rather the line of works that commanded it by regular approaches, similar works around Richmond, twenty miles off, confronted him; if he operated against Richmond directly from the north side of the James, he would have ten or fifteen miles of intrenchments to traverse, and then, if he compelled the evacuation of the rebel capital, it would be comparatively a barren conquest, if all the lines of communication South were open. The great thing, therefore, was first to cut these lines; but the invasion of Maryland by Early, and the necessary withdrawal of one of his corps, and the diversion of reinforcements to Washington, so weakened him, that he could not spare the force necessary for such an enterprise. Still, he did what he could. The Second Corps made an advance on the 22d, but was repulsed, losing 1,600 men and four guns; but a brilliant movement subsequently, north of the James, gave him possession

of an advantageous position. He was never at rest; and Lee must have been amazed at the mental activity and resources of his adversary. He would not give him a moment's repose. The rebel chieftain could never discover in the atmosphere around him any signs of the coming storm. From that part of the heavens where not a cloud could be seen, and all was serene and clear, the thunderbolt was more likely to burst than from any other quarter. The stiller the day, the more sure the hurricane. Instead of forcing Grant to take his army back to Washington, Lee found himself so fiercely pushed at all points, that he could not spare the reinforcements that Early so greatly needed.

During the summer, a mine was run under one of the advanced forts of the enemy, which, if once destroyed, it was thought that we could get possession of a commanding ridge. The workmen were engaged for more than a month in digging this mine, and so noiselessly and secretly was it done, that the enemy never discovered it. An enormous quantity of powder was lodged in it, and on the day it was to be exploded, Grant sent a force across the James, with an immense army train, to deceive Lee into the belief that an attack was meditated on that extremity of his lines. The ruse succeeded, and a large rebel force was despatched to resist the anticipated attack. In the meantime, the assaulting columns were marshalled, and the mine exploded. The fort rose in the air; a huge crater opened in the earth, into which the appalled garrison sunk; the storming columns rushed into the gorge, and for a moment success seemed certain. But delays in the supports gave the rebels time to rally; the colored troops, that were foolishly sent in, broke in confusion; everything was thrown into disorder, and the

whole affair proved worse than a miserable failure, for we lost nearly 5,000 men, and gained nothing. The rebels lost but little over a thousand. Burnside, who had charge of the mine and the arrangements for the assault, was so severely censured, that he asked to be relieved from his command. Some blamed Meade, and some Grant, for not taking the entire control of so important a matter into their own hands. One thing is certain, neither should ever have allowed the colored troops, nor any other equally raw ones, to be selected for such an enterprise. None but the most veteran, tried, intelligent regiments, should have been permitted to undertake so hazardous a task. The Committee on the Conduct of the War investigated the matter ; but the result, like all its investigations, only beclouded the truth. Its sessions had come to be regarded as a great farce by the whole country.

The total defeat of Early by Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, in the autumn, released the pressure on Grant from Washington, and he once more turned his attention to the destruction of the enemy's communications.

Hence, on the 27th of October, the camp of the Army of the Potomac was broken up, four days' rations issued, the sick and camp equipage sent to City Point, and the army marched to the westward and southwestward for Hatcher's Run, which was known to be strongly fortified, and which constituted the extreme right of the rebel lines. The object was to turn the enemy's right flank, seize the forts, and thus having gained the rear, move rapidly across to the Southside Railroad. The Second Corps crossed the run and moved upon the opposing works ; but the Fifth, not being able to come up and form a junction at the right time, owing to the nature of the ground, the rebel General

sent a division into the gap, struck right and left, capturing guns and provisions, and driving back both corps with great loss, and the whole army was withdrawn. The matter was made light of at the time; but it was a sad failure.

The army now went into winter quarters, and with the exception of some cavalry raids on the Weldon and other railroads, little of interest transpired. Sherman was moving across Georgia, and his advent on the sea-coast was waited with intense anxiety.

The great event of the winter, in connection with Grant, was the capture of Fort Fisher, which protected the entrance to Wilmington—the chief resort of blockade-runners. Butler had been sent to take it in December; but came back and reported that it could not be done, and the attempt would be a useless sacrifice of life. Grant did not send him on a reconnoissance to report, but to take the place; and incensed at the miserable abortion which he had made of the whole affair, removed him and sent him to Lowell, to finish with his own suicidal hand a reputation, bad enough at best, and good only in the eyes of those whose love of revenge and cruelty, for the time being, overrode their judgment. General Terry was appointed in his place, and with the same troops, only slightly increased in number, in conjunction with Admiral Porter, gallantly stormed and took it.

The heavens were growing black around Lee and Davis; for by the middle of this month, Sherman had commenced his northward march from Savannah, and soon they might expect the heads of his columns in North Carolina. Something must be done, and that quickly; for though Grant had thus far been foiled in every attempt to seize Richmond, a new foe was fast coming on

the field. From Fort Harrison, north of the James, to Hatcher's Run, on the south, our lines stretched for nearly thirty miles, from every portion of which Grant had made demonstrations against the rebel works in vain; and though another year might be wasted in the same fruitless siege, the gathering of armies on the south would, in time, make his success certain.

The first desperate attempt to relieve himself was made by Lee on the 24th of January, when three iron-clads and three wooden vessels, with a flotilla of torpedo-boats, came down the James river, intending to run the batteries, take City Point, and thus cut off the base of supplies for the whole army, and divide the forces north and south of the James. A large rebel force was massed north of the river to make an overwhelming assault on the army there, as soon as City Point was reached. A high tower, erected at the latter place for observation by Grant, was to be set on fire as a signal of success, and at the same time, of attack. The vessels came boldly down in the darkness, and it was soon evident that we had nothing on shore or in the river that could stop their progress, and consternation seized our army along the banks. Most of our gunboats were away with Porter, and the Onondaga, on guard, retreated down the river without attempting a defence. By good fortune, or rather through an over-ruling Providence, the iron-clads ran aground, and were stopped midway in their triumphant career. The country did not know what a narrow escape Grant and his army ran, but the Government did. On the committee of investigation which was appointed, the universal testimony was, that if these vessels had not got aground, the siege of Richmond would have been raised, to say nothing of the disasters that might have befallen the army. City

Point once occupied by the rebels, not a pound of food could have reached our troops. Grant alone testified that he did not think the disaster would have been irreparable, and he, only on the single ground that he had provisions enough on hand to last, with great economy, two weeks, and by the end of that time he thought the Government would have been able to re-open his communications. On the probable success of outside efforts alone, he testified that he relied for salvation. What fearful issues hung on the simple question, whether those three iron-clads should clear the shoals. A few more feet of water, a few more moments of safety, and Grant's disaster before Richmond would have eclipsed all that had gone before, in the way of misfortune. Heaven be praised for its interference in our behalf on that dark night!

But, as the winter drew to a close, events thickened rapidly. Wilmington fell; Schofield had pushed up the Neuse to Kinston; Charleston was evacuated, and Sherman's columns were well up toward the North Carolina border; Sheridan with his 15,000 men was on his triumphant march down to the James, burning and destroying, and sending terror into the heart of Richmond. Unable to cross the river and cut the railroad south of it, and so keep on in that direction to Grant's left wing, he destroyed the James River canal, and sweeping down, crossed the country north of the rebel capital, and reached the White House in safety. Before he joined Grant's army in the latter part of the month (March), Lee, now thoroughly alarmed, made another desperate effort to rend asunder the coils that were tightening around him. Just before daylight, on the 25th, he made a sudden and successful assault on Fort Steadman, intending

to cut through Grant's lines, roll up the army, and perhaps keep on to City Point, and so raise the siege of Richmond. Our lines at this point were so near to the rebels, that the two hostile columns organized for the attack, were upon us before we were aware of their intentions. The first column cut a gap in the abattis, stormed through, and with a single bound leaped into the fort. Three of the five batteries that surrounded it were at once turned upon our flying troops. The second column in the mean time prepared to charge through to the rear. But this fort was flanked by Fort McGivry on the one side and Forts Hascall and Morton on the other, which at once poured a storm of shot into the captured works. Shattered and torn, the victors could not all get back through the gaps they had made; and in the mean time Hartranft was upon them, and the whole remainder, 2,000 strong, captured. Humphreys of the Second corps, still farther to the left, hearing the uproar through the morning air, and thinking the line in his front must have been weakened in order to strengthen the attack on Steadman, suddenly advanced, breaking the rebel lines and taking many prisoners. The sudden success turns into a disaster, and Lee has evidently played his last card. Grant thinks so too, and at once prepares to move. Two days after, Sheridan joined him, and was immediately sent to the left.

To a general understanding of the grand movements that follow, it is necessary to remember that the rebel right rested on the Weldon Railroad, near Hatcher's and Gravelly Run. At the point where the works touched it, two roads stretched off, the Boynton plank road, running southwesterly to Dinwiddie Court House, a distance of about eighteen miles from Petersburg. The

other road, White Oak, ran back directly west, to the Five Forks, where five roads meet, three of them running straight to the Southside Railroad, the only one by which Lee could escape to Danville, and so south.

The Boynton plank road to Dinwiddie Court House was held by the rebels—in fact might be called the outer line guarding the Southside Railroad. But Grant's plans being all matured, and Sheridan having arrived, he proceeded at once to put them into execution. The Ninth corps confronted Petersburg; the Sixth and Twenty-fourth came next on the left, then the Second corps, and last the Fifth, while still beyond it stood massed Sheridan's cavalry, whose duty it was to find the rebel right, sweep round it, and come back on the enemy's works in flank and rear.

The great eventful moment which was to decide the fate of Lee's army and of the rebellion had come. On the 29th, Sheridan's bugles rang out, and his columns moving south of the rebel right wing, pushed toward Dinwiddie Court House, while the Second and Fifth corps crossed Gravelly Run with but slight resistance. On the 31st our lines were united, and advanced toward the Boynton plank road. The great battle now commenced, and the fighting all this day was most terrific. Crossing the Boynton road, Warren moved north to the White Oak road; but when about a mile from it, the rebel columns came down upon him in one overpowering charge. Ayres catches it first, and is driven back; Crawford, who advances to the rescue, shares the same fate, and last the impetuous Griffin, sweeping forward to stem the tide, is unable to stand its fury, and the whole line is driven back to the Boynton plank road. This success left the enemy at leisure to turn upon Sheridan, coming in on

the left, forcing him back also. For a short time the prospect looked gloomy; but Sheridan, bringing up Custer and Merritt, drove back the rebels; the Fifth corps reformed, and advancing, regained its lost ground. Grant, informed of every movement, now put the Fifth corps under Sheridan. The latter at once set to work vigorously to carry out Grant's great plan, thus temporarily checked. On the 1st of April he moved upon the Five Forks, and a desperate battle followed. He outdid himself on this day, pouring infantry and cavalry forward with an impetuosity that nothing could resist. The ground was strewn with the dead, but the place was carried, and the portion of the rebel army holding it cut off from Petersburg, and sent, broken and shattered, westward, out of harm's way. The capture of this point was the signal for a general advance along the lines. Before daylight on Sunday morning, the Sixth, Second, and Twenty-fourth corps started for the Southside Railroad, now directly in their front. It was reached through a storm of fire, and torn up; then, in a grand wheel to the right, the army, moving back around Petersburg, came down on the rebel works in rear. The right stormed Fort Mahon and captured it. This will not do —the mighty line of defence, costing so much time and labor, is crumbling to atoms. The impetuous Hill restorms the fort—a bloody hand-to-hand fight follows—he succeeds—our brave troops are about to yield, when the Sixth corps, on its grand wheel, is seen approaching on the flank. A loud shout goes up; Hill falls, struggling desperately to retain the victory just within his grasp; the rebels flee, and the fort is ours. Grant's splendid army now lay in the rear of the rebel works, and the game was up. That Sunday's fighting solved the prob-

lem. Davis, at church in Richmond, heard the news, and, Nebuchadnezzar-like, saw the handwriting on the wall. Hastily packing up his trunk, he left the capital. That night Petersburg and Richmond were both evacuated. Lee started his army on a rapid march for Danville, hoping to get south and join Johnston, now confronting Sherman, near Raleigh. Weitzel, with the colored troops stationed on the north side of the James, marched into the rebel capital, ran up the old flag, and saluted it with cannon and music. The news spread like wildfire over the land, till the electric wires quivered with joy, and one loud shout rocked the north. The doors of Libby prison were thrown open, only to close again on rebel captives.

Now commenced a race between Lee's and Grant's armies—the former marching swiftly along the north bank of the Appomattox, and the latter the south side, both heading for Burke's Station, fifty-three miles from Petersburg, where the Southside and Danville Railroads intersect. If we reached it first, Lee's chances of escape were well nigh hopeless, and he knew it. But Grant had the inside track. From the Rapidan to Richmond, a year before, Lee had it. Matters were reversed now, and Grant was not the general to let this advantage be lost; so the two armies strained forward, Sheridan all the while harassing the rebel flank. Lee's army marched for life, ours for victory. Our army, by putting forth herculean efforts, marching as wearied men never marched before, reached it first, and Lee was cut off from Danville by that route. On Thursday afternoon, with the assistance of the Fifth and Sixth corps, Sheridan completely cut off and captured Ewell's entire column of nine thousand men, seven general officers, fifteen field-pieces of ar-

tillery, twenty-nine battle-flags, and six miles of wagon-trains.

After reaching Burkesville, Gen. Meade, with the greater portion of the Army of the Potomac, took up the pursuit on the north side of the railroad, while Sheridan's cavalry and Ord's Twenty-fourth corps moved rapidly along the south side of the road, Sheridan being constantly on Lee's flanks, frequently compelling him to halt and form line of battle, and as often engaging him, cutting off detachments, picking up stragglers, capturing cannon without number, and demoralizing the enemy at every stand. On Friday, at Farmville, sixteen miles west of Burkesville, a considerable engagement occurred, in which the Second corps participated largely and suffered some loss. Lee, however, was compelled to continue his retreat. At High Bridge, over the Appomattox, Lee again crossed to the north side of the river, and two of our regiments, the Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio, which were sent there to hold the bridge, were captured by a strong rebel cavalry force. The railroad bridge at this point, a very high and long structure, was burned by the enemy. "Lee now headed directly for Lynchburg, in the hope of reaching a point where he could move around the front of our left wing, and escape toward Danville by a road which runs directly south from a point about twenty miles east of Lynchburg. But Grant was too vigorous—the pursuit was too hot. Lee's rear and flanks were so sorely pressed that he was compelled to skirmish nearly every step, and to destroy or abandon an immense amount of property, while Sheridan was rapidly shooting ahead of him. The position, therefore, on Sunday morning, was one from which Lee could not possibly extricate

himself." "His army lay massed a short distance west of Appomattox Court House; his last avenue of escape toward Danville on the southwest was gone; he was completely hemmed in; Meade was in his rear on the east and on his right flank north of Appomattox Court House; Sheridan had headed him off completely, by getting between him and Lynchburg; Gen. Ord was on the south of the Court House, near the railroad; the troops were in the most enthusiastic spirits, and the rebel army was doomed. Lee's last effort to escape was made on Sunday morning, by attempting to cut his way through Sheridan's lines, but it totally failed."

Grant, now seeing that Lee's escape was hopeless, sent him the following note, under a flag of truce, which resulted in the correspondence given below:

APRIL 7, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General, Commanding Armies of the United States.

APRIL 7, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your note of this date.

Though not entirely of the opinion you express, of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, *ask the terms you will offer, on condition of its surrender.*

R. E. LEE, General.

To Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, Commanding Armies of the United States.

April 8, 1865.

To General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

General: Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received.

In reply, I would say that *peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon*, viz.:

That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged.

I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. Grant,

Lieutenant-General, Commanding Armies of the United States.

April 8, 1865.

General: I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day, in answer to mine of yesterday.

I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but *to ask the terms* of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender.

But as *the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all*, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end.

I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the army of Northern Virginia; but as *far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace*, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General C. S. A.

April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

General: Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that *I am equally anxious for peace with yourself;* and the whole North entertain the same feeling. *The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the*

South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled *without the loss of another life*, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General United States Army.

SUNDAY, April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning, on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.

I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

To Lieutenant-General GRANT, Commanding United States Armies.

SUNDAY, April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

Your note of this date is but this moment, 11:50 A. M. received.

In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road, I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you.

Notice sent to me, on this road, where you wish the interview to take place, will meet me.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

In accordance with the substance of my letters to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be

given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property to be packed and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, EACH OFFICER AND MAN WILL BE ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding U. S. A.

GENERAL: I have received your letter of this date, CONTAINING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., THEY ARE ACCEPTED. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General.

Upon the reception of this letter, Grant hastened to the front, where Lee was awaiting him. The two met in the parlor of a neighboring brick house, and saluted each other with dignified courtesy. Lee presented his sword, which Grant received, and after contemplating it a moment, handed back, saying, "it could not be worn by a braver man." The scene was one of intense interest. The younger, the victor, stood there backed by a million of soldiers; the elder, vanquished, had but the fragment of a disheartened army left him. Long years before,



SURRENDER OF LEE AND HIS ARMY TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

they had fought side by side under the same dear old flag; for the last year they had confronted each other as foes, and struggled to overthrow each other on many a desperately contested battle-field. At their behest, men by tens of thousands had crowded the portals of death, and the track behind each was a long pathway of blood. The earth had groaned under the weight of their artillery, and the battle-shouts of their brave armies had shaken the heavens. Well-matched, neither for a long year had been able to wring decided success from the other. And now they stood face to face. What memories must have crowded upon them—what different prospects opened before them!

Lee at once acknowledged the lenient terms of the surrender, and proposed to leave all the details to General Grant. In speaking of the phrase, "personal effects," Lee asked an explanation of it, saying that many of his cavalrymen owned their own horses. Grant replied that they must be turned over to the government. Lee admitted the correctness of the interpretation, when Grant said that he would instruct his officers to let those men who owned their horses retain them, as they would need them to till their farms.

The rebel army had scattered very much within the last few days, to say nothing of the killed and captured; so that not more than 20,000 or 25,000 men were present to lay down their arms.

A more eventful Sunday than this to the nation never passed, and could it have everywhere been known what was transpiring that afternoon, the gentle chime of bells, calling the congregations to the house of prayer, would have been changed to a wild and deafening clamor.

The next day the two generals met on an eminence

in full view of the rebel army, and conversed for nearly an hour on the future prospects of the country, and the best mode of restoring unity, harmony, and prosperity.

When the news reached Johnston and Sherman, an armistice was agreed on between them, the terms of which not being approved by the Government, Grant was sent down to arrange matters. The same terms which had been granted Lee were offered and accepted by the former commander, and the rebellion was ended.

The mighty structure, which for four years had withstood the colossal power of the North, and attracted to it the eyes of the civilized world, suddenly dissolved, like a fabric of mist, and was straightway seen no more.

Grant now became the great man of the nation, and the chief soldier of the age. The nation delighted to do him honor, and shouts and acclamations attended his footsteps wherever he moved. Smoking his cigar with the nonchalance that he was wont to do in the wildest shock of battle, he received the adulation of the people with the same apparent indifference he had the volleys of his foes, and, without being made dizzy by the pinnacle on which he suddenly found himself standing, seemed pleased only that his country was once more at peace.

HIS CHARACTER.

It is more difficult to analyze the mental than the moral character of Grant. Indeed, he seems to have no peculiarly striking qualities, so evenly balanced is his whole character. He is not a man of genius, like Sherman, who dared to strike out a new military system, demolished old established theories, and, like the First Napoleon, introduced new military maxims. He is rather

a man of great military talent, doing things not so much in a different way from other generals, as with different *power*. Amid all his splendid achievements, we cannot recall one which indicates any particular genius, except his march from Grand Gulf to Vicksburg. This swift, marvellous campaign was equal to the young Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, which gave him his fame. Military annals can furnish nothing superior to it in boldness of design, skillfulness of combination, and amazing rapidity and success of execution.

Grant's whole mental nature is sluggish. It is said that when he kept store, it was hard to make him leave his seat to wait on a customer. But this sluggishness is not indolence, as his career abundantly testifies. There are some men in this world possessing immense mental power, who yet, from mere inertness, pass through life with poor success. Lighter natures outstrip them in the race for wealth or position, and the strength they really possess is never known, because it has never been called out. It never *is* called out by ordinary events. They were made for great emergencies, and if these do not arise, they seem almost made in vain; at least these extraordinary powers appear to be given them in vain. Grant is one of these. He is like a great wheel, on which mere rills of water may drop for ever without moving it, or if they succeed in disturbing its equilibrium, only make it accomplish a partial revolution. It needs an immense body of water to make it roll, and then it revolves with a power and majesty that awes the beholder. No slight obstructions then can arrest its mighty sweep. Acquiring momentum with each revolution, it crushes to atoms everything thrust before it to check its motion.

This is the kind of sluggishness which characterizes

Grant—the sluggishness of great weight which always takes a great force to move, but whose activity, when once set in motion, is something fearful to contemplate.

As a military man, he has shown a remarkable power in one respect that has hardly been commented upon—the power of handling large armies. Napoleon denied that more than one or two generals beside himself in all Europe, could manœuvre a hundred thousand men on the field of battle. Grant did more than this, and the manner in which he handled the Army of the Potomac on the route from the Rapidan to Richmond, was more astonishing than the winning of a great battle. The way he swung it from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, without having his flank crushed in, and from thence to the Pamunkey, and, last of all, from the Chickahominy, for fifty miles, across the James, right from under the nose of the enemy, and yet never be attacked, shows a capacity in wielding enormous forces possessed by few men in the world.

His moral qualities lie more on the surface, and can be appreciated by all. He is grand here, as in his mental organization. Noble in his generosity, he is often kinder to his subordinates than they are to themselves. Gentle to his foes when conquered, he subdues them by his kindness after they have yielded to his arms. Envious of none, and apparently devoid of ambition, he has labored with the single desire to serve his country and vindicate her flag.

No man of modern times has arisen from so insignificant a position to so lofty a one in so short a period, and yet there has not been a word or an act that shows it has disturbed the equipoise of his character. We regard this as more remarkable than his military success. We are

told that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." General Grant has shown that he can do this. Taking cities is not an uncommon exploit; but this thorough control of one's self, under the most unfavorable circumstances, is little short of a miracle. He has not been betrayed into a foolish word or act, or indulged in an angry expression, or exhibited a revengeful spirit towards his enemies. He has never sought promotion, indulged in no recriminations under slanderous charges, nor used his power to humble an enemy. Disliking public ovations, he submits to them with a simpleness of manner that adds an inexpressible charm to his character. Though so far above the people, he feels as one of them, and wears his honors as but few of our poor fallen race can wear them. It is these qualities, that, though so undemonstrative himself, make him universally beloved.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

SHERMAN AND GRANT—SHERMAN'S NATIVITY AND EARLY LIFE—ADOPTED BY MR. EWING—SENT TO WEST POINT—MADE SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE THIRD ARTILLERY AND SENT TO FLORIDA—STATIONED AT FORT MOULTRIE, SOUTH CAROLINA—SENT TO CALIFORNIA—RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION AND BECOMES PRESIDENT OF A BANKING-HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO—MADE PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA STATE MILITARY ACADEMY—SEEING WAR INEVITABLE, RESIGNS HIS PLACE IN A NOBLE LETTER—VISITS WASHINGTON, AND IS ASTOUNDED AT THE APATHY THERE—GIVES THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF WAR HIS VIEWS, WHICH ONLY CREATE A SMILE—MADE COLONEL AND FIGHTS AT BULL RUN—MADE BRIGADIER OF VOLUNTEERS AND SENT TO KENTUCKY—INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND ADJUTANT-GENERAL—ANECDOTE OF HIM—PRONOUNCED CRAZY—RELIEVED FROM COMMAND AND SENT TO JEFFERSON BARRACKS—COMMANDS A DIVISION AT SHILOH—SAVES THE BATTLE—THE FIRST TO ENTER CORINTH—TAKES HOLLY SPRINGS—COMMANDS AT MEMPHIS—HIS ATTACK ON VICKSBURG—ARKANSAS POST—FULL ACCOUNT OF THE PART HE TOOK IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST VICKSBURG—ORDERED TO CHATTANOOGA—DEATH OF HIS BOY, WHOM THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT HAD ADOPTED AS A PET, AND ELECTED SERGEANT—TOUCHING LETTER TO THE REGIMENT.

SHERMAN and Grant will always occupy a prominent place in our history, not merely because they were great generals, but because their last campaigns, though separated by a vast interval, yet, working to one common end, closed the struggle. For a year, their movements engrossed the thoughts and anxiety of the nation, and in the end they stood together, the two grand central figures



W. T. Sherman

MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

on the stage of action. Linked together, as the commanders of our two great armies, they move together toward a central point, and reaching it, stand up on their field of final triumph, the centre of attraction to the civilized world. So, linked together, they will go down, side by side, to immortality.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born in Lancaster, Fairfield county, Ohio, on the 8th day of February, 1820, and hence was only forty-four years of age at the commencement of the war. His father being an admirer of the great Indian Chief, Tecumseh, gave him that name. Three years after Tecumseh's birth, the father was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, and held this position till his death, in 1829. He was suddenly taken ill while on the Bench, and died away from home, a victim to the cholera. William, at this time, was only nine years of age, and one of eleven children left to the care of the widow. The Hon. Thomas Ewing, a friend of the father, proposed to adopt William as his son, and provide for his education and entrance into active life. His proposal was accepted, and placing him in the academy of the place, he kept him at school until sixteen; when he sent him to West Point Military Academy. He graduated four years after, in 1840, the sixth of his class, and entered the service as second lieutenant of the Third Artillery. Being ordered to Florida, he served there till next year. In November, he was made first lieutenant, and afterward stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. In 1846, he was sent to California, where he remained on duty during the Mexican War, and rose to the rank of captain. In 1850, he was married in Washton to the eldest daughter of his benefactor, to whom he had been attached from his schoolboy days. Three years

after, in 1853, becoming tired of a profession that consisted in a mere monotonous round of unvarying duties, he resigned his commission, and was made President of the Banking House of Lucas, Turner & Co., San Francisco. He remained here for several years; but in 1860, being offered the Presidency of the Louisiana State Military Academy at Alexandria, with a salary of five thousand dollars a year, he accepted it, and remained in that position till the breaking out of the war, or, rather, till he saw that war was inevitable. In January, previous to the attack on Sumter, he sent in his resignation, with the following noble letter, which shows the wonderful forecast which afterward caused him to be denounced as crazy, but which made him the great general he was.

Gov. Thomas O'Moore.

Baton Rouge, La.

Sir: As I occupy a quasi-military position under this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such a position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of the Seminary was inserted in marble over the main door:—"*By the liberality of the Government of the United States—The Union, Esto Perpetua.*"

Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. In that event, I beg you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war here belonging to the State, or direct me what disposition shall be made of them.

And, furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me, as Superintendent, the moment the State determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to, or in defiance of, the old Government of the United States.

With great respect, &c.,

W. T. Sherman.

The closing sentence of this letter is worthy of being written in gold on the front of the national capitol.

His resignation being accepted, he went to St. Louis, and, just before the attack on Fort Sumter, repaired to Washington, and had an interview with the President and Secretary of War. He laid before them, plainly, his views, at which they smiled, evidently regarding him as a very patriotic, but excitable, imaginative, man—one who had lived so long at the south that he had imbibed its extravagant notions. The President still clung to the infatuated idea to which he gave utterance while on the way to Washington to be inaugurated, that it was an "artificial excitement," and said jocularly, in reply to Sherman's earnest representations, "We shan't need many men like you, the whole affair will soon blow over."

Sherman was completely astounded at the apparent ignorance and incredulity of the Government as to the real state of affairs, and declared openly that those in authority were sleeping on a volcano that would soon open unexpectedly beneath them. With his great forecast, he perceived a struggle impending, the like of which the world had never seen—nay, he already saw the ragged edges of the thunder-cloud above the horizon, which soon was to darken all the land, and deluge it with fire and storm. Filled with such views, and alarmed at the apathy around him, he addressed a letter to Secretary Cameron, in which he said that, as he was educated at the expense of the United States, and owed everything to his country, he had come on to tender his military services, and declared, in solemn language, that war was inevitable, and that he (the Secretary) was unprepared for it.

The fall of Sumter finally convinced the Government that "the storm" threatened to be a little too boisterous while "blowing over," and it called for 75,000 three months'

men. Sherman's friends now urged him to go home to Ohio and superintend the organization of the troops. He rejected the proposition with scorn, replying that he did not believe in such trifling expedients. "Why," said he, in his abrupt, proud way, "you might as well undertake to extinguish the flames of a burning building with a squirt-gun, as to put down this rebellion with three months' troops." When asked what course ought to be adopted—"Organize," said he, "for a gigantic war at once; call out the whole military power of the country, and with an overwhelming, irresistible force, strangle the rebellion in its very birth."

In the army that soon began to gather at Washington, Sherman's friends, knowing his ability, wished him to have an important command; but he replied, "I do not wish a prominent place—this is to be a long and bloody war." As mountain summits catch the sunlight long before it reaches the valleys below, so great men are illuminated by a wisdom that comes to ordinary mortals only with time. Had Sherman been invested with supreme power at this time, the monster that attained such a gigantic growth would have been strangled in its infancy.

McDowell, in organizing his army for the advance on Manassas, was anxious to secure his services, and he received the appointment of colonel in the regular army, and was assigned to the command of the Thirteenth Infantry. In the battle of Bull Run, that followed, he commanded a brigade (the Third) in Tyler's division, which held the position in front of the Stone Bridge, while Hunter and Heintzleman were making their wide flank movement to the right. When they, pressing up their success, came down the further bank of the stream,

opposite to him, he crossed over, and effected a junction with Hunter's division. He arrived just in time, for, as his four regiments rose over a hill, he saw that Burnside was nearly overpowered by the enemy. Moving swiftly forward, he poured in a close and murderous volley, and held his brave regulars firmly to their work. Says Burnside, "It was Sherman's brigade that arrived at about half-past twelve, and, by a most deadly fire, assisted in breaking the enemy's lines." How Sherman fought in this first great battle of the rebellion may be inferred from the fact, that two-thirds of the loss in the division fell on his single brigade, while it was over a fifth of that in the whole army.

The member of Congress from Ohio now urged his promotion, and on the 3d of August he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When Anderson was sent to Kentucky to take charge of the department south of the Ohio, Sherman was made his second in command, and despatched by him with seven thousand men—volunteers and home guards—to occupy Muldraugh's Hill, an important point south of the Rolling Fork (Salt River). While on the way, he made the home guards a speech, telling them of the necessity for their services, and proposed to muster them into the United States' service for thirty days. To this they demurred, as they were without tents and haversacks, and mostly without blankets. At this Sherman grew angry, and abruptly told them they were a "paltry set of fellows." Chagrined at this accusation they, on the spot, voted him a "gruff old cock." But finding that, for a time at least, they had got to be under his command, they declared that he was a "bitter pill" to swallow, and at once changed his title into "old pills." They finally consented to be mustered

in for fifteen days, which so mollified Sherman that he immediately promised them tents, blankets, and everything necessary for their comfort. This at once changed the feelings of the guard, and one of them, in high glee, exclaiming that "old pills" was sugar-coated, his title was immediately changed to "old sugar-coated," and by that name he continued to be called till he left the department.

At the expiration of their term, the home guards left him, and he found himself with only five thousand men in a disloyal section, opposed to Buckner with twenty-five thousand.

Anderson now resigning on account of ill health, Sherman assumed supreme command. He at once asked for reinforcements, and at the same time employed every artifice to conceal his real weakness from the enemy. But the correspondents of the press, in various ways, without intending to do so, counteracted his efforts, and often exposed the very things he wished to be kept secret. This so exasperated him, that he issued a stringent order, excluding all reporters and writers for the press from his lines. This was considered a high-handed proceeding, and brought down on him a storm of abuse from every side.

At this time, the New York Associated Press throughout the country was employed by the Government in transmitting its cipher messages. Hence, Sherman visited frequently the office of its agent, in Louisville, where he would often remain till three o'clock in the morning, so absorbed in thought that he would not reply to even a direct question.

Only some ten thousand men had been sent into Kentucky, and he urged the Government so persistently for

more troops, saying that his position was a perilous one, that the Secretary of War and Adjutant-General Thomas were sent to Louisville to investigate the condition of affairs. In an interview at the Galt House, Sherman made a clear statement of the condition of affairs, declaring that reinforcements must at once be sent him. Said he, "My forces are too small for an advance, too small to hold the important positions in the State against an advance of the enemy, and altogether too large to be sacrificed in detail." "Well," they inquired, "how many men do you need to drive the enemy out of the State?" "Sixty thousand," promptly replied Sherman. "And how many for final success in the valley?" "Two hundred thousand." The Secretary and Adjutant-General laughed outright at the declaration, saying that it was absurd, for no such force could be given him. "Then," replied Sherman, "you had better abandon Kentucky altogether, and not endan ger the army by scattering it, and so leaving it to be over whelmed in detail." They opposed this suggestion, and proposed to divide the department, placing one column under Mitchell to operate against Knoxville, and the other under himself against Nashville. To this he would not give his consent. On that same evening, still smarting from the remembrance of this unpleasant interview, he visited the room of the agent of the associated press. While there, a stranger approached him, and introducing himself as a correspondent of a New York paper, asked for a pass to proceed through his lines south. Sherman bluntly replied that he could not give him one. The man insolently retorted, "Well, Secretary Cameron is in the city, and I will get one from him." This was too much for Sherman in his then irritable mood, and he at once ordered him out of his department, saying that he would

give him two hours to get away, and if he found him within his lines after that time he would hang him as a spy. The man concluded not to seek the protection of the Secretary of War under the circumstances, and left the city by the first train. On reaching Cincinnati, he reported, with apparent sincerity, that Sherman was crazy, stark, staring mad. An editor, hearing of the interview between Sherman and the Secretary of War, got this man to write up a report of it, who did so, and endeavored to prove that Sherman was unquestionably insane. In this manner, the story of his lunacy got afloat, which chagrined him deeply, and he gave utterances to his indignation in bitter terms. A few such madmen at the head of the government at that time would have saved the nation hundreds of thousands of lives, and a national debt that lies like an incubus upon it.

Soon after the Adjutant-General's official report of this interview, giving more information to the enemy than all the correspondents of the land could do, of his weakness and position, got into print, which so disgusted him, that he asked to be relieved. His request was granted, and Buell put in his place. That he was "crazy," was now an accepted fact, and he was sent to Jefferson barracks, where it was not expected that his moon-struck theories could do any harm. There is an old proverb, that there is a "special providence for children and fools." In looking over the management of the government at the outset of the rebellion, it seems that the same special providence alone saved us from ruin. To all appearance, Sherman was now laid aside for the war.

But a different sort of man from the Secretary of War was now to be thrown in contact with him. Grant could appreciate such an officer as Sherman, and the

manner in which the latter forwarded him supplies when he moved on Fort Donelson, revealed his capacity, so that afterward, when he took position at Pittsburg Landing, the latter was placed in command of the Fifth Division.

In the bloody battle that followed, he showed what the peculiar type of his lunacy was. He rose at once to the peril of that occasion, and all day long moved like a fabled god over the disastrous field. Clinging to his position till the last moment, fighting as he retired, his orders flying like lightning in every direction, and he himself galloping incessantly through the hottest fire; now rallying his men, now planting a battery, he seemed omnipresent, and to bear a charmed life. Horse after horse sunk under him; he himself was struck again and again; and yet he not only kept the field, but blazed like a meteor over it. At noon of that Sabbath day, he was dismounted, his hand in a sling, and bleeding, giving directions to his chief of artillery, while it was one incessant crash and roar all around him. Suddenly he saw to the right, his men giving way before a cloud of rebels. "I was looking for that," he exclaimed. The next moment the battery he had been placing in position opened, sending death and destruction into the close-packed ranks. The rebel commander, glancing at the battery, ordered the cavalry to charge it. Seeing them coming down, Sherman quickly ordered up two companies of infantry, which, pouring in a deadly volley, sent them to the right about with empty saddles. The onset was arrested, and our troops rallied with renewed courage. Thus he acted all that fearful Sabbath day. As Sheridan was the rock that saved Rosecrans at Stone river, and Thomas the one that saved him at Chickamauga, so Sherman was the rock that saved Grant at Shiloh. At its close, his old legion met

him, and sent up three cheers at the sight of his well remembered form. Rousseau, in speaking of his conduct in this battle, said, "No man living could surpass him." General Nelson, a few days before his death, remarked, "During eight hours, the fate of the army on the field of Shiloh depended on the life of one man; if General Sherman had fallen, the army would have been captured or destroyed." Grant said, "To his individual efforts, I am indebted for the success of that battle;" and Halleck, in his despatch, bore this unqualified testimony: "It is the unanimous opinion here, that Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th of April." "He was a strong man in the high places of the field, and hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all other men." The next day, when Buell's fresh battalions took the field, Sherman again led his battered regiments into the fight, and enacted over again the heroic deeds of the day before; for as Rousseau said, he "fights by the week." Untiring to the last, he pushed out the third day, after the victory, and whipped the enemy's cavalry, taking a large supply of ammunition.

In the subsequent advance to Corinth, his division bore the most conspicuous part, and was the first to enter the deserted works of the enemy. In the mean time he had been promoted to Major-General of Volunteers.

He could now laugh at the slander that had so annoyed him, and joke of it publicly. There were two General Shermans in the army before Corinth, the only difference in their names being a transposition of the initials W. T. and T. W. T. W. was known as the Port Royal Sherman, on account of his operations there after the capture of the place by Dupont. He was a very unpopular man with his troops, on account of a fretful,

peevish disposition, exhibiting itself not only in words, but in a disagreeable, nervous manner. He was equally unpopular with the officers, who discussed his peculiarities freely. One day, General W. T. Sherman was calling on Steadman, when some one gave a ludicrous account of the behavior of T. W. Sherman on a certain occasion, which created a great deal of merriment. Sherman joined in it, and jokingly remarked, "Oh, that is the crazy Sherman, is it?"

On the 20th of June, he advanced and took Holly Springs, and broke up the Mississippi Central railroad. Memphis falling into our possession, Grant placed him in command of it, and he, by his energetic manner, put a stop to the contraband trade with the rebels South, and almost wholly cleared, for the time being, his district of guerillas.

Early in the winter, Grant organized his first expedition against Vicksburg. His plan was for Sherman to go down the Mississippi, plant himself suddenly before the fortifications, and carry them by assault; while he himself, proceeding inland by railroad, should move with equal suddenness on Jackson, some forty miles or more back of Vicksburg, and prevent the rebel army there from reinforcing the latter place.

On the 20th of December, with four picked divisions, Sherman, in a vast fleet of steamers, set sail for his place of destination. Determined that it should be no Red River cotton expedition, he issued an order at the start, declaring it was purely of a military character, and he would allow no private interests to be mixed up with it. "No citizen, male or female," he said, "would be allowed to accompany it, unless employed as part of a crew or servants to the transports. No person whatever, citizen,

officer, or sutler, will on any consideration buy or deal in cotton, or other produce of the country." At the same time, he declared that any one making reports for publication would be treated as a spy.

He, however, had hardly got afloat down the river, when the shameful surrender of Holly Springs brought Grant to a halt, and thus allowed the enemy to increase the garrison of Vicksburg to any strength desired.

Sherman, ignorant of this, kept on, and disembarking on the 26th and 27th of December, near the mouth of the Yazoo, at once ordered a general advance on the city, and drove the enemy to his inner lines. For two days he now pressed the place at different points, and on the 29th made a grand assault upon it. The troops behaved with great gallantry, charging desperately over bayous, through fallen timber, across ditches filled with water, and through abattis, and driving the enemy from his rifle pits at the bottom of the hill on which the city lay. Blair's brigade, especially, covered itself with glory, losing nearly a third of its entire number. But it was of no use; it was a slaughter of brave men without results, and Sherman, sending in a flag of truce asking permission to bury his dead, abandoned the undertaking, and finally re-embarked his troops. McClernand now arrived, and took chief command; and dividing the army into two corps, with Sherman commanding one, proceeded up the Arkansas River to take Arkansas Post.

What the condition of things and prospects of success were at the time this expedition against Vicksburg was undertaken it is impossible to say, but looking at it in the light of after events, it seems to have been an ill-judged affair. Whether Sherman really believed when he made the assault there was any reasonable chance of success, or

whether it was risked because he felt that the effect of retiring without making the attempt would be worse than failure, we have no means of knowing. But we strongly suspect the latter was the ruling motive.

In announcing the fact of his being superseded, Sherman exhorted his troops to give the same cheerful obedience to their new commander that they had to him; and, alluding to their failure to take Vicksburg, said, "Ours was but a part of a combined movement, in which others were to assist. We were in time; unforeseen contingencies must have delayed the others." Seven days after, the army and navy combined captured Arkansas Post, with seven thousand prisoners and all its guns.

Grant now commenced his great and eventually successful expedition against Vicksburg, in which Sherman commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps.

The main army lay comparatively idle during the long weeks that the gunboats were attempting, by inland navigation, through canals, bayous and narrow streams, to get in rear of the stronghold.

But in the last attempt through Yazoo Pass, Sherman, with a land force, acted in concert with Porter's fleet. It was well he did, for the Admiral, after days of unprecedented toil, carrying his boats along narrow water courses, where no craft larger than a row boat was ever before seen, at length got within a few miles of the Yazoo and open sailing, when the enemy, by felling trees across the stream before and behind him, threatened to shut him up entirely in the wilderness, and thus secure the destruction of the fleet. In this dilemma he attempted to force his way back; but sharpshooters lined the banks, and the number of the enemy constantly increased, while he could hear nothing of Sherman's brigade, that was toil-

ing forward, swallowed up somewhere in the woods and swamps. The latter, however, heard the heavy firing north of him, and guided by the sound, pushed on till at length the head of his weary column stood on the tangled banks of the sluggish stream. A shout went up at the glad sight, and Porter said: "I do not know when I felt more pleased to see that gallant officer, for without great loss we could not have performed the arduous work of clearing out the obstructions." If Sherman could have arrived two days sooner, the fleet would doubtless have reached the Yazoo, and Vicksburg been taken in a very different way than it eventually was.

When Grant finally took the bold resolution of running the rebel batteries with his gunboats and transports to meet his army below, marching inland, Sherman's corps was left behind, at first to wait for the completion of the roads, and then to make a feint on Haynes' Bluff, while Grant, with McClernand's corps, attacked Grand Gulf. This was for the purpose of preventing Pemberton at Vicksburg from sending reinforcements to the latter place. Sherman, embarking his troops on transports, and accompanied by the gunboats, proceeded at once to the scene of his former discomfiture, and on the 29th of April, stood in battle array before the place, while the gunboats kept up a fierce bombardment upon it. He continued to manœuvre before it day after day, until a messenger arrived from Grant, announcing the fall of Grand Gulf, and directing him to hurry forward with his corps and join him at that place. Re-embarking his troops, he set sail for Young's Point, and next morning started across the country. In three days, over horrible roads, he reached Hard Times, opposite Grand Gulf, a distance of sixty-three miles. That night and next day he crossed

the Mississippi, and the day after, May 8th, marched eighteen miles to Hankinson's Ferry, on the Big Black. Grant was already on the move for Jackson. Pushing on, he approached the latter place in a torrent of rain, just in time to hear the thunder of McPherson's guns in the advance, as he was charging the enemy. After the capture of the capital he was left there to destroy the public property, while the rest of the army wheeled back towards Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 16th, he received a message from Grant, stating that the enemy was advancing on him from Edward's Depot, and directing him to put in motion one of his divisions at once, and follow with the others as soon as the work of destruction in Jackson was complete. Steele's division was hurried off in two hours, and two hours later Tuttle's followed on, and before night Sherman with his whole corps was twenty miles from the place, pushing on in a forced march to the help of his chief. This was unparalleled marching, and filled even Grant with admiration. Doing but little of the fighting along the Big Black, he pressed forward, and on the 18th the head of the column reached the Benton road, and he commanded the Yazoo; interposing a superior force between the enemy at Vicksburg and his forts on that river. Resting here till the column could close up, and Grant arrive, he then extended his lines, till, on the 19th, they rested on the Mississippi, with Vicksburg in plain sight. He participated in the grand assault on the 22d, losing some six hundred men. He continued to hold the right during the long siege that followed, carrying his lines steadily nearer the doomed place.

Johnston, in the meantime, having concentrated a large force at Jackson, at length seriously threatened

Grant's rear, and he, having determined to assault Vicksburg on the 6th of July, previously notified Sherman of the fact, and directed him, if it was successful, to be in readiness to march at once and attack the former. The place surrendered two days earlier than the date mentioned, but Sherman was all ready to march even then, and leaving to others the glory and excitement of marching into Vicksburg, wheeled about, and passing quickly over the intervening space of forty-five miles, suddenly confronted the rebel leader in Jackson. The latter, under the cover of a dense fog, made a sudden assault on his lines, but he could not take this sleepless leader by surprise, and being driven back, hastily evacuated the city. Sherman now spread devastation on every side, destroying bridges, railroads, and other valuable property for miles around. In speaking of his conduct, Grant says: "The siege of Vicksburg, and last capture of Jackson, and dispersion of Johnston's army, entitle General Sherman to more credit than usually falls to the lot of one man to earn." Thus Providence was bringing these two men closer and closer together, and training them for the great work before them.

Sherman's army now rested for awhile, but Rosecrans' defeat at Chickamauga, in September, by which Chattanooga was placed in great peril, caused Grant to telegraph the former to despatch a division at once to his help. He received it on the 22d of September, and by four o'clock the division was off. The next day he received another, directing him to follow with his whole army. In three days more the army was working its slow, tedious way up the Mississippi in transports. The water was low, and fuel scarce, and the troops had often to land and gather fence rails and haul wood from the in-

terior to keep up steam, so that he did not reach Memphis till the beginning of October.

But while he was fulfilling his orders with such alacrity, and pushing on his troops with such energy, his heart was heavy with grief. The tread of his victorious columns, and the flaunting of his proud banners, no longer brought light to his eyes, nor awakened the pride of the warrior; for the indomitable spirit of the chieftain had sunk before the feelings of a father. His beautiful boy, that bore his name, was being wafted mournfully up the Mississippi a corpse, in charge of his weeping mother. While lying along the pestiferous banks of the Big Black River, his wife and family visited him, and one child, in the malarious atmosphere, sickened and died. On his first arrival in camp, he became a great pet in the Thirteenth Regular Infantry—Sherman's old regiment, that he commanded in the battle of Bull Run—which made him a sergeant, and heaped on him all those little testimonials of affection, which soldiers know so well how to bestow. This kindness had touched Sherman's heart, and now at midnight, as he sat in his room at Memphis, and thought of his little boy pale and lifeless, far away, floating sadly up the Mississippi, this kindness all came back on him, and, bowed with grief, he sat down and wrote the following touching letter to the regiment:

MEMPHIS, TENN., *Oct.* 4th, Midnight.

Capt. C. C. Smith, Commanding Battalion Thirteenth Infantry:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I cannot sleep to-night till I record an expression of the deep feelings of my heart, to you, and to the officers and soldiers of the battalion for their kind behaviour to my poor child. I realize that you all feel for my family the attachment of kindred, and I assure you of full reciprocity. Consistent with a sense of duty to my profession and office, I could not leave my post, and sent for my family to come to me in that fatal climate, and behold the result! The child that bore my name, and in whose

future I reposed with more confidence than I did in my own plans of life, now floats a mere corpse, seeking a grave in a distant land, with a weeping mother, brother, and sisters clustered around him. But for myself I can ask no sympathy. On I must go to meet a soldier's fate, or see my country rise superior to all faction, till its flag is adored and respected by ourselves, and all the powers of the earth.

But my poor Willy was, or thought he was, a sergeant of the Thirteenth. I have seen his eyes brighten, and his heart beat, as he beheld the battalion under arms, and asked me if they were not real soldiers. Child as he was, he had the enthusiasm, the pure love of truth, honor, and love of country which should animate all soldiers. God only knows why he should die thus young. He is dead, but will not be forgotten till those who knew him in life have followed him to the same mysterious end.

Please convey to the battalion my heartfelt thanks, and assure each and all, that if in after years they call on me or mine, and mention that they were of the Thirteenth regulars, when poor Willy was a sergeant, they will have a key to the affections of my family, that will open all that it has—that we will share with them our last blanket, our last crust.

Your friend,

W. T. Sherman, Maj.-Gen.

Nothing can be more touching than this letter. How it lays open his inmost heart to his soldiers! Ordinary expressions of courtesy or acknowledgments of gratitude would not answer. Their sympathy had made them for a time his equals, and he writes to them as friends—the dearest of friends, because friends of his boy. Their love for him had bound them to him by a tenderer chord than long and faithful service in the field. Ah, what a heart this man, this rough man, as many termed him, had! No man could write that letter, in whose heart did not dwell the gentlest, noblest impulses of our nature. The brave Thirteenth will cherish that letter while life lasts, and transmit it as an heir-loom to their children. These sudden gleams of tenderness and sympathy, shooting athwart the stern and turbulent scenes of war, like bursts of sunshine along a stormy sea, reveal and assert our common brotherhood and destiny.

The regiment ordered a marble monument for their little sergeant, and had inscribed on it, "Our little sergeant, Willie, from the First Battalion Thirteenth United States Infantry."

"In his spirit there was no guile."

CHAPTER VII.

CHATTANOOGA.

SHERMAN'S MARCH FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO CHATTANOOGA—HIS ARRIVAL —ESTABLISHES HIMSELF ON MISSIONARY RIDGE—THE MORNING BEFORE THE BATTLE—PICTURESQUE VIEW—OPENING OF THE BATTLE—THE VICTORY—PURSUIT—ORDERED TO MARCH NORTH TO THE RELIEF OF KNOXVILLE—STATE OF HIS ARMY—HEROIC DEVOTION—SHERMAN AT VICKSBURG—THE EXPEDITION INTO CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI—ITS OBJECT AND CAUSE OF ITS ABANDONMENT—PLACED OVER THE MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT—PLANS THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—ITS ORIGINALITY—THE NUMBER AND DISTRIBUTION OF HIS FORCES.

We cannot follow Sherman in his long march of three hundred miles or more across the country to Chattanooga. At first he was ordered to repair the railroad as he advanced, so as to bring up his supplies, but Grant, who had taken command in person at Chattanooga, saw that this was slow work, and time pressing, sent word to cut loose from the railroads, and living on the country, push on as fast as his troops could march. He did so, and on the 15th of November, rode into Chattanooga, and was welcomed with delight by Grant. His army was not yet across the Tennessee, and the latter directed him to get them over at once, and march them up beyond the place, and secure a lodgment on the extremity of Missionary Ridge, where it abutted on the river. The troops, footsore, and many of them shoeless, needed rest after this long and terrible march, and Sherman knew it. To ask

them at once to go into battle was making a heavy demand, but the enemy's batteries had been planted in shelling distance of the town, and provisions were scarce, so that time for rest could not be given. As he rode through Grant's encampments, the need of haste was apparent, and he says: "I saw enough of the condition of men and animals in Chattanooga to inspire me with renewed energy."

In the meantime, directing Ewing's division to make a demonstration on Lookout Mountain, as ordered by Grant, he jumped into a rowboat, and pulling down to his army, put it in motion.

But the roads had become almost impassable with the heavy rains, and told heavily on the over-exhausted troops. Still, by laboring night and day, Sherman succeeded in getting, by the 23d, three divisions up the river, concealed behind the hills opposite Chickamauga Creek. At the same time, he had concealed one hundred and sixteen pontoons, in a stream near by, which, after dark, were floated down into the Tennessee, full of soldiers; and by dawn the next day eight thousand men were on the other shore, and had thrown up a rifle trench as a *tête du pont.* A bridge thirteen hundred feet long was immediately begun, and by one o'clock was shaking to the tread of the hurrying columns. A drizzling rain was falling at the time, which, with the low clouds hanging along the heights, concealed the movement.

By three o'clock the astonished enemy found an army hanging along the sides of Missionary Ridge, on his extreme left. A feeble attempt was made to repel the advance, but the artillery, dragged up the steep ascent, scattered the enemy, and night found Sherman securely planted. A second ridge, farther in, was the great point

aimed at, and the assault on this was deferred till morning light would reveal the rebel position.

While this was going on, Hooker had made his gallant assault on Lookout Mountain, and carrying it, opened his communications direct with Chattanooga.

Grant now had his army where he wanted it, and determined the next day to settle the question whether Chattanooga was to be held or abandoned. During the night it cleared off, and a sharp autumnal frost rendered the air of that high region still clearer, and gave a darker blue to the deep vault of heaven. The soldiers crowned the hills with camp fires, revealing to the enemy their position, as well as showing to their friends in Chattanooga the important point that had been gained. At midnight a staff officer of Grant reached Sherman with directions to attack at daybreak, saying that Thomas would also attack "early in the day." Sherman turned in for a short nap, but before daylight he was in the saddle, and riding the whole length of his lines, examined well his position and that of the enemy. By the dim light he saw that a valley or gorge lay between him and the next hill, which was very steep, and that the farther point was held by the enemy with a breastwork of logs and earth in front. A still higher hill commanded this with a plunging fire, which was also crowded with the foe. He could not see the bottom of the gorge below, and was not able to complete his preparations so as to attack by daylight, as he had been ordered. General Corse was to lead the advance, and before he had fully marshalled his forces, the sun arose in dazzling brightness over the eastern heights, and flooded the scene with beauty. His beams were sent back from tens of thousands of bayonet points, and flashed athwart long rows of cannon, while the increasing

light brought out in a grand panoramic picture, Chattanooga resting quietly below in its amphitheatre of hills. Banners waved along the heights, and rose over Grant's encampment in the distance, and all was bright and beautiful. Here and there a bugle-call and drum-beat gave increased interest to the scene. But its beauty was soon to change—those summits now baptized in golden light were to be wrapped in smoke and heave to volcanic fires, and strong columns stagger bleeding along their sides.

Sherman at length being ready, Corse's bugles sounded the "forward," and the assaulting regiments moved steadily down the hill, across the intervening valley, and up the opposing slope. Morgan L. Smith on the left of the ridge, and Colonel Loomis abreast of the Tunnel, drew a portion of the enemy's fire away from the assaulting column, which having closed in a death-grapple with the foe, now advanced its banners, and now receded, but never yielding the position it had at first gained. Grant could see the struggle from his position at Chattanooga, and at one time observing two brigades give way in disorder, thought Sherman was repulsed; but it was not so. Corse, Loomis and Smith, stuck to the enemy with a tenacity that gave him not a moment's rest. Sherman's position not only threatened the rebel right flank, but his rear and stores at Chickamauga station; hence the persistency of his attack alarmed Bragg, and he steadily accumulated forces against him, that rendered an advance on Sherman's part impossible. Hour after hour the contest raged with terrible ferocity, and the flaming cloud-wrapped heights appeared to the lookers-on at Chattanooga, like a volcano in full fierce action. Grant had told Sherman, that Thomas would attack early in the day, but

the latter watched in vain for the movement. The gallant Corse had been borne wounded from the field, and Grant, fearful that Sherman was being too heavily pressed, sent over to his help Baird's division; but Sherman sent it back, saying he had all the troops that he wanted. Thus, he fought the battle alone all the forenoon, and still the banners drooped lazily along their staffs in front of Chattanooga. He began to grow impatient. In the bright clear air he could look down from his position on the "amphitheatre of Chattanooga," but could discern no signs of the promised movement. Now and then a solitary cannon shot alone told that the army there was alive; but beyond, toward Lookout, where Hooker was trying to advance, the heavy reverberations of artillery and dull sound of musketry showed that he was pushing the enemy. Thus matters stood at three o'clock, when, said Sherman, "I saw column after column of the enemy streaming toward me, gun after gun poured its concentric shot on us from every hill and spur that gave a view of any part of the ground held by us." The attack of Thomas which was to be "early in the day," was unaccountably delayed, and what could it all mean, was the anxious enquiry he put to himself. One thing was plain—his exhausted columns could not long stand this accumulation of numbers and concentration of artillery. Grant, too, was anxious. The appearance of Hooker's column, moving north along the ridge on the other flank of the enemy, was to be the signal of assault on the centre; but hour after hour passed by and no advancing banners were seen. The latter had been detained in building a bridge across Chattanooga creek.

At length, he could wait no longer, and hearing that Hooker was well advanced, and seeing the centre weak-

ened, to overthrow Sherman, he ordered the assault to be made. Sherman, whose glass was scarcely for a moment turned from the centre, now saw with relief a "white line of musketry fire in front of Orchard Knob, extending further right and left and on." "We could hear," he says, "only a faint echo of sound; but enough was seen to satisfy me that General Thomas was moving on the centre." That white line of smoke kept advancing, till it streaked the mountain side. "At length it disappeared behind a spur of the hill, and could be no longer seen, and it was not until night closed, that I knew the troops in Chattanooga had swept across Missionary Ridge and broken the enemy's centre." As soon as he had ascertained it, his columns were started in pursuit. General Morgan L. Smith being ordered to feel the Tunnel, and see what force was there; found it "vacant save by the dead and wounded of our own and the enemy's commingled."

The next morning at eleven o'clock, Sherman approached the depot to find it a scene of desolation. "Cornmeal and corn in huge burning piles, broken wagons, abandoned caissons and guns, burned carriages, pieces of pontoons, and all manner of things burning and broken," attested the ravages of war. Along the road strewed with the wrecks of the fight, he pressed on till night, when just as he emerged from a miry swamp, he came upon the enemy's rear guard. A sharp contest followed, but the night closed in so dark that he could not move forward. Here in the gloom Grant joined him. The next morning he continued the pursuit; but finding the roads filled with all the troops "they could accommodate," he halted and turned to the east to break up the communications between Bragg, and Longstreet now before Knoxville.

Having finished the work assigned him, he was expecting rest, when on the 30th, just as he had entered Charleston, a letter was handed him from Grant, informing him that Burnside was completely invested at Knoxville, and had provisions only to last three days longer, and directing him to move at once to his relief. What! after a march of four hundred miles, and a fierce battle, and days of pursuit, now to make a forced march of eighty-four miles in winter over a broken country. It was a terrible order, and Sherman felt it to be so. "Seven days before," says he, "we had left our camp on the other side of the Tennessee with two days' rations, without a change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat per man—from myself to the private. Of course we then had no provisions save what we gathered by the road, and were ill supplied for such a march. But we learned that twelve thousand of our fellow soldiers were beleaguered in the mountains of Knoxville, eighty-four miles distant, that they needed relief, and must have it in three days. This was enough, and it had to be done." Yes, it had to be done; but it was hard that it must be done by that weary army.

Rapidly gathering his forces together, he the next day but one, moved rapidly off toward Loudon, twenty-six miles distant. By dark, Howard had reached it; but the bridge was gone, and he was compelled to turn east to find a place for crossing. Delay was now inevitable; but Burnside must have notice, and that in twenty-four hours, that he was approaching; so, that night he sent forward his aid to Colonel Long, commanding the cavalry, to explain the state of affairs to him, and direct him to pick out at once his best men and horses, and ride for life till he reached Knoxville. "The roads were

villainous;" but before daybreak the gallant Colonel was off, and pressing on through mire and wet, across streams and over mountains, he the next night reached Knoxville, and the clatter of his horses' hoofs through the streets, bore the welcome tidings to Burnside, that Sherman was marching to his relief.

The latter diverged to Morgantown, where his maps represented the river as shallow enough to be forded, but he found the stream chin-deep and the water freezing. A bridge, therefore, had to be built, over 1,200 feet long, but they had no tools except axes, spades and picks. Gen. Wilson, however, went to work, and using the houses of the place to make trestles and crib-work, he, by the night of the 4th, had a bridge completed. But the next night a courier arrived from Burnside, stating that Longstreet had raised the siege, and was moving off towards Virginia. Hearing that Sherman was advancing, he abandoned the place just as he thought it was about to fall into his hands. Sherman now ordered his tired army to halt and rest, and sending on Granger with his two divisions, he himself rode on to Knoxville and inspected the fortifications. He then moved his army back to Chattanooga by easy marches.

Sherman might well be proud of the Fifteenth corps, and he says, "I must do justice to my command for the patience, cheerfulness, and courage which officers and men have displayed throughout, in battles, on the march, and in camp. For long periods without regular rations or supplies of any kind they have marched through mud and over rocks, sometimes barefooted, without a murmur, without a moment's rest. After a march of over four hundred miles without stop for three successive nights, we crossed the Tennessee,

fought our part of the battle of Chattanooga, pursued the enemy out of Tennessee, and then turned more than one hundred miles north and compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville." He says further, "I cannot speak of the Fifteenth Army Corps without a seeming vanity, but as I am no longer its commander I assert there is no better body of soldiers in America than it, or who have done more or better service." This was true, and Sherman's whole course from the time he had left Memphis, had been a miracle of marching and fighting and endurance.

In January Sherman was again at Vicksburg. While here he wrote a long and able letter on the proper treatment of disloyal people and a conquered territory, which shows that he knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword.

At the close of the month he organized the expedition into Central Mississippi, which caused so much excitement at the time, North and South. It was reported that he had destroyed his communications behind him, and struck off into the heart of the country, while no one knew his destination.

With about 20,000 infantry and 1,200 cavalry he set out from Vicksburg on the 3rd of February, and pushing east, crossed the entire State of Mississippi to Meridian. Smith, with 8,000 cavalry, was to leave Memphis on the 1st, and join him at this place, but he did not start till the 11th, and was then defeated and driven back. Sherman's design was to cut Mobile off from Johnston, who lay in front of Grant, break up Polk's army in his own front, and then, if possible, turn down on Mobile, at the gates of which Farragut was at that time thundering. The defeat of Smith, however,

broke up this part of the plan; and he was compelled to take his backward march to Vicksburg, which he reached in safety.

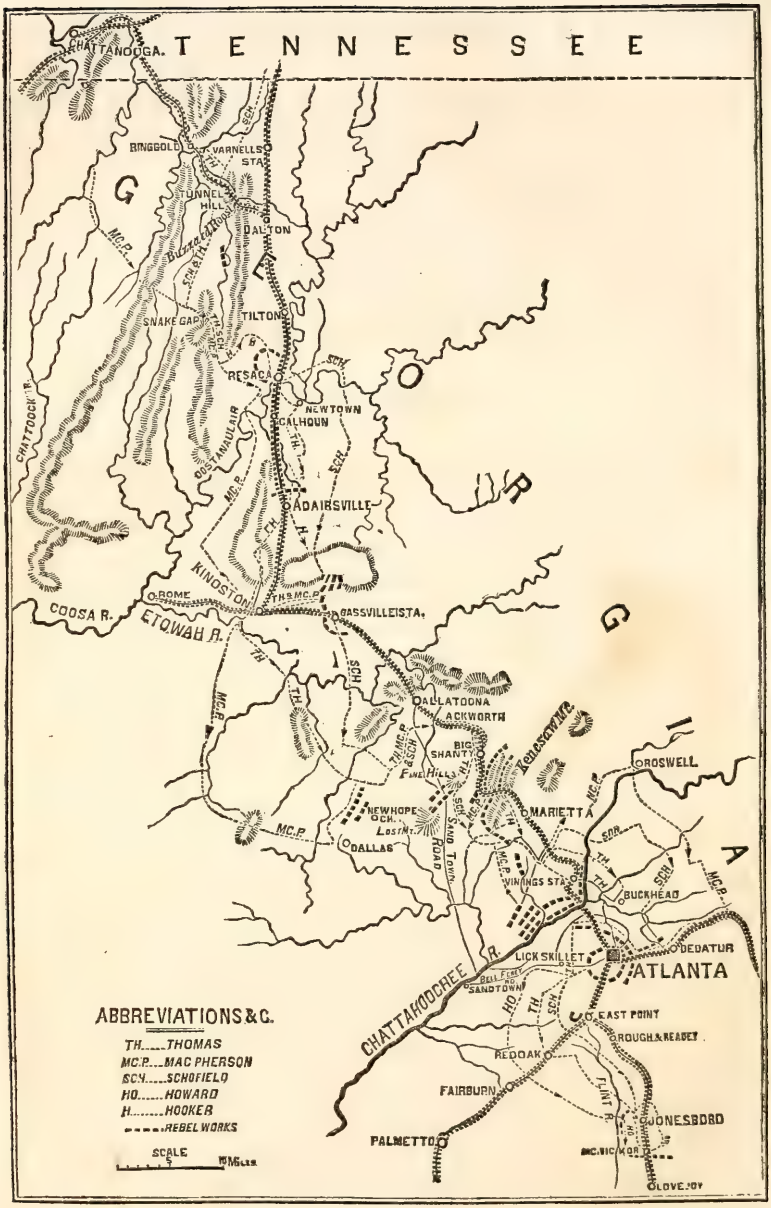
His sphere of action was now to be enlarged. Grant being appointed Lieutenant-General in March, the department of the Mississippi, composed of the departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas, was given to him. Under him were McPherson, Hooker, Thomas, Howard, Hurlbut and Logan, strong men all, and forming a group of subordinates, the superior of which never gathered under one commander.

Now the preparations for the two grand movements commenced, which were to end in the overthrow of the rebellion. Grant, with the Army of the Potomac, was to move on Lee and Richmond, and Sherman on Johnston and Atlanta.

The two campaigns, however, as before mentioned, were not alike. Grant had not half the distance to go of Sherman, and could shift his base at any moment, which he did, first to Fredericksburg, then to the Pamunkey and finally to the James river. The latter, on the contrary, had a single base, with which he must keep connected by a solitary line of railroad, with cavalry swarming on both flanks, watching to destroy it, and thus secure his overthrow. No such deep operations with a large army had ever before been attempted, and it was very problematical if this one could be successful. At all events, it was generally thought that a second army would be needed to hold this long line of railway.

He asked for a hundred thousand men, and two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. He started with this number, minus twelve hundred, and with two hundred and fifty-four pieces of artillery. The army was divided

as follows: The Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, was composed of sixty thousand seven hundred and seventy-three men, and one hundred and thirty guns; Army of the Tennessee, McPherson commanding, twenty-four thousand four hundred and sixty-five men, and ninety-six guns; Army of the Ohio, Schofield, thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-nine men, and twenty-eight guns.



MAP OF THE ATALANTA CAMPAIGN

CHAPTER VIII.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

SHERMAN'S FORESIGHT IN PREPARING FOR CONTINGENCIES—FLANKS DALTON—BATTLE OF RESACA—DEFEAT OF THE ENEMY—THE PURSUIT—CAPTURE OF ROME—FIGHT AT DALLAS—FLANKING OF ALLATOONA—A SECOND BASE ESTABLISHED—THE KENESAW MOUNTAINS—STRENGTH OF THE POSITION—DESPERATE ASSAULT OF—DEFEAT—FLANKING AGAIN RESORTED TO—CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER REACHED—VIEW OF THE COUNTRY—TERRIBLE ASSAULT ON THOMAS—HOOD RETIRES TO HIS INNER WORKS—DESPERATE ATTACK ON MCPHERSON—HEAVY REBEL LOSSES—CAPTURE OF STONEMAN—CUTTING THE REBEL LINES OF COMMUNICATION—ATTACK ON HOWARD—THE ARMY SWUNG ROUND THE CITY TO THE MACON ROAD—FIGHT AT JONESBORO'—ATLANTA EVACUATED—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—SLOCUM TAKES POSSESSION—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN—GENIUS OF SHERMAN—PURSUIT OF WHEELER.

By the 1st of May he was ready, waiting the signal from over the Alleghanies, nearly a thousand miles away, to start. He planned carefully beforehand his movements, and resorted to ingenious devices to defend his communications and flank from Forrest's cavalry. One of his methods to protect the railroad in his rear was very simple and effective. The track running south, crosses many streams, the bridges over which must be preserved at all hazards. Between them the preservation of the road was of minor consequence, for a few hours' labor could repair all the damage that could be inflicted upon it. To secure the bridges without detailing for their defence large forces, which would materially weaken his

army, he constructed at the head of each one a bombproof fortress, or blockhouse, provisioned for a long time, and garrisoned with from two to four hundred men, or thereabouts, with a few pieces of artillery. Being bombproof, they could not be battered down with cannon, or carried by assault, and being provisioned for a long period, they could not be reduced by siege, while their guns, sweeping the approaches to the bridge, could effectually keep off any working parties sent to destroy them.

On the 6th of May, Johnston lay at or near Dalton, with an army 60,000 strong, divided into three corps, commanded by Hood, Hardee, and Polk, and 10,000 cavalry, under Wheeler.

When the time came to move, Sherman confronted him; but seeing the strength of the position and the impossibility of carrying it by assault, he resolved to turn it, and began that series of brilliant movements which gave him the name of the "Great Flanker." Hence, while Thomas, with his large army, moved directly from Ringgold and drew up in front of the rebel position at Dalton, McPherson was sent in a circuitous route of thirty or forty miles through Snake Creek Gap to Resaca, eighteen miles back of Johnston on the railroad. Thomas, in the meantime, pressed the latter so vigorously in front, that he could spare no troops to resist McPherson's advance, until he was within a mile of Resaca. Finding his rear so seriously threatened, he abandoned his strong position, and, falling back, gave battle at Resaca. After several days of more or less severe fighting, one of the enemy's strongest positions was carried by assault, and he compelled to fall back again, leaving nearly a thousand prisoners in our hands and eight guns. Our loss was about 5,000 in the engagements that took place here.

After the victory, Sherman pushed his army forward in rapid pursuit—a part hugging closely the rear of the enemy—a part moving, by circuitous routes, upon his flank—pontooning rivers, crossing ridges and struggling along bye-ways and wood roads, threatening or striking the astonished Johnston at every available point. In the meantime Sherman sent out J. C. Davis' division to seize Rome, lying off several miles to the west, who captured its forts, guns, mills and foundries.

On the 18th, after sharp skirmishing and heavy artillery fighting, he entered Kingston. Here he gave his overtasked troops a few days' rest, and spent the time in hurrying forward supplies; as it was of vital importance he should accumulate them in advance, in view of the possible severance of his communications; and in re-establishing telegraphic connection with Chattanooga. In five days the army rose refreshed like a giant from new wine, and the infantry, cavalry and artillery swept grandly on towards Atlanta. Leaving garrisons in Rome and Kingston, he took twenty days' provisions in his wagons, and started for Dallas. Again he was striking for Johnston's rear; for this cautious, wily commander had taken up an impregnable position in the Allatoona Mountains, hoping that Sherman would dash his army to pieces in trying to force it. He had seen enough, however, of the "Great Flanker's" tactics not to rely entirely on this, and caused strong works to be thrown up in front of the Dallas and Marietta railroads. More or less fighting occurred all the way, for Johnston hung threateningly on Sherman's front, ready to strike whenever an opportunity should offer, and disputed with his skirmishers every inch of ground. Hooker, to whom was assigned the task of seizing the junction of the railroads at this important point, drove

the enemy before him till he nearly reached the intrenched works, when sudden night and a terrible storm arrested his progress. The next three days there was constant skirmishing and fighting, while Sherman was hurrying up his troops and developing the enemy's lines. Johnston, hoping to cripple him before his forces were all in position, made a furious assault on McPherson on the 28th; but, after a bloody and desperate struggle, was repulsed with the loss of some three thousand. Sherman now paused for a few days, and by a series of skilful manœuvres completely befogged Johnston as to his real intentions, and then suddenly swung McPherson around on the left. Johnston, seeing his rear again threatened, was compelled, in rage, to abandon his strong position and fall back. All his positions, which had been selected with so much care and fortified with great skill, proved utterly worthless in the presence of such an antagonist. He might as well have retreated at the first, clear to Atlanta, for he neither could seriously cripple Sherman's army, cut off his supplies, nor permanently arrest his progress. He now fell back to Kenesaw Mountain, a stronger position, if possible, than any he had yet occupied. Sherman, in the meantime, examined Allatoona Pass, and finding it was just the spot for a secondary base, where he could accumulate supplies, and with a small garrison protect them; at once established it, and soon the railroad was emptying abundant provisions into the camp there.

Everything being ready—infantry and cavalry well up—"forward" was once more sounded from the bugles, and on the 9th of June his banners were seen advancing along every highway and bye-way, until he was at length brought to a halt in front of Kenesaw Mountain. This elevation stretched off to the northeast in a range covered

with chestnut forests, while to the west stood Pine Mountain, and back of it Lost Mountain. These frowning natural battlements covered Marietta and the railroad back to the Chattahoochee river. Their conical peaks were all surmounted with signal stations, from which the signal corps could see and telegraph every movement of our army. Batteries also lined the summits and sides, while every spur was black with men felling trees and digging rifle-pits to arrest our progress. Banners waving along the summer-crowned heights, long lines of bayonets glistening amid the green foliage, bugle calls and the stirring notes of the drum coming down on all sides into the valley below, made it an inspiring scene. On the 11th Sherman was close up, and as soon as the different corps were in their assigned positions he determined to break through between Kenesaw and Pine Mountains. The artillery was placed in position and a heavy fire was kept up for three days. On the 14th, General Bishop Polk was instantly killed by a cannon shot. The next day Pine Mountain was found to be abandoned. Thomas and Schofield at once advanced, but discovered that the enemy had only fallen back to Lost Mountain, between which and Kenesaw stretched a long line of strong, skilfully constructed breastworks. Still slowly gaining ground at all points—now struggling across ravines—now working through dense forests of timber, out of which incessantly arose the rattle of musketry and smoke of the conflict, Sherman pushed his foe so vigorously, that Johnston was compelled to change his position and contract his lines. In so doing, however, he increased his power of defence immensely.

From his high perch on Kenesaw, he could look down into Sherman's camps, on which he directed his elevated batteries to play, but the shot and shell mostly went over

the heads of the soldiers, as they lay close up against the base of the mountain.

For three weeks Sherman tried in every way to find a vulnerable point in this stronghold. All this time it rained in torrents, until the roads were either water-beds or gullies; and where the rocks did not prevent the passage of artillery, the fields were so soft that it could not be got across them.

When Sherman entered on this campaign, he published an order forbidding all superfluous baggage, informing the army that he himself intended moving without a tent; and thus far, in dry weather, he had usually slept under a tree, and in wet, in any house along the route. Here, however, he felt the need of a tent, and though it raised the laugh against him, he was glad to accept of one from General Logan.

Early one pleasant morning, a regiment happened to be marching on the road near a tree under which Sherman was lying, where he had thrown himself after a hard night's toil, for a short nap. One of the men, not recognizing who it was, and supposing him to be drunk, remarked aloud, "That is the way we are commanded—officered by drunken Major-Generals." "Not drunk, my boy," he good-humoredly remarked, raising his head, "but I was up all night, and am very tired and sleepy." Had a thunderbolt dropped into that regiment, it would not have been more astonished. It passed quietly on, and the General lay down again to sleep. Not long after, he rode forward, and chanced to pass this regiment on the march. It instantly recognized him, and sent up loud and hearty cheers.

While he was working his way slowly up to the enemy's works, "McPherson shoving his left forward, and General Thomas swinging, as it were, on a grand left

wheel, his left on the mountain, connecting with McPherson," and "Schofield to the south and east," Hood suddenly came out of his works, in one of his usual headlong onsets, and fell on a part of Hooker's corps. Everything went down before him till he reached Sherman's line of battle, when such an awful fire met him, that he recoiled in disorder, and again sought the cover of his works, with a loss of seven or eight hundred men. In speaking of it, Sherman said: "Although inviting the enemy at all times to commit such mistakes, I could not hope for him to repeat them, after the examples of Dallas and Kulp House," and he therefore resolved to attack in turn. Selecting the enemy's left centre as the chief point of attack, he, on the 24th of June, issued his orders for a grand assault on the 27th, by McPherson and Thomas. Three days' notice was given, in order to allow ample time for preparation and reconnoissances.

On the 27th, at the appointed hour, the signal was given, the charge sounded, and these two magnificent divisions moved to the assault. From every spur, from out the leafy foliage, from behind rifle-pits and barricades, from rocky ledges, and down from the top of lofty Kenesaw, shot and shell rained in one ceaseless fiery torrent. But right up to the rebel works the devoted columns pressed, and all uncovered on the rocky slopes, stood and faced the deadly sleet. But over the high and bristling works they could not pass. Brave men advanced the flag, only to fall beside it. Officers leaped forward with waving swords to stimulate the men, only to sink in their front. Face to face, the one covered, and the other in full view, they fought—cannon and musketry, mingled with shouts and yells, making a fearful clamor there amid the overhanging peaks. But it was vain

valor. The gallant Harker, McCook, and Rice, all Generals, fell one after another, killed or wounded; officers were being borne thickly to the rear; the ranks were fast disappearing, and no foothold gained, and at last the recall was sounded, and the bleeding columns fell sullenly back, beaten for the first time. It could hardly be called a battle—it was a slaughter—for the enemy, protected by their strong works, suffered comparatively but little, while three thousand or more of our brave men, scattered over the rugged ground, either dead or bleeding, attested how unequal the struggle had been. That was a sad night to the army, as it gathered up its wounded, and buried the dead.

We are inclined to think the assault was a mistake, and should not have been ordered. If so, it was the only one Sherman made during this extraordinary campaign. His reasons for making it are not satisfactory, and we suspect, that getting weary of being called the everlasting flanker, as though his army could not fight a straightforward battle, had more to do with it than anything else. He says, "all looked to me to outflank." "An army to be efficient must not settle down to one single mode of offence." In these remarks he unwittingly reveals the feeling that ruled him. No one knows better than he, that an army should always stick to that mode of offense that promises the largest results, with the least loss of life. A wise general would steadily outflank for forty years, if that was the way to success. There is no fear that an army, by pursuing for a long time one kind of policy which proves successful, will thereby be rendered inefficient in carrying out any other. Nothing makes men more effective than victories. It gives them such confidence in their leader that they are ready to execute

any command. *Nothing* is to be feared so much as failure. In this case it would have been far better to have stuck to "the single mode of offence," than to fall back to it, as he did, after losing three thousand brave men.

Five days after this unsuccessful assault, McPherson was thrown rapidly forward to the Chattahoochee river, and Johnston, seeing his communications threatened, "settled" back to *his* "single mode" of operations, and hastily evacuated his strong position, which he could have held for ever against a direct attack. Sherman entered Marietta the next day (July 3d) just as Johnston's cavalry was leaving it.

He now hurried forward his columns with the utmost rapidity, hoping to catch the enemy in the confusion of crossing the Chattahoochee. But the wary Johnston had guarded against this, and steadily held him at bay until his large army, with its artillery and transportation, was safely across the river. The next thing, therefore, was to get across himself, in the face of the enemy. But Johnston, although he was able in a retreat, was no match for Sherman in resources and strategy.

The rapid manœuvres and brilliant movements of the latter seemed to bewilder him, and he never knew where his agile foe would next strike. He, however, erected a strong *tête du pont*, and prepared to dispute stubbornly the passage of the river. But Schofield, on the 7th, succeeded in effecting a lodgment on the opposite bank, and in three days Sherman, by threatening now this point, and now that, and handling his troops in a masterly manner, secured three good points for passing the river above the enemy's *tête du pont*. No sooner did Johnston discover this, than, with a sad heart, he ordered a retreat,—and reluctantly giving up his last defensive position between

Chattanooga and Atlanta, gloomily fell back to the latter place, to be superseded by Hood.

The Chattahoochee was ours, and one of the great objects of the campaign secured. Atlanta was now only eight miles distant, almost within hearing of Sherman's morning drum. Marching his army over the river, he resolved, before advancing on the place, to give it a short rest. Since leaving the mountains, the heat had been more oppressive, and the men, wearied by a battle-field that stretched a hundred and thirty-five miles or more back to Chattanooga, needed repose before entering on the desperate conflicts Sherman knew to be close upon them.

From the heights near the river, Atlanta, the "gate city," as it was called, could be seen. Its spires and domes rose above the tree-tops heavy with summer vegetation, and the smoke of the locomotives, dragging trains loaded with supplies, showed the lines of railroad running into the city from almost every point. The murmur of the busy host there could not reach that distant point, but the echo of the morning and evening gun reminded the soldiers that a foe was awaiting their approach. Officers, and, now and then, privates, climbed these heights to look on the surpassingly beautiful landscape that stretched away from the base. The winding river, now lost in overhanging foliage, as it swept around a distant point, and now gleaming out like a silver belt between the green banks—swelling uplands and smiling valleys—broad sweeps of forests, with plantations like patches between—countless roads crossing and recrossing the country in every direction, combined to make a scene too lovely and tranquil to be disturbed by the rude ravages of war.

On the 17th day of July, the bugles sounded "forward" again, and the refreshed army advanced and formed line on the Peach Tree road, near Atlanta. The next two days were employed by McPherson and Schofield in swinging around upon the Augusta road, near Decatur, lying to the east of the city, thus destroying one line of communication to the enemy—that toward Richmond. In the meantime, Thomas took his grand army across Peach Tree Creek, by several bridges, directly in front of the rebel intrenchments. These movements were not made without a struggle, and the roar of cannon and the rolling fire of musketry showed that every step forward was to be gained at the price of blood.

On the 20th, Hood made his first desperate attempt to escape his impending doom by a furious assault on Thomas, while his lines were in process of formation. In this onset the rebels threw themselves in solid masses and with a recklessness of death, wonderful to behold, on our half-formed lines—the living pressing with sublime devotion over the dead—struggling hopelessly, madly, hour after hour, until 5,000 brave men lay piled on the field. Here almost an entire company lay in a heap, and there a regiment in line of battle, just as they stood and took our awful fire. Our loss was only a little over 1,700. Battered and bruised and decimated, the rebel army, two days after, abandoned its outer works and fell back to its interior position, which was immensely strong. Commanding redoubts, with water flowing between them to stop an advancing enemy, and impassable *chevaux-de-frise* in front, made a defence over which no troops could be carried but with a loss too fearful to contemplate. This withdrawal, however, to his inner position on the part of Hood, was not so much from inability to hold

his exterior line of intrenchments as from the necessity of reducing his garrison, while he massed his army against McPherson, sweeping down from Decatur toward the city. He tried the same experiment on him that he had on Thomas, that is, attacked him before his lines were well closed up. The onslaught here was full as fierce and terrible and determined as the one two days before on Thomas, and, as in that, at first promised success. Six times in succession the shouting, maddened foe bore down with well-nigh irresistible fury on McPherson's lines. At times the hostile ranks were almost commingled, as in the hand-to-hand fights of old. The rebels fought more like fiends than men, and seemed to court death. But at last, exhausted, wasted and bleeding, the assaulting columns gave it up. Over three thousand lay dead on our front, mangled, torn and bleeding, while the total loss of the enemy was reported by Logan to be full twelve thousand. Ours was about the same as that two days before; but in the death of McPherson, we suffered a greater loss than could be reckoned in numbers.

The next day Garrard, who had been sent with a cavalry force to destroy the Augusta road, returned, having successfully accomplished his task. Sherman now turned his attention to the Macon road, and sent out Stoneman with five thousand cavalry, and McCook with four thousand infantry to destroy it. Taking different routes, they were to meet on the railroad, near Lovejoy's Station, and after completing its destruction, Stoneman was to push on, if he deemed it prudent, to Macon, and release a large number of our prisoners known to be confined there. But for some reason he did not go to the place of rendezvous at all, but marched directly on Macon. There he was

brought to a halt by the enemy, and in attempting to retreat, was cut off and taken prisoner, together with a thousand or more of his command, besides losing a large number in killed and wounded. McCook reached the point of destination, burned the depot at Lovejoy's and five hundred wagons, killed eight hundred mules, and tore up the railroad. But while engaged in the work of destruction, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a superior force of cavalry and infantry. He, however, gallantly cut his way out, though losing some five hundred prisoners. On the whole, the movement was a sad failure.

Sherman, having succeeded in destroying the Augusta railroad to the east of Atlanta, worked his army slowly round to the west side. A railroad runs south from Atlanta a few miles to East Point, where it branches off—one road running southeast to Macon, and the other southwest to Mobile. It will be readily seen that the junction of these roads was a very important point to seize. Sherman, therefore, while these cavalry raids were in progress, endeavored to push his right around Atlanta to it. Howard, with the Army of the Tennessee, was selected to accomplish this, and began the movement on the night of the 26th. Hood, seeing the coils thus steadily tightening around him, on the 28th made a third and last desperate assault to break through them. "The enemy," says Sherman, "had come out of Atlanta by the Bell's Ferry road, and formed his masses in the open fields behind a swell of ground, and advanced in parallel lines directly against the Fifteenth Corps, expecting to catch that flank in air. His advance was magnificent, but founded on an error that cost him sadly, for our men coolly and deliberately cut down his men; and in spite of

the efforts of the rebel officers, his ranks broke and fled. But they were rallied again and again, as often as six times at some points, and a few of the rebel officers and men reached our lines of rail piles only to be killed or hauled over as prisoners." From noon to four o'clock, the enemy pushed his attacks, and when he fled, left his dead and wounded in our hands. Six thousand was estimated as his loss, while ours was less than six hundred. This estimate is doubtless too large, for it shows too great a disparity. Hood now sullenly retired to his works, and suffered Sherman to extend his right wing at his leisure, and he soon closed in and began the siege of Atlanta. Still his force was not large enough to encircle it completely, without making his lines too thin and assailable, and the rebels succeeded in getting supplies by the Macon road. It was evident, therefore, that he must either carry the place by assault, or destroy this road altogether. He had ordered up some heavy guns from Chattanooga, and now began to shell the place; but apparently with but little effect. An assault was therefore ordered on one of the points deemed weakest; but was repulsed with a loss to us of four hundred men. It was evident that an assault could not be made with any prospect of success, without a loss, which if unsuccessful, would leave him but the remnant of an army. But one other course, therefore, now remained to be taken—to sever Atlanta entirely from its base of supplies. The occupation of the Macon road would do this, and he resolved, wide apart as it would separate his army, to make the attempt. But on maturer reflection, he concluded to try if it could not be done with cavalry alone, and the task was assigned to Kilpatrick. With a large force the latter succeeded in reaching and cutting the road; but this was not enough,

it must be kept broken, and Sherman, therefore, took the bold resolution to plant his armies on it. All the surplus wagons and baggage not immediately needed, and the wounded were sent back to the intrenched position at the bridge, with the Twentieth corps, and on the night of the 25th, the extraordinary movement commenced.

Although Hood, while it was in progress, might march out of Atlanta on the north, and overwhelm the army there, thus cutting it off entirely from its base of supplies, he, even in that contingency, would be worse off than Sherman—for the former could get no supplies from the comparative sterile country in that direction, while the latter had the garden of the South to forage from. Sherman was aware of this, and knew that Hood must and would meet him in battle on or near the line of that road, and there settle the fate of Atlanta. The Army of the Tennessee reached the West Point railroad, leading off toward Mobile, without loss. One day was spent in destroying twelve miles of it, and then, on the 29th, the whole army began to move eastward toward the Macon road. The comparative ease with which these movements were effected was owing in a great measure to the absence of the rebel cavalry. Exasperated by Sherman's cavalry raids on his communications, Hood resolved to practice a similar strategy on his enemy, and sent off Wheeler toward Chattanooga to break up the railroad and capture the garrisons in that direction, and thus cut him off from his base of supplies. This was a fatal mistake, for Sherman had enough provisions accumulated this side of that place to last him till he could restore his communications. He had formed a second base at Allatoona, and he did not believe the enemy could capture the garrison stationed there.

With his flanks easily protected, therefore, he marched deliberately eastward; Howard on the right, Thomas, as usual, in the centre, and Schofield on the left. We will not attempt to describe these splendid movements—everything went like clock work, and on the last day of the month Howard reached Jonesboro, on the Macon road, twenty miles southeast of Atlanta, Thomas farther north, at Couch's, and Schofield near Rough-and-Ready, still closer to Atlanta. Hood, seeing himself about to be caged like a lion, sent out Lee and Hardee to drive Thomas back. These two corps fell on the "rock of Chickamauga" with the fury of desperation, but after a sanguinary and protracted contest, were driven back with the loss of three thousand men. All the columns now bore away toward Jonesboro, where Sherman had ordered them to be at noon on the 1st day of September. So perfectly timed was every movement, that that very afternoon everything was in readiness for a general assault, and the rebel position there was carried with deafening shouts, and a whole brigade with eight guns captured, while five thousand killed and wounded were left on the field. This settled the fate of Atlanta, and that night Hood, dispirited and overwhelmed, began to evacuate it. Sending off such provisions only as he could carry in his swift retreat, he opened the storehouses of the remainder to the citizens. The surplus ammunition was loaded on cars, which were run out a little way on the Augusta railroad and blown up—the explosion shaking the shores of the Chattahoochee river miles away, where the Twentieth Corps lay, ignorant of what was going on south of the city. Six engines, and nearly a hundred cars, were gathered together and set on fire, and the torch applied to a thousand bales of cotton, which made the midnight heav-

ens glow as though a conflagration was raging in the sky. Lighted on his sorrowful way by such a sea of fire, Hood, with the mere remnant of his army, moved swiftly across the country toward Macon. The alarmed inhabitants, in carriages, wagons, and every vehicle that could be pressed into service, streamed after, making a scene of confusion and wild terror such as war alone can create. Slocum, of the Twentieth Corps, seven miles north on the Chattahoochee, heard the loud explosions, and saw the ruddy heavens, and suspecting the cause, sent out a strong column at daybreak to reconnoitre. Atlanta was found deserted, and he marched triumphantly in and took possession. That same morning Sherman moved south to catch the retreating army of Hood, but at Lovejoy's, ten miles beyond Jonesboro, he found him strongly entrenched, and abandoning the pursuit, returned to Atlanta. His great campaign was ended.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the wonderful foresight, the skill and genius exhibited in this unparalleled campaign—the foresight which prepared for every contingency, not only in securing his long line of communication, but in providing forage and provisions for his splendid army—skill, in the handling of his troops in a country seamed with water-courses, broken into mountains and gorges, and crossed only by the most impracticable roads, and sometimes rendered impassable by protracted storms—the genius which enabled him to break away from the established rules of military science, or rather introduce a new principle into it, and thus crown with triumphant success a campaign which scarcely any one but himself believed could be carried out. For grandeur of design, depth and skill of combination, it stands unrivalled in military history. If the First Na-

poleon, by the originality and boldness of his designs, his daring and successful departure from old established formulas—and going back to the first principles of war, built thereon a military system of his own, which entirely revolutionized the one universally accepted, and by his marvellous combinations and rapid movements overwhelmed his foes—deserves the fame he has won, then Sherman, by his daring originality in moving so far from his base, yet still acting with mathematical precision and certainty, and winning victory, not by good fortune, but by profound calculations, merits a place among the foremost generals of the world. This campaign will be a study for military men in all future time. He could well say, "*Atlanta is ours, and fairly won.*" The tremendous events transpiring at the same time on the Atlantic coast, somewhat overshadowed the magnitude and grandeur of the movements of this campaign, but they will take their place in history beside those of Cæsar and Napoleon.

Sherman, seeing that it would be next to impossible to feed the destitute population left in the place, and needing it solely for a military position, ordered all the non-combatants to leave, and sent to Hood asking his coöperation, so that as little distress as possible might be felt by them. The latter consented, but characterized the proposition as barbarous, saying, "It transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war." To this Sherman replied in a scathing letter, in which the charge of cruelty was fastened by stubborn facts on him and his compeers in the rebel service.*

He now gave all the corps, regiments, and batteries

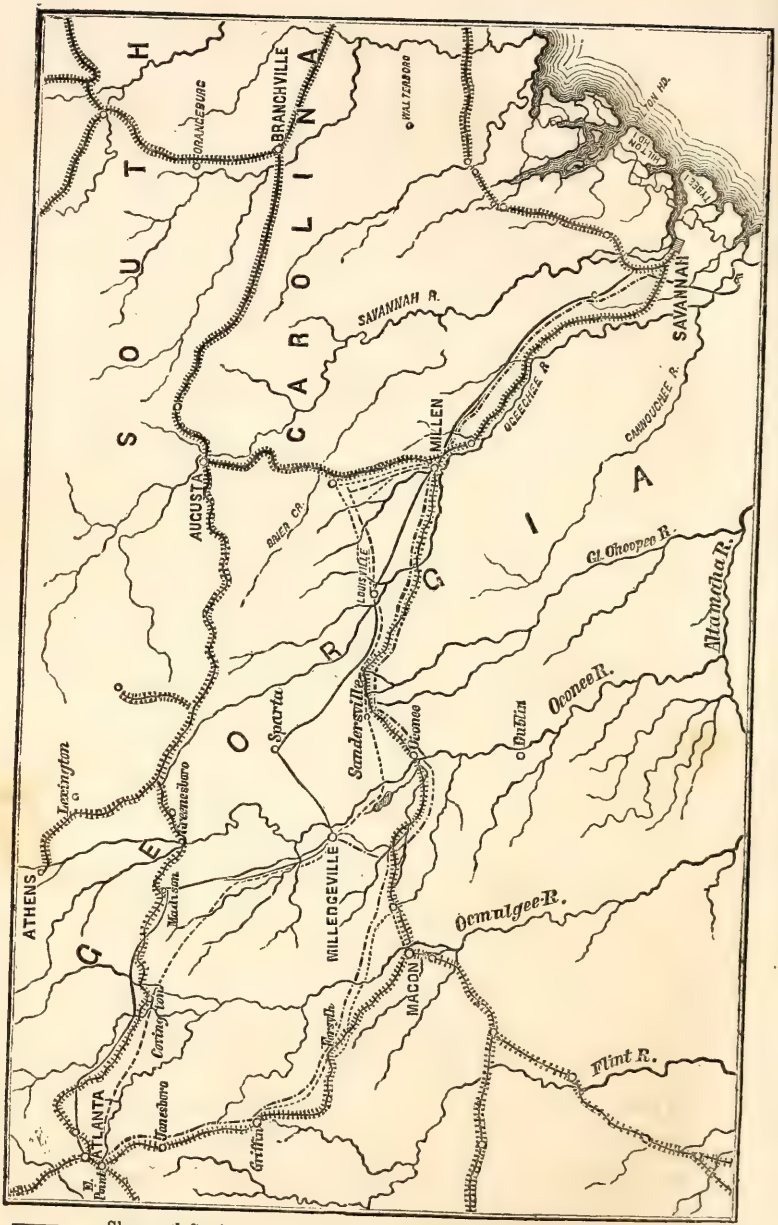
* See close of the volume.

permission to inscribe Atlanta on their colors, while, by order of the President, a national salute was fired at every important point at the north, in honor of the great victory.

The correspondence between him and the Mayor of the place, on the removal of the inhabitants, will well repay perusal.*

Wheeler's cavalry that started off to break up his communications, had now been raiding for several weeks in his rear, inflicting considerable damage, and Rousseau, Steadman, and Granger, were sent back to attend to him, while forces were hurried up from Memphis and Vicksburg to coöperate with them.

* See close of the volume.



——— Slocum (left wing.)
-.-.-.- Howard (right wing).
– – – – – Davis's Fourteenth Corps, when separated.
. . . . . Cavalry.

MAP OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

HOOD ATTEMPTS TO CUT SHERMAN'S COMMUNICATIONS—CORSE'S GALLANT DEFENCE OF ALLATOONA—PURSUIT OF HOOD—SHERMAN'S ORIGINAL AND DARING PLAN—BURNING OF ROME—OF ATLANTA—SHERMAN STARTS FOR THE ATLANTIC OCEAN—VIEWS RESPECTING THE MOVEMENT—DISPOSITION OF HIS FORCES AND PLAN OF MOVEMENT—THE LEFT WING UNDER SLOCUM—THE RIGHT UNDER HOWARD—KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY—THE TWO MARCHES—MACON—MILLEDGEVILLE—SOLDIERS ORGANIZE THE LEGISLATURE—NOVEL SCENE—AUGUSTA THREATENED—MILLEN—MARCH TO SAVANNAH—PICTURESQUE SCENES IN THE PINE FORESTS—REVIEW OF THE MARCH—SAVANNAH REACHED AND INVESTED—STORMING OF FORT M'ALLISTER—SHERMAN WITNESSES IT FROM THE TOP OF A RICE MILL—SURRENDER OF SAVANNAH—MAGNITUDE OF THE CAPTURE—HARDEE RETREATS TO CHARLESTON—SHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE PRESIDENT—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Hood, reinforced by some 40,000 Georgia militia, now prepared to put forth a desperate effort to recover his lost ground and fame. The fall of Atlanta was a terrible blow to the Confederacy, and Davis hastened from his capital to Georgia to try, by his presence, to raise the courage of the people. Loud and bitter curses had been hurled against him for putting Hood in Johnston's place. Denounced for his incapacity, favoritism and blunders, he found it necessary to visit important points in the State to arrest the growing desire of the people to abandon the struggle and return to the Union. He made frequent speeches, in which he departed from his usually dignified

manner, and losing his temper or reason, or both, launched forth into violent abuse of the Yankees, using language that can be accounted for only on the ground of temporary insanity, caused by strong drink. Still, with his aid, Hood was able to assemble a formidable army, and by the last of September declared himself ready to move. His plan was to break Sherman's long line of communications, and thus compel him to evacuate Atlanta and fall back to Chattanooga. Moving with great rapidity, he threw himself upon the railroad in various places, breaking it up. This was a bold move; for, if successful, Sherman would be compelled to abandon all he had won. But the secondary base at Allatoona now stood the latter in good stead. Beyond that, nearly to Dalton, the rebels had it all their own way, and during the entire month of October, Sherman was cut off from Chattanooga. If Allatoona could be taken, Sherman's army would be in a perilous position, and to secure its capture a whole rebel division was sent against it. French, the commander, demanded its surrender, giving Corse, who held it with but 1,700 men, only a brief space to consider the terms, and intimating that, if forced to assault, no quarter would be shown. The latter replied, that when he should get the place there would be no men left to kill.

Sherman, in the meantime, had gathered up his entire army, all but the Twentieth Corps, and was marching back over the ground he had so lately traversed, in pursuit of Hood. He heard the cannonading that opened the attack on Allatoona, and ordering the army to move forward at the top of its speed, hastened himself to the high top of Kenesaw, overlooking the place, with signal officers, to announce to the beleaguered garrison his coming. He

heard the thunder of artillery and saw the smoke of the conflict, and also the heavy force which Hood had been able to hurl against it, and flew his signal. But Corse was too busy with the enemy to notice it. Sherman saw that his fire was rapid and steady, and said, "I know Corse, he will hold it as long as he lives." Still he could not be certain of his life.

The odds against the garrison were fearful; but if the former could only know that strong columns were moving swiftly to his relief, all would be well. Again his signal flew, and but the roar of guns replied. Nothing but the national banner waved over the works, and still the fight went on; Sherman grew anxious. Oh, for a voice or trumpet-call that could reach that garrison, or that some eye would look above the sulphurous cloud to that clear height where he stood!

A few hundred against six thousand could not hold out for ever. In overwhelming numbers the enemy came on, assault following assault in quick succession—fresh troops being constantly hurled against exhausted ones. Thus, from early dawn, hour after hour, the fight raged, till at last the feeble garrison was driven from the intrenchments to the hill. The shouting foe pressed after and stormed the hill. Corse, bleeding and faint, still called his diminished band around him and told them it was a matter of life and death to Sherman's army that the place should be held. But, borne back by mere weight of numbers, the garrison was forced from the hill into the fort. Half the entire number had already fallen, bravely contesting every inch of ground, and Corse, a part of the time, was insensible from his wounds, but when he came to himself, the indomitable hero faintly told them to fight on while a man was left. A more gallant defence was never made,

and Corse has inscribed his name on the rocks of Allatoona forever.

From daylight till noon he maintained the unequal struggle, and resolved to die there on the last spot where a defence could be made. The rebels repulsed, at last drew off for a space, and then the garrison caught the flutter of that little flag on the mountain height and knew its meaning. "Hold on," it said, "relief is coming." In silent, yet thrilling language, the answering signal came across the intervening space: "Yes, to the last man." Glorious announcement! Sherman was satisfied, and hurried up still faster the panting troops. At length the heads of the columns appeared in sight, but the enemy had fled, leaving two hundred of his number stark and stiff before the works, and four hundred prisoners in our hands. Sherman was delighted, and thanking Corse warmly for his gallant defence, issued a general order, in which he was highly complimented.

Hood kept on towards Chattanooga, destroying the railroad at Dalton, followed hard by Sherman. He then struck off to the west and then southwest, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, until he reached Gadsden. Sherman kept up the pursuit as far as Gaylesville, Alabama, where he halted.

While every one was expecting to see him follow Hood up and demolish him, he stopped pursuit, and struck out a plan as daring as it was new and original. Thomas had before been sent to Nashville, to collect troops from Sherman's whole department of the Mississippi, and now Schofield, with the Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps, was left to watch Hood, and be the nucleus of the new army Thomas was to gather, while he himself prepared to retrace his steps to Atlanta, and commence

his march through Georgia to the ocean. Strengthening a few points like Bridgeport, Chattanooga and Murfreesboro', that must be held, he abandoned others, and rapidly concentrated an army of about 65,000 men, thoroughly organized and equipped, and before Hood dreamed of his daring scheme, had cut loose from everything, and was on his way to Savannah. His start was like that of Cortez for Mexico, when he burned his ships on the shore, to let his soldiers know he never intended to return to them again.

First, everything in Rome was burned—a thousand bales of cotton, two flour mills, two tanneries, a salt mill, foundry, machine-shops, depots, store-houses and bridges were set on fire, making a fearful conflagration. The soldiers, seeing the destruction going on, applied the torch to the private dwellings, and the night of the 10th of November witnessed an awful scene. The flames leaped and roared through the smoky atmosphere—houses tottered and fell with a crash amid the blazing embers, while the heavens above glowed like a furnace, shedding a ghastly light on the mounted patrols, and flooding field and mountain in flame.

Four days after, the torch was also applied to all the public buildings and depots of Atlanta, making a second conflagration, and lighting up the marching columns moving out to be ready to start the next morning for the sea; the bands playing, amid the wild and terrific scene, "John Brown's Soul goes Marching on."

In the meantime, Sherman wrote to Porter, on the Atlantic coast, to be looking out for him about Christmas, "from Hilton Head to Savannah;" and to his wife, saying, "This is my last letter from here; you will only hear from me hereafter through rebel sources." His army,

four corps strong, was divided into two wings—the right wing, commanded by Howard, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps; and the left by Slocum, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth. The march, whenever practicable, was to be by four parallel roads. There was no general train of supplies for the army, but each corps had its own, distributed among the brigades and regiments. The columns were to start regularly at seven o'clock every morning, and make an average march of fifteen miles a day. Two divisions of cavalry, the whole commanded by Kilpatrick, was to cover the flanks of the columns. An order directed the army "to forage liberally on the march," each brigade commander to organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under the command of one or more discreet officers, and "aiming, at all times, to keep in the wagon trains at least ten days' provisions for the commands, and three days' forage." It was also ordered—"Soldiers shall not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass, but during the halt or camp they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, and drive in stock in front of their camps."

Where the inhabitants molested the army, or guerillas were quartered, or bridges burned to retard the march, the corps commanders were empowered to burn, destroy, and devastate to any extent they deemed the exigencies of the case demanded. Horses, mules, and wagons were to be taken wherever found. In foraging, the officers might, if they chose, "give certificates of the facts, but no receipts; and they will endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance." Able-bodied negroes, who could be of service, were allowed to accompany the army; but he would not permit

it to be encumbered with the aged, or with women and children.

On the 15th of November, this splendid army of brawny western men, stripped like an athlete for the race and the struggle, set its face toward the Atlantic ocean, and with banners streaming and bands playing, bade farewell to the smouldering ruins of Atlanta. Slocum, commanding the left wing, was to march directly east, on the railroad leading from Atlanta to Augusta, destroying it as he went. Howard, with the right wing, was to follow the Georgia Central road, running southeast through Macon and Milledgeville to Savannah. Two columns of cavalry—one to the north of Slocum, and the other to the south of Howard—were to protect their flanks, and conceal entirely from view the routes of the infantry. All between them was to be a *terra incognita*, for the time being, to the external rebel world. By the road Slocum took, it was 170 miles to Augusta; by that which Howard marched, 291 to Savannah. This was the main outline, as traced by Sherman, for this wonderful march. He had little to fear from his rear, for he had left Hood away back on the Tennessee, gathering in his forces to crush him, as he supposed, in a decisive battle. Even while the rebel speechmakers were descanting in the neighborhood of the army on the speedy overthrow of this bold invader, now declared to be in their front, his columns were far away, piercing the heart of Georgia.

When this daring movement was first made public, it is hard to say which was most astonished—the North or South. Nothing like it had ever been heard of in modern warfare. The rebel editors and declaimers on the Atlantic seaboard professed to be rejoiced at it, for it secured, they said, the destruction of Sherman's army.

The aroused people, they declared, would hang along his flanks as lightning plays along the edge of the thunder cloud, and remove beyond reach all the provisions, so that his army would be dissipated and vanquished by starvation alone. The spirit of the ancient Rolla was invoked, "to raze every house and burn every blade of grass" in front of the invader. In Europe, it created almost equal astonishment. Said the *London Times*, "Since the great Duke of Marborough turned his back upon the Dutch, and plunged heroically into Germany to fight the famous battle of Blenheim, military history has recorded no stranger marvel than the mysterious expedition of General Sherman, on an unknown route against an undiscoverable enemy;" but, after all, doubted greatly its success. The British *Army and Navy Gazette*, in speaking of it, said, "He has done either one of the most brilliant or most foolish things ever performed by a military leader." The Richmond papers scornfully boasted, that his march "would lead him to the Paradise of fools." The ablest critics of Europe, however, declared, that if he were successful, he would "add a fresh chapter to the theory and practice of modern warfare." At the North, many doubted the expediency of the novel movement. Some, feeling how impossible it would be for an army to march that distance through any northern State, and not taking into consideration that the hard-working classes and farmers that constitute the bulk of the population here were slaves there, and friendly to the invader, predicted that he would be compelled to retrace his steps. Others, knowing that with such a rapid march as he contemplated, he could carry no siege trains with him to reduce fortified places, said, that he could at best but strike the sea, without securing any important foothold, and

thus leave only a wide and desolate track as the sole fruit of the undertaking. Others, still, feared that the west was left too much weakened, and that rebel conquests there would more than offset all that would be gained by a march across Georgia. But while at home and abroad the air was filled with ominous forebodings, the cause of them all was calm and confident. The last contingency—viz., disaster in the west, was the most to be feared; and Sherman said, afterward, "If Thomas had not whipped Hood at Nashville, 600 miles away, my plans would have failed, and I would have been denounced the world over; but," he added, "I knew General Thomas, and the troops under his command, and *never for a moment* doubted a favorable result." He had not left his fate in the hands of an untried commander; he could trust Thomas as implicitly as himself. The "Rock of Chickamauga" would never fail him. There was one contingency, however, he did not contemplate, which might have ruined him—the removal of Thomas by the Secretary of War, when he failed "to move at once on the enemy's works at Nashville." Had he been allowed to wield the same power that he had for the past two years, this most brilliant movement in military annals, and most decisive of the fate of the Confederacy, might have proved a calamitous failure.

Sherman, however, trusting calmly in Thomas, Grant, his army, his own genius, and a favoring providence, cut loose his moorings and drifted boldly out to sea. Slocum, moving out on separate roads, destroying the railroad as he advanced, pushed on through Decatur, Stone Mountain, Social Circle, Rutledge and Madison, filling the inhabitants with consternation, who never dreamed that an enemy's army would penetrate to those retired, remote

regions. From Madison, Geary's division pushed on to the Oconee river, destroying a bridge over it 1,500 feet long, while a body of cavalry crossed it and advanced as far as Greensboro', eighty-four miles from Augusta. Slocum turned suddenly south from Madison towards Milledgeville. The Fourteenth Corps wheeled in the same direction, further back, and now Geary to the eastward, did the same thing, moving down the west bank of the Oconee. On the 21st, Slocum entered Milledgeville, the capital of the State. The next day, Howard's wing came marching in with banners displayed and music playing. He had moved on Macon, covered by a cloud of Kilpatrick's cavalry, which found at Lovejoy's about 3,000 Georgia militia. Charging on these, Kilpatrick killed some fifty, and scattered the rest in flight. Howard followed leisurely, destroying the railroad behind him as he advanced. At Bear Creek Wheeler's cavalry was met, and forced back finally to Macon. Here was concentrated a large army, defended by breastworks and artillery, for the enemy had no doubt that Sherman's grand object was to take this place. But while the cavalry was threatening it, he ordered Howard, when within a few miles of it, to leave the railroad, and crossing the Ocmulgee, pass north to the same railroad, beyond his line of march, making the base of an obtuse triangle, of which Macon was the apex. Thus, while the rebel commanders were preparing for a desperate defence of the place, they beheld to their amazement, the army beyond them, quietly marching on toward Milledgeville. Sherman had evidently never heard of or had forgotten the old established military maxim, "never to leave a fortified place of the enemy in your rear." He marched where he pleased, with the *insouciance* of a man oblivious of danger, and igno-

rant of all the rules of war. Passing rapidly through Jackson, Indian Springs, Monticello, and Hillsboro', like one on a flying visit, he entered Milledgeville the day after Howard. Here he halted for several days, and swept the surrounding country of forage and provisions for future use. He had left a part of the Fifteenth Corps at Griswoldsville, ten miles east of Macon, where he again struck the railroad, to protect his rear while marching on the capital. The enemy at Macon, enraged at being thus completely outwitted, made a furious attack with three brigades of militia on it, but of course was repulsed with the loss of nearly a thousand men. It was a mad freak, but as something must be done, this, perhaps, was about as good as anything else in their power.

Sherman took up his headquarters in the Executive Mansion, which had been completely stripped of furniture, but he did not seem to miss it, for spreading a pair of blankets on the floor, he presented a much more striking appearance, though he did not keep up quite so much state as his rebel excellency had done, who had just left. The soldiers took possession of the State House, organized the Legislature by appointing a speaker, and proceeded to business. Motions were made, resolutions offered and speeches delivered; and though Jefferson's Manual was not strictly followed, and parliamentary etiquette certainly violated, and the speaker very much lacking in dignity, and the House decidedly disorderly, yet, the proceedings, on the whole, were much more interesting and sensible than any that had taken place there for the last three years. The rebel Legislature had been in session, but Sherman's near approach broke it up in great confusion, and the members with the Governor fled wildly back into the interior. This scene was enacted over again

by the new Legislature, composed of the soldiers. In the midst of their comic deliberations, a courier rushed into the chamber shouting, "The Yankees are coming." In a moment all was confusion, and amid shouts and yells and laughter, the rollicking multitude rushed for the door.

The army was near Milledgeville on the national Thanksgiving Day, and having prepared for it by judicious foraging previously, they celebrated it in the heart of rebeldom by a sumptuous dinner of chickens and turkeys. Over every camp-fire hung a fowl, and, amid jokes and laughter, and all the *abandon* of camp-life, the national festival was kept by the troops.

Having sufficiently rested, and equipped with rations for forty days in the wagons, the army now resumed its march eastward. At Sandersville, Wheeler disputed our advance; but, after a brief action, fell back to Waynesboro', only thirty miles south of Augusta. Kilpatrick followed on and was attacked by him, but repulsed him with a loss of two hundred men. The operations of Kilpatrick so near Augusta alarmed the inhabitants of the place, who now had no doubt that their city was the chief point of attack. But while the cavalry swarmed the country in this direction, concealing the real movements of the army, it was marching rapidly on Millen, some sixty miles south of the place, and seventy-five miles from Milledgeville. It was reached in eight days, December 2d. Here Sherman again halted, while the cavalry scoured the country in every direction. His arrival at this place seemed at last to arouse the rebel authorities to the danger that threatened them. They had affected to believe all the time that Sherman was only on a great raid; but the nearness of his approach

both to Augusta and Savannah, convinced them that he had a greater object in view than to burn cotton and destroy railroads, and leave a wide track of desolation in his rear. Augusta lies due north from Millen, and Savannah directly southeast—the railroad to the latter running along the Ogeechee river. From this point Sherman could look back with pride on his track. For a hundred miles the Georgia Central Railroad lay a wreck, and the Georgia road for more than sixty. He had travelled where he listed, and with but little molestation, living in the meantime on the fat of the land. It had been like a holiday march, so completely had he deceived the enemy respecting his own plans, and thwarted all of theirs. Now, for the first time, his movements were cleared from all obscurity. Concealment was no longer possible, for he was compelled to take a decisive step in some one direction. On the 2d of December, with the various columns well closed up, ammunition and provisions in plenty, the army, strengthened instead of weakened by its long march, and buoyant with hope and confidence in its great leader, moved out of Millen, and swinging on it as a pivot, swept down in six parallel columns, by as many different roads toward Savannah. As at Macon, so now at Augusta, the rebel army massed there, saw Sherman leaving them idle and useless far in his rear.

The country through which the line of march now lay was covered with pine forests, beneath the murmuring branches of which the army moved rapidly forward.

Heretofore their march had led them through richly-cultivated fields, past costly plantations, and houses filled with luxuries, and villages smiling amid peaceful plains. The soldiers had looked with amazement on a country upon which nature had lavished her gifts with such a

bountiful hand. Now they passed for a time into an entirely different world.

At night the scene was often wild and picturesque. For miles and miles through the forest, the blazing torches, now moving in zigzag lines among the trees, now standing in long rows like a burning colonnade, lighted up the scene with a strange splendor. Here and there large camp-fires threw into bold relief, against the background of darkness, the motionless trunks of trees, receding away in the gloom like the columns in a dimly-lighted cathedral, and shed a cheerful glow on the countless tents that stretched as far as the eye could reach on every side, while bands of music, answering each other in the distance, filled the vast forest with melody. Everywhere through the solemn arcades rang the cries of teamsters, the neighing of animals, and shouts of men. Far in front and rear, where the cavalry bivouacked, the scene was still more inspiring. The bugle call sounding the halt, the clanking of sabres, and the endless stream of horses, winding among the trees amid the deepening shadows, gave the whole an air of romance, and made it seem more like the creation of the imagination, than an actual, every-day scene. The breaking-up of camp in the morning, the roll of the drum, the echoing strains of the bugle, dying away in the dim solitude—the marshalling of the columns, the long lines of steel passing like an endless glittering stream among the trees, presented a new picture, as though some unseen hand had suddenly shifted the scenes.

Thus the great army swept on through cities, villages, and forests. "In the day time, the splendor, the toil, the desolation of the march; in the night time, the brilliancy, the music, the joy, and the slumber of the camp.

Memorable the music 'that mocked the noon' of November of the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, swelling out over the plains, and echoing through the leafy solitudes, and again, an old air stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out from throats of brass to the ears of soldiers in their blankets, and generals within their tents, these tunes hallowed the evenings to all that listened."

One of the most novel features of this march was the tattered, mongrel crowd of blacks that, despite Sherman's order, followed in its trail.

A river on either flank protected it, while the cavalry, no longer needed as a curtain, moved in advance and rear, as a guard. Thus, for over eighty miles, the army moved steadily down on Savannah. About ten miles from the city the left wing struck the Charleston railroad, and encountered the skirmishers of the army of Hardee, who was in command of the place.

The right wing also approached the outer line of the enemy's works. Sherman was now where he could hear the signal guns, in Ossabaw Sound, that for days had been firing, as had long before been agreed upon. Their heavy boom, ringing over Savannah and the neighboring forests, was full of mystery to the inhabitants, but they spoke a language well understood by Sherman. In the meantime, Colonel Duncan, on the 9th, started down the Ogeechee, and three days after stepped aboard of Dahlgren's flagship. Sherman had once more reached the outer world, where the news of what was going on could be received.

The army now closed gradually and steadily in upon the city; working its way day by day by hard fighting nearer and nearer to the coveted prize. The enemy had

opened the canals, and flooded the rice-fields below it, till a vast swamp met the eye on every side. Where a high road traversed these, it was swept by rebel artillery, but still the enthusiastic soldiers would see no insurmountable obstacles, and inch by inch, always advanced, and never receded.

But Sherman saw that he must have water communication with the fleet, to get up heavy guns, and yet there was no likelihood that Dahlgren could force his way up the Savannah river. He, therefore, determined to capture Fort McAllister, at the mouth of the Ogeechee, which enters the ocean but a few miles south of the Savannah. This fort was a very strong one, and had resisted two or three bombardments of our iron-clads; but the rebels, by a strange fatality, seemed to overlook the possibility of a land attack by Sherman, and had neglected to strengthen its garrison.

Sherman could not spare the time for a siege, and hence determined to carry it by assault. The gallant Hazen, with his division, was selected for the hazardous undertaking. Having marched fifteen miles during the day and night of the 12th, the latter was ready on the afternoon of the 13th for the desperate assault. On the roof of a rice mill, on the other side of the river, stood Sherman and Howard, and their respective staffs, with signal officers. To aid in the assault Dahlgren had been requested to send round a gunboat. The anxious chieftain now turned his eye toward the sea to catch the signals of the expected fleet, but nothing but a blue expanse met his gaze. Time passed with leaden footsteps, and he paced the roof nervously, exclaiming, "Hazen must carry the place by assault to-night." At length the smoke of the pipes was seen, and soon the answering signals were dis-

cerned. Turning toward Hazen's waiting battalions, he saw his signal flying, "I shall assault immediately." The gunboat was now steadily steaming forward, and in reply to the enquiry of Sherman, "Can you assist?" the captain answered, "Yes; what will you have us do?" The thunder of the enemy's guns in the fort was the answer, and then came the rattling of small arms. Hazen was on the march. Dashing on the double quick over a space nearly a third of a mile in breadth, swept by the rebel artillery, the resolute column reached a deep ditch with its bottom planted thick with sharp palisades. Wrenching these out of their deep beds by main force, a living hand taking the place of a dead one as fast as it dropped, they tore madly through, and breasting the awful fire that smote them, mounted with loud shouts the deadly ramparts. Sherman watched the onset through his glass with the deepest anxiety. "There they go grandly," he exclaims. A few seconds pass, and again he almost shouts, "See that flag in the advance, Howard! how steadily it moves—not a man falters. There they go still. Grand! grand!" Still he strains his eyes, and a moment after speaks without looking up, "That flag still goes forward; there is no flinching there." After a moment's pause he exclaims, "Look, it has halted. They waver—no, it's the parapet. There they go again—now they reach it—some are over. Look there—a flag on the works! Another! another! It's ours—the fort is ours!" The glass dropped by his side, his face lighted up with a sudden gleam, and turning to one of his aids, he said, "Captain, have a boat ready; I am going down to the fleet." Seizing a slip of paper, he wrote a despatch to the Government, closing with this assurance: "I regard Savannah as already gained."

The capture of Savannah was now a foregone conclusion. Being completely invested on every side but the eastern, its fall was only a question of time, and on the 16th, Sherman sent in a formal demand for its surrender. Hardee refused, and the former brought up more siege guns, and mounted them along his lines. In four days he was ready to open the bombardment. Hardee now saw that to attempt to hold the place would only subject the city to certain destruction, and inflict untold horrors on the inhabitants, and so on that night, under cover of the darkness, crossed his army to the Carolina shore on a pontoon bridge, and marched it rapidly off toward Charleston. The next morning, at daylight, Geary's pickets crept up to the silent works, and over them—meeting with no resistance—and soon after Geary himself received from the Mayor the formal surrender of the place.

Sherman sent the following terse despatch to the President:

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." It turned out that there were thirty-eight thousand bales. Three steamers were also captured, with locomotives, cars, &c., and eight hundred prisoners.

Thus ended another of the most wonderful campaigns on record. In leaving his real base at Nashville, and marching nearly three hundred miles into the enemy's country, dependent all the time on a single line of railway for supplies, he had exploded as before remarked, a received military maxim, and established in its place one of his own. Not content with this, he took another step forward in his bold innovations; he gave up a base alto-

gether and permanently, and flung his army into mid-air, to live as it could, until it reached another base on a distant ocean. For boldness and originality of design and masterly execution, this campaign stands alone in the history of modern warfare. The South was struck dumb at its success; all its prophecies had proved false, while the North was jubilant with delight and rang with his praises. He had not only got through safely, but he brought into Savannah not the wreck of a half starved, exhausted army, but one in a better condition, if possible, than when it started; the animals fresh and vigorous, and not a wagon lost. A thousand men would cover his entire loss in this long and wonderful march.

Superficial observers, dazzled by a great battle, do not appreciate the mental greatness that can devise and carry out two such campaigns as the one from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from the latter place to Savannah; but the military student will never cease wondering at their magnitude, originality and success. Grant had said that the Southern Confederacy was a shell; Sherman had proved it.


GREENSBORO
DURHAMS
NORTH
RALEIGH
GOLDSBORO
SALISBURY
CAROLINA
CHARLOTTE
FAYETTEVILLE
CHERAW
CAMDEN
WILMINGTON
COLUMBIA
FLORENCE
SOUTH
MANCHESTER
KINGSVILLE
ORANGEBURG
AUGUSTA
CAROLINA
BRANCHVILLE
LOUISVILLE
MILLEN
CHARLESTON
REFERENCE.
15TH CORPS
17. .
20. .
14. .
CAVALRY
HILTON HD.
SAVANNAH
FtMcALLISTER
CAMPAIGN
OF THE
CAROLINAS.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CAROLINAS.

SHERMAN PLANS HIS NORTHERN CAMPAIGN—STRENGTH AND DIVISION OF HIS ARMY—THE TRAINS—CONSTRUCTION TRAIN—THE LEFT WING THREATENS AUGUSTA—THE RIGHT CHARLESTON—RAIN STORMS—SALKAHATCHIE AS A LINE OF DEFENCE—SHERMAN'S PLAN TO SEPARATE THE FORCES AT CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL—THE RAILROAD BETWEEN THE TWO BROKEN UP—CAPTURE OF ORANGEBURG—BRANCHVILLE LEFT IN THE REAR—THE ARMY REACHES THE SALUDA—FALL OF COLUMBIA—IS SET ON FIRE BY THE REBELS—SHERMAN'S ACCOUNT OF—ANECDOTES OF SHERMAN—CHARLOTTE THREATENED AND BEAUREGARD BEWILDERED—FALL OF CHARLESTON—THE ARMY WHEELS ABOUT AND MARCHES ON FAYETTEVILLE—THE TWO WINGS MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME AT CHERAW—CAPTURE OF FAYETTEVILLE AND COMMUNICATION OPENED WITH TERRY AND SCHOFIELD—RALEIGH THREATENED—BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE—GOLDSBORO REACHED—THE CAMPAIGN VIRTUALLY ENDED—SHERMAN VISITS GRANT AND IS DIRECTED TO CO-OPERATE WITH HIM—HIS RETURN—NEWS OF THE FALL OF PETERSBURG—SHERMAN MARCHES ON RALEIGH—NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER—EXCITEMENT IN THE ARMY—INTERVIEW WITH JOHNSTON—THE ARMISTICE—CONDUCT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—VINDICATION OF SHERMAN—INJUSTICE AND CRUELTY OF THE ATTACKS ON HIM—HIS CHARACTER.

He now gave his army rest, preparatory to another movement which should equally astonish the world, and not only fill with amazement, but demolish the rebel government. What his first step would be no one knew; some insisting that his objective point would be Augusta, others Charleston. He might take ship and transport his army to the neighborhood of Richmond; or he might in his

lordly way march all the way up through the Confederacy, crushing the rebel cities and fortifications like eggshells beneath his feet as he advanced, until he caged Lee in Richmond.

The problem before him did not seem a simple one, and minds of the greatest forecast saw difficulties in his way they could not solve. But Sherman appeared to have no trouble about it. From the quiet, confident manner in which he formed his plans and marked down the route of his march, one would think there was but one road he could travel. He exhibits no hesitation or doubt; the complications that confuse others, he apparently does not see. This clear insight as to the right course to pursue, and the unhesitating, confident manner in which he adopts it, is one of the most extraordinary characteristics of the man. When joined with unvarying success, it is the distinctive, unerring mark of true genius.

Sherman remained not quite a month in Savannah, resting and reorganizing his army, and refitting it before starting on his third and final campaign. His force, of all arms, was about sixty-five thousand men, divided into four corps, with an army train consisting of four thousand five hundred vehicles of all kinds, which, if stretched out in a single line in marching order, would have extended forty-five miles. But it was divided into four parts, each moving by a separate road to avoid crowding and confusion. The distance to be traversed before the army should reach Goldsboro', was about five hundred miles. One of the most important divisions of the army on this march was to be the Construction Corps. Its labors had been great and invaluable from the time Sherman left Chattanooga; but, from the numerous broad rivers, and

miles and miles of swamp that crossed the line of march now before him, its work was to be herculean. Living on platform cars, wading to their necks in swamps and rivers, working by torch-light and day-light, heedless of cold or wet or pestiferous air, it was to make a highway from Savannah to Goldsboro', for this wonderful army. From the first, it had seemed to carry Aladdin's lamp, for at its approach bridges leaped across rivers, wrecked railroads rose into completeness, obstructed highways became clear, and all so suddenly, that the columns scarcely stopped marching. The people of the country wondered at its magical power. Once, in Georgia, a rebel was congratulating a planter on the destruction of a tunnel by Forrest. "Humph!" replied the latter, "Sherman has got a duplicate of it."

In organizing this campaign, Sherman had determined to move straight on Columbia, as his first objective point. But to reach it without severe battles, it was of vital importance that he should, at the outset, divide the rebel forces at Augusta from those at Charleston and its vicinity; for if they should be concentrated and make the rivers successive lines of defence, they would at least very much retard his progress and cut up his army. Hence, he determined, with Kilpatrick's cavalry and the left wing under Slocum, to threaten Augusta, while, with his right, under Howard, he threatened Branchville and Charleston. The former, therefore, moved off up the Savannah towards Augusta, while the right wing was taken to Beaufort, thence to the main land, where it began to march up the Charleston railroad. Augusta, with its arsenal, machine-shops, cotton, rolling stock, &c., was of vital importance to the rebels, while southern pride could not consent to give up Charleston. Had John-

ston been in command here instead of Beauregard, he would have doubtless caused Sherman a good deal of trouble. But the latter, though a superb engineer, was not an able commander, and made a fatal mistake at the outset. He should at once have abandoned both these places, and concentrated his entire force on the Salkahatchie. If Sherman had attempted to force it, he would have met with heavy loss. If he had outflanked him, Johnston still would have had a central position, and been able to strike his flank or assail him while crossing rivers with his heavy trains, still falling back so as to reach Columbia with his army first. But, trying to hold too much, he lost everything, and that without fighting a battle.

Though delayed a long time by heavy rains which made the Savannah three miles wide at Sister's Ferry, Slocum and Kilpatrick at length crossed over, and moved up towards Augusta. Being so formidably threatened, it not only retained its garrison, but strengthened it by that portion of Hood's army which, under Cheatam, had arrived.

Howard's movement on the right, kept the troops near Charleston and Branchville, at these places, till our armies quietly slipped in between the two forces, hopelessly separating them. Sherman had advised Grant that he intended, with one stride, to reach Goldsboro', and there open his communications with the seaboard by way of Newbern, whither Schofield had been sent to co-operate with him. Col. Wright, superintendent of military railroads, was also despatched thither, to put the railroad in order, so that there should be no delay in the movements of Schofield's army. Those who wish to follow the movements of the two wings and their separate corps, can consult Sherman's report, in the latter end of the book. We

shall confine ourselves to a general description of the movements.

The supplies for the right wing were completed at Pocotaligo, and those for the left at Sister's Ferry.

The floods, from the heavy rains of January, having subsided, Howard moved forward on the last day of the month, while Hatch's division remained at Pocotaligo, to keep up the appearance of marching on Charleston by the railroad bridge over the Salkahatchie, at that point. Howard's corps, as it moved up the river, found all the roads obstructed by trees felled in every direction across them, while the bridges over the minor streams were burned; but the pioneer battalion removed the one and rebuilt the other, before the rear had time to close up. Charleston lay to the eastward of the army, while Columbia was in a direct line north. A railroad runs from Charleston to Augusta, across the State, with Midway station half way between, and lying due south from Columbia. To this point the right wing now directed its course. The rebels held the Salkahatchie in force, but, as narrated in the sketch of Howard, the line of the enemy was broken here, and the river crossed with a loss to us of less than ninety men. The army then pushed on for the railroad, which they reached on the 7th, and commenced tearing up the track, thus effectually dividing the rebel forces at Charleston and Augusta. The left wing did the same, striking the road further up, toward Augusta, and also commenced the work of destruction. While the latter was thus employed, the right wing moved north on Orangeburg, leaving the astonished rebels on the demolished road at Branchville waiting its approach toward Charleston, directly in the rear. The Edisto here furnished the next best line of defence, after the Salka-

hatchie. But the rebel commander had so long thought of nothing and labored for nothing but Charleston, that he could not be persuaded that it was not the chief object of Sherman's desires, and so lay behind his fortifications at Branchville to protect it. Still, he had caused the bridge over the South Edisto to be burned, and stationed a force at the spot to oppose the passage of our army. Mower, with the advance division, as he approached the burned bridge was saluted with a heavy fire of artillery, which arrested his progress. Lower down, however, by wading to the armpits, and often swimming, the men succeeded in launching four pontoon boats into the water, and just as the moon was rising, the division was got across, which, pouncing upon the astonished rebels in flank, scattered them in confusion through the moonlit woods. Two days after, the north fork was reached. For fifteen miles along this river, the spread-out army made demonstrations at different points, so that the scattered enemy could do very little in opposing the passage, except by skirmishing. It is a peculiarity of Sherman, that he is almost always on the skirmish line, in front, where he can see personally what is going on.

The rebel force in Orangeburg now fled north to Columbia, and this place, with a population of three thousand, fell into our hands. A conflagration, however, was raging at the time, which the soldiers, under the orders of Howard and Sherman, labored hard to extinguish. The place was set on fire by a Jew, in revenge for fifty bales of cotton of his destroyed by the rebels. The negro pioneers here ran riot among the ornamented grounds of the wealthy citizens. Sherman says: "Blair was then ordered to destroy the railroad effectually up to Lewisville, and to push the enemy across the Congaree, and

force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th; and without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia." The left wing swept on in the same direction farther to the west. Over the Edisto—across swamps and streams—straight through the heart of the proud, rebellious State, the mighty columns moved with resistless power, till on the 16th, Howard drew up on the banks of the Saluda, in front of Columbia. An hour later the head of the advance column of the left wing appeared on the shore of the same stream, farther to the west, and the capital of South Carolina lay under our guns. The Mayor surrendered the city, and Sherman, in anticipation of it, says: "I made written orders to General Howard, touching the conduct of the troops. These were to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for our own use, as well as all railroads, depots, and machinery useful in war to an enemy, but to spare all colleges, dwellings, schools, asylums, and harmless private property. I was the first to cross the pontoon bridge, and in company with General Howard, rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. The brigade of Colonel Stone was already in the city, and properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were in the streets, and general good order prevailed. General Wade Hampton, who commanded the Confederate rear-guard of cavalry, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, had ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets, and fired, to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled everywhere, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in the trees and against houses, so as to

resemble a snow storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city, near the court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labors of our soldiers." It must be remembered that the army did not enter Columbia. The Fifteenth Corps alone marched through, and encamped beyond on the Camden road. The Seventeenth did not enter the place at all, while the entire left wing and cavalry did not come within two miles of the city. A single brigade was placed within it on duty. Sherman says: "Before a single public building had been fired by order, the wind had fanned the smouldering fire in the cotton bales into a flame, which extended to the houses, and soon after dark the city was wrapped in a fearful conflagration. Wood's division was now brought in to help subdue the flames, and the soldiers went to work with a will. I," says Sherman, "was up nearly all night, and saw Generals Howard, Logan, Wood, and others, laboring to save houses and families, thus suddenly deprived of shelter, and of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim, on the part of my army, any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved of Columbia what remains unconsumed." He acknowledges—what any one acquainted with armies would know must be inevitable—that, while the officers and men worked hard to extinguish the flames, "others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by me, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina." This is a matter of course, and could not be otherwise with any army, but an army of saints, and hardly then, we fear, unless the soldiers had more grace than ordinarily good men possess.

An incident occurred in one of the principal streets, characteristic of Sherman. He suddenly came upon some of our prisoners who, when the main body of them was removed to Charlotte managed to escape, and were hidden by the negroes. They now crawled forth from their hiding places, to greet the old flag, and sent up loud cheers for Sherman. The latter took each tattered, wan fellow by the hand, and shaking it warmly, bade him welcome back again to the arms of his brave old comrades. Here, or at Raleigh, another curious incident occurred. An inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, formerly from Massachusetts, came to him, requesting him to make out his papers. Sherman put him off with a vague promise, telling the poor lunatic to put his trust in God, who would take care of him. The latter looked up doubtingly, when Sherman kindly asked him if he did not believe in a Divine Providence, that had power to protect him. The old man hesitated a moment, then fixing an earnest look on him replied hesitatingly, "Why, yes, I believe in a sort of Divine *Providence*, but as to *power*, I think a man who has been tramping over the country whipping these cursed rebels, has more power than any body that I know of."

Having destroyed all the public buildings except the State capitol, and leaving enough provisions behind to sustain, for some time, the homeless population of the place, he moved his superb force north, followed by a vast horde of negroes and refugees.

The army being spread out as much as possible, in order to obtain forage, it moved over the fertile country like the locusts of Egypt. A garden was before them, a desert behind them. The inhabitants of this part of the State had seen but little of the Yankees, and the steady on-pouring columns, with their long trains, filled them

with unbounded astonishment, while the woods and fields far and near, rang with music it was thought would never be heard there. "John Brown's Soul is Marching on," "Rally round the Flag," interspersed on Sabbath days with "Old Hundred," and "Hail Columbia," filled the air with strange melody to these "sons of the chivalry."

Beauregard, as we have noticed, with his army and prisoners had retired to Charlotte, whither Cheatam was making his way from Augusta, to join him.

Wynnesboro, northwest from Columbia, was reached on the 21st of February—Kilpatrick's cavalry all this time well out on the left. It now seemed plain to Beauregard that Sherman would keep on north to Charlotte, and thence to Danville, and for aught he knew, strike through the rough country to Lynchburg. In fact, a general so apparently eccentric, and so totally bewildering in his movements, might take it in his head to go anywhere; hence he could think of no safer course than to draw in his forces, and concentrate them at Charlotte.

Heavy rains now began to set in, yet for two days Sherman kept on northwesterly toward Charlotte, the sun each morning rising over the right shoulders of the army. It seemed probable that he would persevere in this course, for the streams on this route were not so defensible as to the east; but on the 23d, the army suddenly swung on a grand right wheel, and turning its face to the rising sun, moved rapidly off toward Fayetteville. Through the pelting northeast storm, beating in their faces—over the rocky country, or floundering through swamps—wading or swimming rivers here, and spanning them with pontoons there, the army like a mighty athlete kept on its resistless way, regardless of storm and mud and swollen streams and foes alike. Bivouacking in the dripping pine

forests, or on the bleak hill side, seemed alike to these thrice hardened veterans. Once across the Catawba, Sherman struck for the Pedee at Cheraw. Nearly a hundred years ago those streams presented an effectual barrier to Cornwallis in pursuit of Greene, but now, though swollen and angry floods, they were no obstruction to this indomitable man, who seemed to heed the forces of nature no more than those of man.

In the mean time the news reached the army, that Charleston was evacuated, and our flag flying over the ruined ramparts of Fort Sumter.

The rebels made a stand at Cheraw, but were swept away like chaff by the tempest, leaving twenty-five cannon in Sherman's hands. Here the left and right wings met for the first time since leaving Savannah.

Now marching in the clear sunlight, and again breasting all day long a deluge of rain, the army toiled forward, and on the 12th of March reached Fayetteville. Here was an arsenal, and all the appliances for manufacturing war material for the enemy, which were soon a mass of ruins.

Previous to reaching the place, Sherman had despatched trusty scouts to Wilmington, ninety miles distant, to announce his near approach; and the same day that the heads of his columns appeared on the banks of Cape Fear River, the United States tug Davidson, arrived from Wilmington, bringing news from the outer world, and opening communication with Terry. Her advent was hailed with shouts by the soldiers.

After a few hours' delay, she was sent back with despatches from Sherman to Terry at Wilmington, and Schofield at Newbern, telling them that on the 15th, he should start for Goldsboro, and expected to be there in

about five days, and directing them to move straight for the same place, and join him there. The planting of these armies on the sea-board was a wise provision, for Sherman knew he would need them. By his masterly strategy and swift marching, he had up to this time managed to keep his army between the divided forces of the enemy, so that nowhere in his long march, had he found him strong enough to give battle. But this was now changed. He knew that Beauregard, at Charlotte, had been reinforced by Cheatam and the garrison at Augusta, and had had ample time to move round to Raleigh. Hardee, too, had evacuated Charleston in time to keep ahead of him, and was moving to the same point. It was easy for Johnston and Hoke in North Carolina also to effect a junction with these forces, swelling them to a formidable army. They being no longer divided, would meet him somewhere, he knew, in a desperate battle, which would decide the fate of the campaign.

On the 15th, he again put his army in motion, ascending the Cape Fear river with a portion of it, to make the rebels believe he was aiming at Raleigh. Goldsboro, the point he wished to reach, is not on this river, but on the Neuse, farther north, which empties into the sea at Newbern. Hardee, who had retreated from Fayetteville on Sherman's approach, the latter thought from the inspection of the map, would make a stand in a narrow swampy neck between Cape Fear and South rivers. His conjecture proved correct, for here Kilpatrick found him, and sent back for Slocum, who coming up fought the battle of Averysboro, defeating the rebels. Our loss was not over six hundred, while from the number of the rebel dead left on the field, that of the enemy must have been double.

The next day this portion of the army stopped its feint on Raleigh, and making a right wheel, moved off toward Bentonville, to the northeast, whither in a direct line, Howard was marching; "wallowing," as Sherman expressed it, "in the miry roads."

On the 18th, Slocum was five miles from the place, and Howard farther east, only a short distance off. The next day, Sherman, not dreaming that the enemy in any force was near, left Slocum, and rode across the country to see Howard. He had gone, however, only about six miles, when he heard the heavy roar of artillery behind him, in the direction of Slocum; but one of the latter's staff officers soon overtook him, saying, that it was merely an affair between Carlin's division and the rebel cavalry, and that the latter were being driven. Soon after, however, other officers arrived, telling him that Slocum had suddenly come upon the whole of Johnston's army. He immediately sent back word to Slocum to stand on the defensive until he could hurry up troops to his help. His staff were soon flying with the speed of wind over the country, one pushing for Blair's corps, others for the three divisions of the Fifteenth corps. While thus standing on the road and writing his orders, couriers came dashing up from both Schofield and Terry. Despatches were immediately sent back for them to push on toward Goldsboro. Another order directed Blair to make a night march to Falling Creek Church, and another to Howard, to move without his wagons at daylight on Bentonville. The gallant Slocum, however, had in the meantime deployed his line of battle, and in position received like a rock six successive assaults of the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee, and Cheatam, under Johnston. By next evening Howard was up, and the rebel

leader, behind his intrenchments, saw himself confronted by a line of battle it would be in vain to dash against. A portion of Howard's troops had marched twenty-five miles on empty stomachs. Some hard fighting for position now took place; but Sherman finally got everything as he wanted it. He did not wish at this point or juncture to make an assault or bring on a pitched battle, and so the rainy, gloomy day wore away in heavy skirmishing and severe fighting in different parts of the line. At night Johnston retreated.

The battle was emphatically Slocum's. He reported between twelve and thirteen hundred loss; Howard, on the right, four hundred; while the latter buried a hundred rebel dead, and took nearly thirteen hundred prisoners.

Goldsboro now lay at Sherman's feet. Directing the cavalry and Howard to remain that day on the field and bury the dead, he gave orders for all the armies to move the next day to the camps assigned them around Goldsboro. He himself rode back to Cox's Bridge to meet Terry, and the next day entered Goldsboro, where he found Schofield already arrived.

The point for which he started when he left Atlanta the autumn before, was at last reached, and the campaign virtually ended. And what a march it had been. A desolated tract of country, forty miles wide, and between two and three hundred miles long, across the State of Georgia; and then one equally wide and far more desolate, for nearly five hundred miles, to the heart of North Carolina, marked its line of progress. For two months he had been shut up in a hostile country.

Sherman now gave the army to the 10th of April to rest and refit, preparatory to the next move. Quartermaster-General Meigs came down, and in a fortnight

20,000 men were supplied with shoes, and 100,000 with clothing and everything necessary for another campaign. On all the slopes around Goldsboro, in the solemn pine forests and spreading fields, the tents of the army were pitched, and the toil-worn veterans took a long holiday.

In the meantime, Sherman turned over the army to Schofield, and went to City Point to meet Grant, where he also saw the President, who welcomed him with the greatest cordiality. Grant here informed him of his intended movement on Dinwiddie Court House, and directed him to co-operate with him in that direction. On the return of the latter to Goldsboro, he immediately, in accordance with this plan, issued his orders to move towards Weldon, and the line of the Roanoke. He was just ready to start, when the news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond reached him. As the glorious tidings passed through the camps, shout after shout went up, till the heavens rang again.

Of course this new aspect of affairs caused a change in Sherman's plans. Co-operation with Grant was now useless, and he at once turned his attention to Johnston. On the 10th, therefore, he took up his line of march for Smithfield, where the latter lay. As he advanced, the enemy retired towards Raleigh, destroying the bridges on the way. Sherman followed, and on the 13th received the news of Lee's surrender. It flew like wild-fire through the army, which went crazy with excitement. Cheer succeeded cheer, and shout followed shout. When tired with expressing their joy in this form, the soldiers began to yell, till pandemonium seemed broken loose. Sherman was almost as much excited as his brave troops, and in deep exultation exclaimed, "Glory to God and our glorious country."

The troops now moved forward with elastic tread, skirmishing as the columns advanced, with the enemy. But the boom of artillery that day, along the front, sounded to their ears more like the salvos of artillery on a Fourth of July morning, than the prelude to battle. That night the army rested within fourteen miles of Raleigh.

On the 14th, Sherman entered the place. Envoys had previously reached him from the city, which he sent back with assurances that the property of the citizens should be protected. Here he halted a short time, and then prepared to follow up Johnston. The latter, on the 15th, sent a letter to him, asking if some arrangement could not be made to prevent the further useless effusion of blood. Sherman replied that he was ready to listen to any terms, looking to a cessation of hostilities. Johnston then requested a personal interview, and the next day at noon, the two met upon the road; and, advancing, shook hands as cordially as though they were old friends meeting after a long separation, instead of enemies, who had for a year been seeking each other's destruction. They then adjourned to a neighboring farm-house for consultation, while their respective staffs fell into friendly conversation. Already had war begun to smooth his rugged brow. Johnston, dressed in a grey uniform, with a beard and moustache of snowy whiteness, presented a striking appearance. He asked for four days' cessation of hostilities, which Sherman refused to grant, and a meeting for the next day was fixed upon. They met at the same hour, attended by their splendidly mounted staffs, and courteously lifting their hats to each other, shook hands, and then dismounted and walked together to the farm-house. Breckenridge was present on this day, and terms of surrender

were offered, which embraced other than military matters, and Sherman, not feeling authorized to deal with them, consented to an armistice till they could be forwarded to Washington.

These the government refused to accept, and sent General Grant down to assume direction of affairs. He arrived on the 25th, and Johnston finally surrendered on the same terms that had been granted to Lee.

Sherman knew that an armistice of forty-eight hours, during which both armies were to remain in precisely the same position they then occupied, could make no possible change in the final result, and so did as thousands have done before him, consented to it, till the terms of the rebel General could be sent to Washington. It was a very simple, ordinary affair altogether, and would have scarcely excited a remark, but for the extraordinary silly fuss made over it by the Secretary of War.

The proper and dignified course would have been, not to have made the matter public at all, but quietly sent down a messenger, stating that the terms were inadmissible, and directing Sherman to resume hostilities. But instead of this, he gave to the public nine reasons why the terms could not be agreed to; the first of which was certainly a most remarkable one, viz., that Sherman knew as well as Johnston that he had no right to make them. It would puzzle a man to see how that was any reason at all. General Sherman's ignorance or knowledge had nothing to do with the propriety of the terms. The propositions rested solely on their own merits. Indeed there was no necessity for giving any reasons at all. It was only necessary to say they were rejected by the President, and to give in place of them, the terms that would be accorded. The first reason, therefore, is no

reason at all, and Stanton knew it. It was a charge against Sherman—an accusation that almost implied disloyalty. It seemed uttered on purpose to wound and humble him in the very hour of triumph. The whole document, as given to the public, looked as if it were intended to inflame the popular feeling against him. Under the excitement caused by the President's assassination, the public mind was unreasoning and wild, and jumped to the conclusion that Sherman had made a final settlement with Johnston disgraceful to the nation; when he had simply sent to Washington the propositions that had been offered. That he thought them proper or not is solely a personal matter. Halleck, in his dispatches to the different commanders in Sherman's department, directing them to pay no attention to the armistice, partook of the same spirit as that which characterized the document of the Secretary of War. The press took up the cry, till an impartial observer would have inferred that we had suddenly discovered one of our greatest Generals to be a traitor, and that, instead of ovations, arrest and imprisonment awaited him. All this was brought about by the indiscreet, undignified display of Mr. Stanton's ardent patriotism—a patriotism so intense and absorbing that it made him forget the high position he occupied. Not satisfied with this exhibition of his peculiar devotion to his country, he gave to the public a telegram, which he had formerly sent to Grant—implying that Sherman had seen it and, therefore, had instructions respecting the course he was expected to pursue.

The latter, in his straightforward way, says, "Now I was not in possession of it, and I have reason to know that Mr. Stanton knew that I was not in possession of it."

This is a very grave charge, but one that Mr. Stanton has not seen fit to meet.

We have not space to go fully into this disgraceful affair; but for the sake of those readers who wish to see a thorough vindication of General Sherman, we give the documents in full at the close of the volume.

Sherman felt deeply wounded by this unwarrantable attack upon him by the Secretary of War, backed up by the press, as well he might. Chase, in a manly spirit, took occasion at this particular crisis to contribute to the fund being raised to give Sherman a house, accompanying it with a generous note, in which he expressed his high admiration of his character and deeds.

This man, who for four long years had been perilling his life on the battle-field—lifting, by his genius and triumphs, his country to the highest pinnacle of military renown, and carrying it forward to the haven of peace, was assailed with a virulence that in after years will appear like a farce, except for the memory of the grief that it brought to a noble, loyal heart. True to his country's interests, he would not leave his post, even to follow the corpse of his favorite boy, that bore his own name, to his distant grave in Ohio, but, with breaking heart, saw it depart with his mother alone, then turned to his army with the order "forward." Toilsome days and sleepless nights had been pased, hardships untold endured, death in every shape encountered, yet he had pressed on over all obstacles, till his victorious banners attracted the gaze of the world, and brought hope and joy to his country; and just when his toils were ended, and the crushing care that for four years had weighed him down was lifting from his heart, and the smile of complete success was wreathing his countenance, he was assailed with the bitter-

ness of a deadly foe. How, then, must have come back to him the pregnant maxim, "*Republics are ungrateful.*" What a mournful echo there is in the words he uses when speaking of those "men who sleep in comfort and security while we watch on the distant lines." Aye, watching, sleeplessly watching "on the distant lines," only to be the more traduced by those whom no motive could induce to shoulder a musket.

But history will right this matter; and though Mr. Stanton, if he lives long enough, will be compelled, at some future day, to read over his whole record by a different light than that of the present, and to a different auditory, no part of it will be more difficult to get over than that which narrates his treatment of Sherman.

With the return of peace his army was ordered home. Scorning the proffered hospitalities of Halleck at Richmond, he marched sternly forward at the head of his columns.

As he rode in front of his veterans through the streets of Washington, the deafening hurrahs that greeted him showed that the heart of the people was right. Afterwards, all along his route to the West, the crowds and shouts that welcomed him, gave him the same pleasing assurance.

He is now in command of the military division of the Mississippi, with headquarters at St. Louis.

HIS CHARACTER.

In personal appearance, Sherman exhibits but few of the traits popularly ascribed to a hero, for he is, on the whole, a plain-looking man. Though nearly six feet in height, with a somewhat lean, though muscular frame,

his appearance has nothing commanding in it. He is a bundle of nerves, which make him quick in his movements, and very restless. His eyes, which are of a light brown, are restless as his body, and have a sharp, piercing expression. The firm manner in which his lips close indicates his firmness and decision of character. Careless of his personal appearance, he usually wears a dingy uniform—the coat never buttoned, and the vest only by the lower button. "Old Sam," his favorite horse, when he gives the order "forward" to battle, is a tremendous walker, and moves off into shot and shell as unconcernedly as his master. Like Grant, he is an inveterate smoker, but evidently does not enjoy a cigar like him. The former will smoke slowly, leaning back in his chair, his whole appearance indicating repose and perfect contentment. Sherman, on the contrary, smokes as though he were under obligations to finish his cigar as speedily as possible. The puffs come fast and furious, and shoot from his mouth as though he were firing off a pistol. Every few moments he snatches it from his lips, and brushes off the ashes, as if he wanted to see how near through with it he had got. He is abrupt and rapid in conversation, shingling his sentences one on to the other, and never scruples to interrupt one, though he does not like to be interrupted himself. In the field, he hates long stories, and cuts short a report the moment he gets the substance of it. He is perhaps too brusque in his manner to be pleasant, but it is not a fault of temper—it is a peculiarity always connected with a temperament like his. A nature which will never let a man keep still does not exhibit itself in rounded, graceful forms and curves. A man who, when he has nothing else to do, will beat a tattoo with his fingers on a chair or window, or whittle for

want of occupation, is always one of sharp angles. With him, as with all nervous men of great mental strength, danger acts apparently as a sedative. In a terrible crisis, or when riding along the edge of battle, his manner becomes toned down. In such moments, the nervous system gets wound up so tightly, that each nerve seems made of wire.

He has a constitution of iron, which neither cold nor rain, nor heat, nor miasma, seems to affect.

Ever on the alert, his first act when roused from repose by the distant sound of cannon and musketry, is usually to light a segar. If the firing increases, he mounts "Old Sam," and rides forward to the front, where, leaving his horse in the care of an orderly, he walks toward the spot where the volleys are heaviest.

But with all his abruptness and curtness of manner, Sherman is at times a very social man, and enters into a frolic with great zest.

His scorn of pretence, mock philanthropy, and assumed piety, and of all shams, is intense and unbounded. Straightforward, and without hypocrisy himself, he hates duplicity in others. He is naturally cautious and suspicious, for he finds few men open and undisguised as himself. He has a keen penetration of character, and quickly sounds the depth of those with whom he comes in contact. His heart is kind as it is great, and in talking with children, all the stern lines of his face disappear. He is a warm friend, but at the same time a good hater. His memory of persons and details is wonderful, and like Bonaparte, he knows everything that is going on in his army.

As a military man, Sherman has few equals in the world, and he possesses all the qualities that go to make

up a great commander. He has that peculiarity of Bonaparte which gave him such tremendous power; great rapidity of thought, and yet correctness of conclusion. His mind moves with the speed of lightning, and yet with the accuracy and steadiness of naked reason. So swiftly does he rush to conclusions, that many of his friends seem to think he arrives at them by intuition. He can decide quickly and correctly too. He unites two opposite natures in one, the careful, methodical man, with the quick and impetuous one. This power of thinking quickly and correctly too, is a tremendous one. It allows the possessor of it to be executing plans, while his enemy is forming them.

To a courage that no danger can daunt, and an energy that nothing can tire, and a perseverance that will not admit of defeat, there is added in him a profound strategic skill. His power of combination is wonderful. He can embrace vast fields and almost innumerable contingencies in his plans, and yet reduce the latter to a simplicity that makes one forget the power which was required to do it.

He alone, of all our generals, has cut loose from some of the established rules of military science, and yet succeeded. Operating with a large army successfully, a hundred miles or more from its base, has been regarded an impossibility. Yet he did this in his Atlanta campaign. Cutting entirely loose from any base, and swinging off into open air and becoming an independent machine, fighting, foraging and marching all the time in an enemy's country, has been regarded still more impossible. Yet he did that in his Georgia and Carolina campaigns; nearly two months at a time swallowed up in a hostile country, and yet at the end emerging into view with men and

animals in a better condition than when he started. These campaigns, like the first Napoleon's in Italy, will furnish a new study for the military scholar for a century to come. Sherman also handles a great army with wonderful facility. Still, like Grant, he has grown to his present stature. Both at Pittsburg Landing, were very different men from what they are now. Sherman, however, has true genius, though not of that peculiar kind which enables a man to mount with a single stride to the highest position, and fill it. The world furnishes but few such. The only difference between common and great men, is, that the latter can grow to any responsibility or requirement of life, and the former cannot. One rises with events, the other sinks under them; one controls them, the other is mastered by them.

Some call him ambitious, such natures always are; but Sherman's ambition can never override his patriotism or love of right and truth. His love of country is intense, while many of his letters and expressed views show that he could serve it just as ably in a civil as in a military capacity.

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON.

HIS WORTH AT FIRST NOT APPRECIATED—HIS BIRTH—ENTERS WEST POINT—GRADUATES AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS AND APPOINTED ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING—TRANSFERRED TO NEW YORK HARBOR—CHARGED WITH THE CONSTRUCTION OF FORT DELAWARE—SENT TO SUPERINTEND THE FORTIFICATIONS BEING ERECTED IN THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO—ORDERED HOME AND SENT TO BOSTON HARBOR—ERRONEOUS VIEWS—PLACED ON THE STAFF OF HALLECK—HIS PROMOTION—SENT TO AID ROSECRANS—A SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION FROM LA GRANGE—UNDER GRANT IN NORTHERN MISSISSIPPI—COMMANDS THE SEVENTEENTH CORPS IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST VICKSBURG—HIS GALLANT CONDUCT—CAPTURE OF JACKSON—CHAMPION HILLS—ASSAULT OF VICKSBURG—THE SURRENDER—PLACED OVER THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—DEFERS HIS MARRIAGE—HIS SERVICES IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—TERRIBLE FIGHT BEFORE ATLANTA—HIS DEATH—GRANT'S LETTER TO HIS GRANDMOTHER—HIS CHARACTER.

THERE is no officer in this war who has risen to the first rank of generals so quietly and unostentatiously as McPherson. The country hardly knew of him until it discovered that he stood next to the hearts of both Grant and Sherman. And what is more singular, the South knew of his military worth before the North. He had hardly been heard of when the Southern papers attributed Grant's wonderful campaign against Vicksburg to his genius alone. With no correspondents to write up his deeds, he rose to renown in the army before he had any reputation among the people; great there before the out-

side world knew of him. No politician pushed his claims to preferment—no powerful friends at court paraded his great qualities, in order to obtain for him an important command, and no sudden brilliant success lifted him into governmental favor. By silent merit alone he steadily, unobtrusively climbed the ladder of fame, till a major-general's stars graced his shoulders. Over six feet high, erect and noble, he was every inch a soldier, and each step in his upward career was planted on solid worth, which was not fully appreciated until he had passed away forever.

Of Scotch descent, James Birdseye McPherson was born in Sandusky Co., Ohio, on the 14th of November, 1828. But little is known of his childhood, which seemed to give no striking indications of his after greatness. Of a military turn of mind, he yet did not succeed in getting into West Point until he reached the last year of age, that they are permitted to enter, viz., twenty-one. In the Military Academy, however, his great qualities at once became apparent. In the fourth class of 1850 he stood second, and in the second class of 1852, first, and the next year graduated at the head of his class. This was a high honor, showing a scholarship that the authorities could not well overlook, and McPherson was breveted second lieutenant of Engineers, and at once appointed Assistant Instructor of Practical Engineering, at the Academy, "a compliment never before, nor since, awarded to so young an officer." He remained in this position for one year, and then was made Assistant Engineer on the defences of New York harbor, and in the improvements of the Hudson river, below Albany. He continued to be engaged in this work until the winter of 1857, and is still remembered by many of the citizens in

and near Albany for his unostentatious bearing and kindness of heart. In 1855 he was made full second lieutenant.

From the Hudson he was transferred to the Delaware river, charged with the construction of Fort Delaware, where he remained till July of that year. He was then despatched to California to superintend the erection of the fortifications on Alcatras Island, in San Francisco bay, and was also connected with the survey of the Pacific coast. The next winter, in December, 1858, he was made first lieutenant.

He remained in California several years, and was still on duty there when the war broke out. His great ability as an engineer seemed to obscure his other military qualities, or rather it might be said that at the outset of the war the Government seemed to think we should not need engineers. The country thought so too, and General Scott was ridiculed for throwing up such elaborate defences in front of Washington. Mathematical science was certainly at a great discount, and the spade voted by common consent an instrument fit only for less enlightened times. West Point education was considered anything but a recommendation, and the war was going to demonstrate it to be an institution of the past—a sort of red tape affair that would be effectually exploded.

It is not to be wondered at, that in such a state of public feeling, a man like McPherson should be overlooked, while many a lawyer, and merchant, and schoolmaster, were honored with shoulder straps.

Instead, therefore, of being ordered home to assume a high position in the army assembling at Washington, he was sent to Boston harbor to take charge of its fortifications. He indeed received a slight promotion, being

made this month junior captain of his company. But when Halleck took charge of the Western Department, McPherson was chosen his aid-de-camp, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. By what lucky circumstance this was brought about, we are not informed, but certain it is, General Halleck, unknown to himself, had on his staff one greater than himself. McPherson, however, saw but little field service, being chiefly engaged on engineer duty in Missouri, till the beginning of 1862. But when Grant began his movements on Forts Henry and Donelson, he was made chief engineer. For his services in these expeditions, he was nominated brevet-major of engineers, remaining with Grant till after the battle of Pittsburg Landing. In this action he was on the staff, and for the services he rendered received honorable mention, and was nominated for brevet lieutenant-colonel of engineers. Thus it is seen his promotion was very slow, and won by hard work. The next May he was elevated to the grade of colonel on the staff.

While Halleck was making his slow methodical approaches against Corinth, McPherson superintended the engineering department. Though in carrying out the plans of his commander he exhibited great skill, and made every step the former took safe and firm, had he been in chief command, he would have done less engineering and more fighting. He was now made brigadier-general of volunteers. Once fairly in the field, his great qualities became so apparent to his immediate commanders, that the higher he rose in rank, the more useful he was to them; and hence they urged his promotion, which now went on rapidly. On Halleck's call to the chief command of all our armies, Grant took his place in the West, and made McPherson superintendent of all the United

States military railroads in the Department of West Tennessee. When the former moved on Iuka in conjunction with Rosecrans, the latter served on his staff. Shortly after, Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, suddenly concentrated their forces against Corinth, designing to cut off the army from its supplies by railroad. Rosecrans commanded here, and was greatly outnumbered by the enemy. Grant, alarmed for his safety, ordered McPherson to take a division and hasten to his relief. The former moved rapidly forward in a forced march, and as he approached the place, the heavy thunder of artillery, breaking over the woods, announcing the danger of the garrison, quickened his steps, and "forward, forward," rang along his swiftly marching columns. Before he reached Corinth, however, the fleeing fugitives told him that Rosecrans had repulsed the enemy; and forcing his way through the disordered lines, he marched with one brigade into the place. Rosecrans, who had ridden all along his victorious lines in the flush of victory, found him, as he wheeled back into Corinth, with his brigade drawn up in the public square. He immediately ordered him to take the advance, and follow up the retreating enemy. He did so, and pushing over the broken country, day after day hung like an avenging angel on the rear of the rebel army, till shattered and broken, it fled in disjointed fragments in every direction.

He was now made major-general of volunteers, to date from October 8th. Though young, being but thirty-three years of age, he had shown a discretion and skill that marked him for high command, and from this time his movements began to arrest the public eye. With his headquarters at Bolivar, he at once commenced to reorganize his command, and place it in advantageous positions

about the place. Price, recovering from his terrible punishment at Corinth, began now to reassemble his forces at different points, and Grant, informed of it, directed McPherson to occupy Lagrange. This was in November, and he moved on the place so secretly and rapidly, that the heads of his columns as they entered it saw the rebel cavalry which had been occupying it dashing pell-mell over the fields and along the roads, in the wildest dismay. He established his headquarters here, and the same day Grant arrived.

On the 11th, the latter ordered him to get in readiness a division of infantry, and a respectable cavalry force, as he wanted him to go on a reconnoissance of great importance and peculiar danger. McPherson was ready next morning, and moving off to the southward, by noon had marched eight miles, reaching the vicinity of Lamar, a small village, within a mile of which the cavalry engaged the enemy. Hearing the firing he spurred to the front, and rapidly surveying the field, deployed his column, and soon began to press the main line of the rebel army. Though greatly outnumbered, he, by the position he selected, held the enemy at bay, while he sent his cavalry in a wide detour to the left, with directions to get completely in the rebel rear before making an attack. In the meantime, he maintained the battle in front. The movement of the cavalry was successful, and soon their bugles rang out far in the rear, followed by the shout of the charging squadrons. Alarmed at this sudden apparition in their rear, the enemy rushed forward in confusion into a cotton field, when McPherson fell suddenly on their flank, and in an impetuous charge, crumbled their entire line to pieces. The dismayed rebels turned and fled to Holly Springs, carrying to the army there the startling report

that Grant's whole army was upon them. Directing the infantry to advance slowly and cautiously, McPherson put himself at the head of the cavalry, and pressed forward after the broken columns. He kept on till he came within a few miles of the rebel camp, when he drew up on an eminence, and taking out his field-glass, leisurely surveyed the hostile force, now forming in order of battle under the impression that Grant with his whole army was advancing to the attack. After having ascertained all that he was sent to find out, he quietly countermarched, and returned to Lagrange.

In this important enterprise he had been left to his own judgment entirely, as to the best mode of carrying out the object sought to be secured, and the result showed that the trust was well reposed.

This was his first battle, in which he had chief command, and the skill with which he handled his troops, and selected his positions and mode of attack, and the vigor with which he pressed his success, stamped him at once as a leader of uncommon ability. There was a decision and promptness in all his movements that showed a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a perfect comprehension of the difficulties and capabilities of a field of action.

In the combined movement of Grant and Sherman against Vicksburg that followed, McPherson held an important command. While Sherman moved down the Mississippi from Memphis, Grant, as it is known, struck inland into Northern Mississippi, designing to capture Jackson, forty-five miles back from the place, and thus keep reinforcements from being thrown into it, to repel Sherman's attack. McPherson was given command of the right wing, which had the advance in the march.

The shameful surrender of Holly Springs put a sudden stop to Grant's movement, and he wheeled about and retraced his steps, leaving Sherman to dash in vain against the strong works of Vicksburg.

This countermarch took place in December, amid torrents of rain, which made the fields and roads quagmires, while the enemy continually harassed the rear, and hung threateningly along our flanks. As McPherson was given the post of danger in the advance, so now it was assigned him in the retreat—he being made commander of the rear guard. Over the soft and flooded fields, and along the almost bottomless roads, the army slowly moved, the soldiers, angry and muttering at the cowardice of the commander of Holly Springs, which caused this long and useless march in midwinter, on half rations, and by many of them without shoes. McPherson, however, kept up a cheerful countenance, hardly leaving the saddle night or day, and by his example of patient endurance, allayed the ferment of the men, and quieted their murmurs. While cursing others, the soldiers lavished unbounded praise on their brave young commander, and soon learned to love him with supreme devotion.

Grant now commenced that series of movements which finally resulted in the capture of Vicksburg. In the outset, he divided his army into four corps, one of which, the Seventeenth, was given to McPherson, and under him acquired a renown that will live for ever in history.

When he finally crossed the Mississippi below Grand Gulf, and began his march inland, McPherson was his right-hand man. He took part in the battle of Port Gibson, and bridging Bayou Pierre, pressed rapidly after the retreating enemy, whom he overtook at Raymond,

posted in a strong position. Knowing, as well as his leader, that swift victories alone could save the army, he did not wait for strategic movements, but in one headlong charge broke the rebel line into fragments, losing over four hundred in the onset. Gathering up his dead and wounded he kept on towards Jackson, marching on the 14th twelve miles through a blinding, pitiless storm. At ten o'clock he drew up his drenched army before the formidable breastworks of the enemy, who were not only strongly protected, but also out-numbered him heavily. The storm now broke and the spring sun shone forth in all its splendor, making the rain drops on the trees and meadows shine like jewels. Awakened by the freshness and beauty, the birds came out and filled the air with their gay carols, a rainbow spanned the heavens, and all combined to make it a scene of transcendent loveliness. Amid this peaceful splendor, McPherson drew up his fifteen thousand bayonets, and riding along the glittering line on his splendid black charger, aroused the enthusiasm of his men by a stirring appeal. As soon as the artillery had got into position and thoroughly searched the hostile works, he ordered a charge. At first, slowly and with measured steps, as though on a dress parade, the column moved over the field, closing up, calmly, the ugly rents made by the rebel artillery, and kept sternly on without returning a shot till within thirty yards of the works, when a sudden flash leaped from the line, followed by a cheer that shook the field, and then, with one bound, they scaled the ramparts and poured like a resistless flood through the hostile camp, scattering every thing from their path, and chasing the flying foe into and through Jackson in confusion.

The next day he wheeled about, and led his weary

troops back towards Vicksburg, and to new victory at Champion Hill. His losses had been heavy, and the endurance of his troops tested to the utmost; yet nothing could dampen their courage, and on the 18th he planted his flag before the rebel city. He joined in the assaults of the 19th and 22d, which succeeded only in proving the impregnability of the works. In the long siege which followed, his corps occupied the centre. His engineering skill now had full scope, and under his practised eye, the army worked its slow, sure way towards the city. Great in the field, he was, if possible, still greater in the trenches. In less than two weeks his batteries and sharp-shooters had almost silenced the guns in his immediate front. On the 25th of June he sprung a mine under one of the most important forts of the enemy, and got partial possession of it. It was plain that he would soon dig his way into the stronghold.

The interview between Grant and Pemberton, just previous to the surrender, took place in front of his lines, and he was one of the two that the former selected to be present at the conference. On the 4th of July he led his victorious columns into the conquered city, over which he was placed in command.

Grant now recommended him for promotion in the regular army, in the following strong language: "He has been with me in every battle since the commencement of the rebellion, except Belmont. At Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth, as a staff officer and engineer, his services were conspicuous and highly meritorious. At the second battle of Corinth, his skill as a soldier was displayed in successfully carrying reinforcements to the besieged garrison, when the enemy was between him and the point to be reached. In the

advance through Central Mississippi, General McPherson commanded one wing of the army with all the ability possible to show, he having the lead in the advance and the rear in retiring.

"In the campaign and siege terminating with the fall of Vicksburg, General McPherson has filled a conspicuous part. At the battle of Port Gibson it was under his direction that the enemy was driven late in the afternoon from a position that they had succeeded in holding all day against an obstinate attack. His corps, the advance always under his immediate eye, were the pioneers in the movements from Port Gibson to Hankinson's Ferry. From the north fork of the Bayou Pierre to Black river it was a constant skirmish, the whole skilfully managed. The enemy was so closely pursued as to be unable to destroy their bridge of boats after them. From Hankinson's Ferry to Jackson, the Seventeenth Army Corps marched roads not travelled by other troops, fighting the entire battle of Raymond alone, and the bulk of Johnston's army was fought by this corps, entirely under the management of General McPherson. At Champion's Hill the Seventeenth Corps and General McPherson were conspicuous. All that could be termed a battle there was fought by the divisions of General McPherson's Corps and General Hovey's division of the Thirteenth Corps. In the assault of the 22d of May, on the fortifications of Vicksburg, and during the entire siege, General McPherson and his command took unfading laurels. He is one of the ablest engineers and most skilful generals. I would respectfully but urgently recommend his promotion to the position of brigadier-general in the regular army." We venture to say a warmer endorsement of a subordinate by a superior was never made than this. It

shows conclusively, that what of McPherson's services reached the public ear, was but the smallest fraction of that which he performed. It certainly would have been strange, if after such an unqualified eulogium and urgent recommendation of the victor of Vicksburg, Congress had refused to confirm the nomination cheerfully made by the President. It did not, and in December he was made brigadier-general in the regular army, his commission to date back to the first of August. His gallant corps also voted him a medal of honor.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, and while in command of the place, McPherson made a dash, in person, on the guerillas that were infesting the neighborhood, scattering them in every direction.

The limits of his military jurisdiction were now enlarged, reaching from Helena, Arkansas, to the mouth of the Red River. He remained with his headquarters at Vicksburg till February, 1864, when he took the field, and bore the brunt of Sherman's great raid to Meridian.

When Grant was made General-in-Chief, and Sherman took his place as commander of the department of the Mississippi, the army of the Tennessee was left without a head, and McPherson was at once placed over it. He now had the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Corps added to his noble Seventeenth.

Being engaged to be married to a young lady in Baltimore, he was about taking leave of absence to consummate the union, when he received this appointment. At the same time, the great Atlanta campaign was being organized, in which the Army of the Tennessee was expected to bear a conspicuous part. With that self-sacrifice which so distinguished him, he postponed the marriage till it was completed. Alas, he was destined never again to see

the idol of his heart! Like the mother of Sisera, she would exclaim, "Why stays his chariot, why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?"

McPherson at once began to put his army in condition for the perilous campaign before it. His scattered forces were called in and organized at Huntsville, Alabama, and by the 1st of May he was ready to march.

When Sherman finally confronted Johnston in his impregnable position in the Chattanooga mountains, and saw that he must turn it, McPherson was chosen to carry out his plan. Throwing his army beyond the mountains by Snake Creek Gap, the latter suddenly appeared near the railroad at Resaca, in the rebel rear. Had that army been a little stronger in numbers, he could have at once severed the enemy's communications, and forced Johnston here at the outset into an open, decisive battle, which would have virtually ended the campaign. Some blamed him for too much caution, asserting that a bold and sudden stroke would have secured the road, and cut off the rebel retreat. But want of promptness and daring was not one of McPherson's faults. Whatever hesitancy he showed, one may be assured was not only proper, but that an opposite course would have been criminal. He had made a difficult, circuitous march of thirty or forty miles, hoping to carry Resaca by surprise, as Sherman trusted he would; and then, if heavily pressed, fall back to a strong, defensive point, ready to dash on the enemy's flank the moment he attempted to retreat. But the crafty Johnston had guarded against this disaster, and McPherson, when he arrived near the place saw that it was too strong to be carried by assault, and that the rapid concentration of troops there would certainly overwhelm him, and he fell back to Snake Creek Gap, and reported

to Sherman the condition of things, who immediately sent Hooker's corps to his support.

McPherson now feeling that he had sufficient force to assume the offensive, stormed and carried the enemy's works. Stung by this defeat, Johnston threw himself with desperate fury upon him, determined to regain the lost position. But his efforts were in vain, and he finally fell back, leaving the ground in front of McPherson dark with the slain.

The army now moved on, McPherson holding the right, and occupied Kinston May 18th; and still pushing forward, at length came upon the enemy turned at bay in the Kenesaw Mountains. Here Johnston attacked him with a heavy force, but after a most sanguinary struggle, was repulsed at all points, with a loss of twenty-five hundred men.

When Sherman, finding that he could not force the strong position of Kenesaw Mountain, resorted to his old flanking process, he sent McPherson around to the right, to the Chattahoochee River. Johnston at once abandoned his impregnable position, and fell back to Atlanta. McPherson was now transferred from the right to the left, with directions to seize and break up the railroad near Decatur, that lay several miles east of Atlanta, and thus cut off the direct communication between Lee's army at Richmond, and Johnston's, now commanded by Hood.

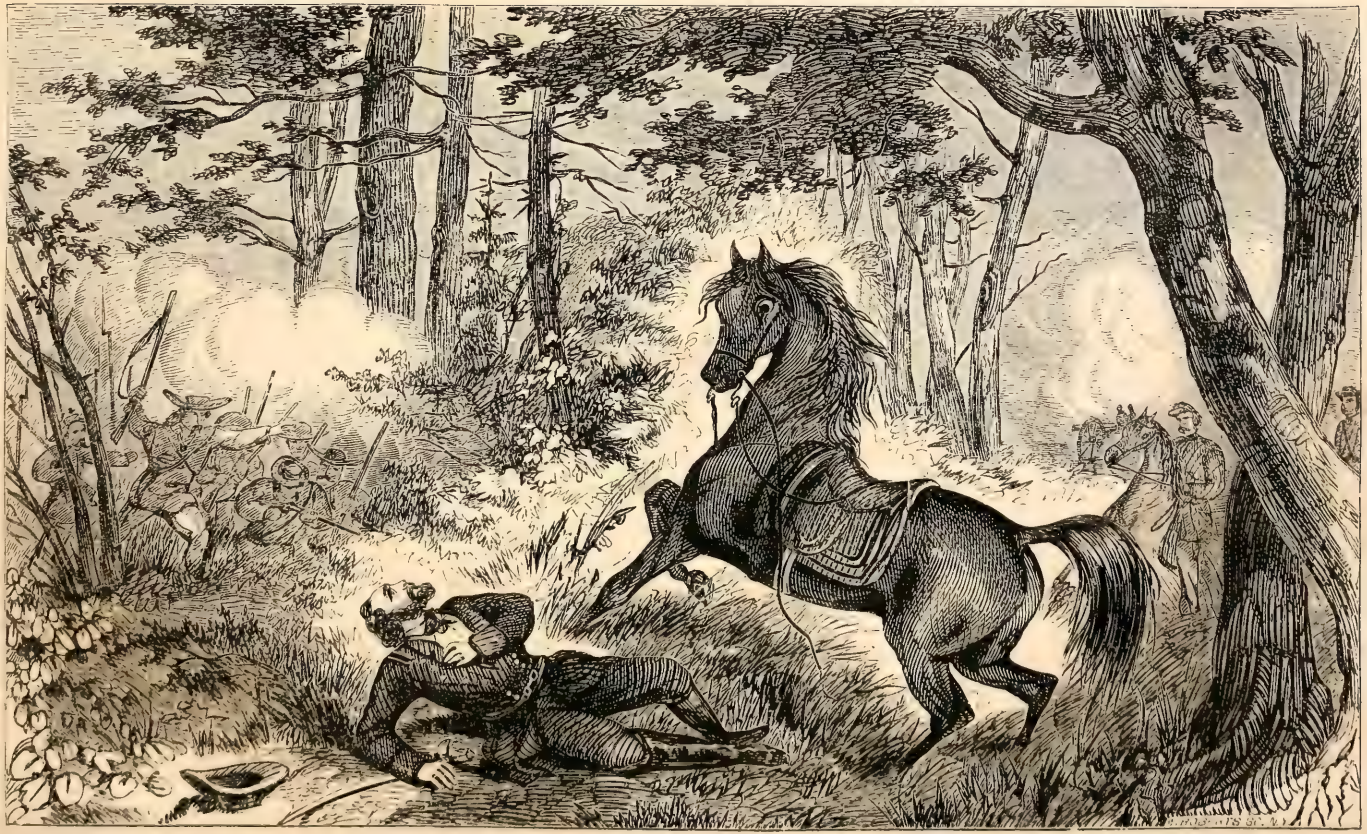
M PHERSON'S DEATH.

While Thomas, on the 20th, near Peach Tree Creek, directly in front of the enemy's works, was assaulted with desperate fury by Hood, and narrowly escaped

serious disaster, McPherson was moving down from Decatur eastward, to close around the doomed city from that quarter. Hood, having failed to break through Thomas's lines, now determined to repeat the experiment on McPherson, and so the next day but one, gathered up his shattered battalions to attack him. Leaving only sufficient force in the intrenchments to man them, he massed his entire army on our left, resolved by mere weight and suddenness of onset to break through our lines, which were at this terrible juncture in the process of formation. The assault was made with their accustomed desperation, and at first a part of the army gave way, and for a time it seemed as if the enemy would get in McPherson's rear and finish the battle with a blow. The onset was one of the most determined that had been made during the war, and it was evident that Hood was making a last great effort to burst the coils that were slowly tightening around him. The crowding battalions swept up to the very muzzles of the guns, and at times the standards of the contending hosts seemed commingled, so close and deadly was the embrace. The crash of cannon and roar of musketry were incessant and deafening, and the slaughter of the enemy frightful. Bent on success, the rebels, reckless of life, were hurled back but to return with greater fury to the attack. Their lines seemed made of steel, and bent backward only to spring with greater force to their place. McPherson's black steed flitted like a phantom through the smoke of the batteries, the tall form that bestrode it towering unhurt amid the devouring fire that steadily engulfed the devoted ranks. With the chivalric feeling of a knight of old, he was always to be found at the point of greatest danger, steadying the wavering, and filling all with his own high, enthusiastic spirit. Eloquent

only on the battle-field, and always so there, his words rang like a bugle-blast, and his brave battalions closed round him in a wall of iron. Thus the battle raged till noon, when there came a lull in the contest, and the enemy fell back to gather for a new and more determined attack on some other point. At this time the Sixteenth Corps stood perpendicular to the main line of battle, and facing to the left, so as to cover the trains which the enemy, by swinging round the extremity of the line, might reach. Between it and the Seventeenth Corps there was a slight gap which had existed during the whole of the fight. This had caused McPherson considerable uneasiness; but under the fierce onsets of the enemy he could do nothing more than hold his own. But now he determined to close this, for he knew the enemy's next attack would be at that vulnerable point; and should he break through, nothing could save him from defeat. This gap consisted of a piece of wood, through which there ran but a single country road; the only direct way by which he could reach the left of the Seventeenth Corps, and give the necessary directions to meet the approaching attack. He could have got to the desired spot by going to the rear and making a wide circuit, but this would have taken him over a broken country, and across ravines and streams, and impeded and delayed his movements. Time was precious, for he did not know how soon the attack would be made. He had ridden over this road at ten o'clock, and soldiers had passed and repassed along it all the forenoon. Hence it was not supposed that the enemy had as yet tried to occupy it, and McPherson took it without hesitation.

Before he entered the wood, however, he stopped, and looked over the ground carefully, as if he had a pre-



DEATH OF GENERAL J. B McPHERSON.

monition that danger lurked in its leafy arcades. But dismissing his apprehensions, if he had any, he sent the only officer remaining with him (all the rest being off with despatches) back to General Logan, with orders to send a brigade and close up the gap at once, and hasten forward to join him on the other side of the wood at Smith's headquarters. Then, accompanied by only one orderly, he dashed the spurs into his black steed, which had carried him safely through every battle since Shiloh, and which seemed like his master to love "the confused noise of battle and the shouting of the captains," and disappeared in the green foliage of the forest. But the rebels had already advanced their skirmish line into the woods, and now held a part of the road. Suddenly confronting him, as he galloped forward, they ordered him to surrender. He had not discovered them till that moment, and was so near that half a dozen more bounds of his horse would have brought him into their very midst. Startled at the sudden apparition, he threw the animal back on his haunches with a sudden pull. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, he gallantly raised his cap, and made a graceful salutation. At the same moment he reined his steed quickly to the right, and sending the spurs home, with a bound dashed into the woods. A volley followed him, and, pierced by several balls, he reeled from his saddle and fell. The rebels rushed after, and though they found him still breathing, rifled his pockets, taking his watch and private papers, and also his sword, belt and field-glass.* Then, apparently fearing an attack, they retired. Some of our men, soon after, passing down the road, saw the black steed, as well

* These, all but the watch, were recovered from prisoners.

known by the troops as his master, come limping out of the wood, riderless and wounded in two places—one bullet hole through the saddle-cloth. The sight of the mute beast told better than words, the fate of his brave master. His body was immediately searched for, and among others, by a wounded private named George Reynolds, who, forgetful of his own suffering, thought only of his beloved commander. He found him not fifty yards from the road, showing that the horse had made but a few leaps before McPherson fell. The noble form lay stretched under the green leaves, still breathing. George, with his heart bursting with grief, bent over him, and asked him if he would have a drink of water. Receiving no answer, he again enquired if anything could be done for him. Whether his spirit was so far gone toward that land where the tread of armies is never heard, and the sound of battle never comes, that he could not hear the last words addressed to him on earth, or hearing, could not answer, will never be known. His feet had already entered the waters of "that dark ocean on which we are all to embark so soon," and in a few minutes he ceased to breathe. George, with another private, then came down the road, and meeting some officers, told them they had just left the body of McPherson. An ambulance was at once secured, and the body brought away. "Noble George Reynolds," states an officer, "not enough can be said in praise of young Reynolds. He was severely wounded through the left arm; and although weak and faint from loss of blood, remained with the general till he died, and did everything in his power to comfort him, and refused to have his wounds dressed until his remains had been secured and carried to Sherman's headquarters." When the latter beheld the noble form he loved so well

stretched stiff in death before him, even his stern heart gave way, and the eye that had gazed so often unmoved on scenes of carnage and blood, overflowed in tears, and like Napoleon over the dying Lannes and the dead Duroc, he gave way to the deepest sorrow. When the news reached Grant, he exclaimed: "*The country has lost one of its best soldiers, and I have lost my best friend,*" and burst into tears. What a touching tribute to the unconscious hero was the grief of these two great chieftains.

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest."

His death carried grief to thousands of hearts; but in one it crushed out the very life—the lady, in Baltimore, whom he was about to claim as a bride, at the time he received the news of his appointment to the command of Sherman's former army, but postponed it to prepare for the great campaign at the close of which he fell.

McPherson's death was soon known throughout his army, awakening, first, bitter grief, and then the keenest thirst for vengeance. And when the enemy came on again that afternoon, "McPherson and revenge," resounding from right to left of the eager line, was the fearful slogan with which they charged on the foe. Thousands went down before it, and at night-fall the dripping ensanguined earth bore mute testimony to the terrible vengeance his devoted followers had taken on his slayers.

The grandmother of McPherson, aged eighty-seven, hearing that Grant retired to his tent and wept, when he received the tidings of McPherson's death, wrote him an interesting letter, and, among other things, said, "I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a

kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening, in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers, and an only sister, and his aged grandmother, who is now trying to write. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit, and his remains are resting in the silent grave, scarce half a mile from the place of his birth." She closes by saying, "I pray that the God of battles may be with you, and go forth with your arms, till rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over our entire land.

"With much respect, I remain your friend,

"LYDIA SLOCUM,

"Aged 87 years and 4 months."

To this Grant sent the following reply, exhibiting not only a beautiful phase of his own character, but showing his high appreciation of that of McPherson:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
CITY POINT, VA., *Aug.* 10, 1864.

Mrs. Lydia Slocum:

MY DEAR MADAM: Your very welcome letter of the 3d instant has reached me. I am glad to know that the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship existing between him and myself. A nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed, for some time, one of my military family. I knew him well; to know him was to love. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequalled ability, his amiability, and all the manly virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavement is great, but cannot exceed mine.

Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

In personal appearance McPherson was very commanding. Over six feet high, with a noble forehead, and

an eye clear and open as the day, he seemed made for a knight of the olden time. He was a splendid rider, and amid the smoke and carnage of battle both he and his black steed seemed to be inspired. Wherever regiments were wavering, the presence of that horse and rider arrested at once the disorder, and the shaking line became compact and steady as granite. He never lost a battle. A braver man never drew sword, if bravery can be predicated of one, who by nature seemed totally unconscious of fear. If he had any fault, it was the too reckless exposure of his person. His life was too valuable to be risked as it was often done by him. While preparing for a great battle, which would in all likelihood be lost if he fell, he would sometimes in person accompany his skirmishers ; and, in the fight, where the pressure was heaviest on his lines, there he was always sure to be found. Conspicuous by his commanding height and his black horse, he had often been made the target of sharpshooters, in fact, of whole battalions and batteries, yet never received a wound till the last fatal one. He never used profane language, even in the heat of the contest. He needed no oaths to give emphasis to his harangues and orders, for though on ordinary occasions he was a poor speaker, embarrassed, and common-place, and tiresome—in the heat and clangor of battle his words rang like a bugle-call. There, he was in his true element, and his form dilated and his clear eye blazed, and he rode at the head of his columns the model of a hero. Courteous and affable, his headquarters were always the centre of hospitality. Admired by his officers, he was loved by all. With a mind capable of great combinations, and an extensive energy to match it, he was a tower of strength to the general under whom he served. Had he been given

a wider field, he would have ranked second to none. Full of honor and noble generosity, he finished his short, bright career, leaving no stain on his blade. Plunder and lawless violence were his detestation, and, like Thomas, he had no enemies. "Noble in all his impulses, pure in all his relations, true to the integrity of his country, able in council, and great as a military chieftain, his fall was a sad calamity to our cause and country." War brings to the surface but few such men, and the casualties of battle seldom remove a leader of so much worth and promise.

Peace to his ashes, and a grateful monument to his memory!



Engd by H.B. Hall

Geo. H. Thomas

MAJ GEN GEORGE H. THOMAS

CHAPTER XII.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

HIS RESEMBLANCE TO WASHINGTON—HIS BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION—HIS STANDING AT WEST POINT—ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY MILITARY CAREER—WOUNDED IN A FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS WHILE ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION—BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR—STANDS BY THE OLD FLAG—COMMANDS IN PATTERSON'S ARMY—IS UNDER BANKS—SENT TO KENTUCKY UNDER GENERAL ANDERSON—CAMP DICK ROBINSON—WILDCAT CAMP—DEFEATS ZOLLICOFFER—BATTLE OF MILL SPRING—DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER—MADE MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS—MARCHES TO PITTSBURG LANDING—AFTER OPERATIONS UNDER BUELL—ORDERED TO SUPERSEDE BUELL—DECLINES—SERVES UNDER ROSECRANS—CONFIDENCE IN HIM—FEELING OF THE ARMY—PET NAMES—HIS BRAVERY AT MURFREESBORO—HIS BRILLIANT HEROIC CONDUCT AT CHICKAMAUGA—SUPERSEDES ROSECRANS—COMMANDS THE CENTRE UNDER GRANT IN THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—SHERMAN'S CHIEF RELIANCE IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—ASSAULTED BY HOOD—AT JONESBORO—SENT TO NASHVILLE TO RAISE AN ARMY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH GRANT—BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—HIS CHARACTER.

It is very rare in this world that a man occupies for years a position of great responsibility and of hazard, without doing or saying something for which his friends feel the necessity of apologizing. This is especially true when the elevation to such a position is sudden and rapid, and when he is surrounded by incapable men and often compelled to act under those who have neither his honor nor ability. Under such trying circumstances to utter no angry, hasty word, and do no imprudent act, is evidence of an equipoise of character seldom found. And yet this is strictly true of Thomas. From the beginning to the

end of the war, not a breath of slander has tarnished his fair fame. Handed about from one army to another, serving under some commanders who were removed for incompetency, and with others who have been disgraced, he himself has never been asked to defend his conduct, or apologize for his mistakes. From the same state as Washington, he resembles him in many points. This, Rosecrans, for a time his commander, remarked of him, saying that when they were cadets together at West Point, he had noted this resemblance and "was in the habit of calling him General Washington."

He was born in Southampton county, Virginia, on the last day of July, 1816. His mother was of French origin, being descended from a Huguenot family. Born to affluence, he received a fair education and began the study of the law. But having a strong predilection for the military profession, he sought and obtained, through his friends, the appointment of cadet in the school at West Point. Distinguished there for his probity, honor, and steadiness of character, he finished his course with credit, graduating in 1840, twelfth in a class of forty-five, and was appointed second lieutenant in the Third Artillery. The country then being engaged in a war with the Indians of Florida, he was sent thither, and the next fall was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant conduct. In January, 1842, his regiment was ordered to the New Orleans barracks, but in June was transferred to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor. The next December he was sent to Fort McHenry, Maryland, where, in May, he was promoted to first lieutenant of artillery. The next spring he returned to Fort Moultrie, where he remained till the summer of 1845, when, war being imminent with Mexico, he was ordered, with his company, to report to General Taylor in

Texas, and was among the first to arrive on the field. The army lay for a while on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, and when Taylor, with his main force, fell back to Point Isabel to establish a depot of supplies, Thomas' company was one of the eight left to garrison Fort Brown. He helped defend the beleaguered place under the tremendous bombardment of the Mexicans, until it was finally relieved by the victorious return of Taylor. He was then detached from his company, and, with a section of his battery, stationed at Reynosa with the advance guard. In September he joined the main army in its march to Monterey, and in the battle at that place, did such good service that he was brevetted captain. In December, 1846, he was placed in the advance with the brigade of Quitman, who entered Victoria early in the winter.

In the bloody battle of Buena Vista, no one worked his guns with more steadiness, skill and bravery than young Thomas, and for his gallant conduct he was brevetted Major. He remained in Mexico till August, 1848, when he was ordered back to Texas. In the fall, he was put in charge of the Commissary Department at Brazos Santiago, where he remained till December. From thence he was sent to Fort Adams, Rhode Island. But hostilities having broke out again in Florida, he was transferred, with his company, to that State, where he remained on duty till December, 1850. He was next stationed in Boston harbor, (January, 1851,) but before three months had expired, was relieved from his command and assigned to duty at West Point, as Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry. Here he remained for four years, until the summer of 1854. During this period he married Miss Frances S. Kellogg, of Troy.

On leaving West Point, he was sent with a battalion of artillery to California, and being assigned to Fort Yuma, relieved Major Heintzelman, who commanded the post. He now got transferred to the cavalry, in which he received the appointment of Junior Major, and the next year, 1855, joined his regiment at Jefferson barracks, Missouri. Being ordered to Texas, he remained there with his regiment over four years, when he obtained leave of absence. During this time his duties were often very arduous. He was sent on two exploring expeditions, in one of which he had a fight with a body of Indians, and received a wound in the face.

When the rebellion broke out, although a Virginian by birth, he did not hesitate a moment as to his duty. Though his State seceded, and his old acquaintances there looked to see him come over from the Federal army and fight in her defence, he stood firmly by the old flag. In the summer of 1861 he was ordered to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, to re-mount his old cavalry regiment, which he had left in Texas, and which the rebel Twiggs had sent out of the State without their horses. Equipping and sending on a portion of the regiment to Washington, he reported himself at Greencastle. In the meantime he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and in May to colonel. In the fore part of the summer, he commanded a brigade in Patterson's army in Northern Virginia, and afterwards till August, was under General Banks.

In this month he was made brigadier-general of volunteers and ordered to report to General Robert Anderson, at Louisville, Kentucky. Assigned by this commander to Camp Dick Robinson, to relieve Nelson, who, though only a lieutenant in the navy, had, by his indomit-

able energy, assembled there a force of six thousand men, he at once began the re-organization of the troops.

Zollicoffer now marched into Kentucky through Cumberland Gap, and Thomas made preparations to meet him. He sent General Schoepf to establish Wild-Cat Camp, twenty miles southeast of him, who, being attacked by Zollicoffer, beat him and drove him back to Cumberland Gap. Thomas immediately advanced to Crab Orchard, to follow up this success and relieve East Tennessee. But the rebels, assembling in large force at Bowling Green, arrested the movement, and he was ordered to march to Lebanon, where he organized the first division of the Army of the Cumberland.

In the meantime, Zollicoffer had again moved forward, and, crossing the Cumberland river, established his camp at Mill Spring. Thomas was now ordered by Buell to move against him, and attack him in his intrenchments. This was in mid-winter, and long, heavy rains had made the roads mere mortar beds, over which the new recruits marched wearily and the guns were drawn with great difficulty. Thomas made slow progress, but pushing steadily forward, he, at the end of nineteen days, arrived at Logan's Cross Roads, within ten miles of the rebel camp. Here he halted to let the remainder of his army, that was still toiling painfully forward, come up, and also to arrange with Schoepf, who was at Somerset, for a combined attack on the enemy. But the rebel General being informed by his spies and scouts that only a portion of the Federal army had come up, determined not to wait behind his works until the forces moving against him could be concentrated. So, on Saturday evening, the 18th of January, he marched out of his camp, and pushing on all night, at daylight came suddenly upon our

pickets. The assault was totally unexpected, but Thomas was in the saddle at the first gun, and galloping to the front, soon had two regiments in line of battle, which nobly held the enemy at bay until the other troops could be brought up, when the contest became close and stubborn. For half an hour the firing was rapid, close and heavy, but at last the Ninth Ohio moved down on the rebel left with the bayonet, while the Twelfth Kentucky fell simultaneously on the other flank, crumbling both to pieces, and hurling the whole disordered line back behind its reserves. The next moment, the rebel bugles were heard sounding retreat, and the baffled enemy retreated in confusion to their intrenchments, leaving their commander, Zollicoffer, dead on the field. Thomas gathering up his wounded, followed after, and came before the intrenchments at evening, but not wishing to risk an assault by night resolved to wait till morning. The rebels, however, that same night abandoned their provisions, artillery, wagons, ammunition, and camp equipage of every kind, and fled across the river, streaming, a disorderly mob, over the country, and carrying consternation wherever they went.

This was the first victory, of any importance, that we had won since the war commenced, and hence caused intense satisfaction throughout the country. It first brought Thomas' name into public notice, and from that day on he never was beaten.

He now resumed his original plan of invading East Tennessee, and began to collect the necessary subsistence for his army. But when about ready to move, he received orders from General Buell to join him with his command, preparatory to an immediate advance on Bowling Green. But the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson

caused the evacuation of this place, and Thomas was ordered to take his division to Louisville, and thence by steamers to Nashville, which he reached on the 2d of March. Here he remained till May, when Buell began his march across the country to Pittsburg Landing, in order to join Grant's army, encamped there. His division being in reserve, did not reach the battle-field till the victory was won.

Having been made major-general of volunteers, his division was transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, and he given the command of the right wing. He bore his part in the slow campaign that followed, and after the evacuation of Corinth, was stationed with his division along the Memphis and Charleston railroad, his command extending from Iuka, in Mississippi, to Tuscumbia, in Alabama.

In June, he was transferred to the Army of the Ohio, as it was then called, and concentrated his division at Dechard, Tennessee. Leaving Schoepf in command here, he went to McMinnville, to take charge of two divisions located in that place. In September, he received orders from Buell to join him at Murfreesboro. On reaching that town, however, he found that Buell was falling back toward Nashville, and had left orders for him to follow on. He did so; reaching Nashville on the 8th, and was immediately put in command of that post. But Buell continuing to fall back to Louisville, Thomas, on the 13th, received orders to march thither also, and at the close of the month reached the city.

This rapid retreat was made to checkmate Bragg, who, with a heavy force, had crossed the Cumberland mountains, and was invading Kentucky.

At Louisville, a telegram was received from Wash-

ington, removing Buell from the head of the army, and putting Thomas in his place. The latter immediately declined the proffered honor, and telegraphed back, urging the Government to retain Buell, as he was the only proper man to command the army. In accordance with his earnest request, the order was rescinded, and Buell retained in command. Thomas knew, if those at Washington did not, the great military capacity of Buell.

The latter now moved off to give Bragg battle wherever he could find him, Thomas being second in command.

After the battle of Perryville, Buell was again removed, and the command of the army given to Rosecrans, which again assumed the name of the "Army of the Cumberland." When the latter commenced his advance on Murfreesboro, Thomas, at the head of the Fourteenth Corps, had the centre.

The career of Thomas since the commencement of the war had been in perfect keeping with Rosecrans' early opinion of him. He had called him Washington, in their early days, and the latter had showed by his prudence, combined with daring, his correct judgment and unmoved equanimity, his probity and modesty, and, above all, his unconquerable firmness, that he deserved the appellation. It was natural, therefore, that in the important campaign before him, Rosecrans should lean heavily on him, and look to him more than to all others for advice and counsel. His frequent confidential interviews with him soon became known to the army, and the more they saw that "Pap Thomas," as the soldiers familiarly and affectionately called him, had to do with the management of affairs, the greater their confidence became in their new commander. Thomas was known throughout the army by another favorite sobri-

quet, "Old Slow Trot;" given to him on account of his deliberate and dignified movements. Sometimes his escort would get impatient, and hurry on at a gallop, which Thomas, absorbed in reverie, would not at first notice, but the moment he did, would order, "*slow trot!*" when the eager riders would be compelled to draw rein, and adopt the more dignified gait of their chieftain.

In the first day's terrible defeat at Murfreesboro, when our whole right wing was crushed into fragments, and swung back till it stood at right angles to the centre, where Thomas was with his thirteen thousand veterans, that gallant leader's usually quiet nature became thoroughly aroused. He was a rock in his steadfast immovability, but like that rock, when once loosened from its bed, and descending the cliffs in its headlong plunge, was swift and terrible, and resistless in his onset. As he saw the line crumble rapidly away, his blue eyes flashed, and his teeth set like a vice.

In the crisis of the fight, as he spurred over the field, he came upon Rosecrans, Crittenden, and McCook, with their respective staffs and escorts, gathered on a gentle eminence. The whole presented a brilliant group, which at once attracted the attention of the enemy, and the next instant shell and shot were rushing and hissing over them. McCook, seeing the hazard they were running, exclaimed, "This is a nice mark for shells. Can't you thin out, men?" Thomas, throwing a quiet glance around him, remarked, with a tone of bitterness, "I guess it's about as safe one place as another," and turning his horse's head to the front, rode off to where the storm was raging fiercest.

When the gallant Sheridan—the last of the right wing—was compelled to give way, the rebels pressing on,

struck Thomas' right flank, and poured around his rear. For a moment he looked up astonished, and then turning to Negley said, quickly and sternly, "Cut your way out." With fixed bayonets the brave fellows moved swiftly on the victorious foe, and with the naked steel did "cut" a terrible path through them, clearing once more his rear.

In the consultation of general officers on the cold and stormy night after the first day's battle, Thomas' voice was for fighting it out on the ground they occupied.

Rosecrans, in his report of the battle, speaking of Thomas, calls him "*true* and *prudent*, distinguished in council and on many battle-fields for his courage."

The next day the enemy made several attempts to advance on the position of Thomas, but was met with such a fierce fire of artillery that he dared not leave the woods. This was New Year's Day. On the 2d, Bragg, at daylight, opened a terrific artillery fire on him, but did not venture on an attack. Toward sunset, Crittenden advanced across the river to reconnoitre, when the enemy fell on him in such overwhelming numbers, that though he bore up gallantly for awhile, he was at length compelled to fall back. This being reported to Thomas, he ordered Negley to move at once to his support, which he did, the men crossing the river almost on a run, and charging the rebels so impetuously that they broke and fled, leaving four pieces of artillery, and a stand of colors in our hands.

Bragg having retreated on the night of the 3d, Thomas spent the next night in burying the dead left on the field, and the following day, preceded by Stanley's cavalry, marched with waving banners and triumphant music into Murfreesboro, and took possession of the place.

When Rosecrans, after a long repose, finally took up his march for Chattanooga, Thomas, as ever, was his right-hand man.

THOMAS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

After the evacuation of Chattanooga, and when Rosecranz, almost too late, found that Bragg, instead of being in full flight, as he supposed, was actually marching back on the place; thus compelling him to strain every nerve to concentrate his scattered corps, a part of which had got beyond the enemy, with the Lookout Mountain between them; he turned to Thomas, as his chief reliance, to save the army.

Crittenden was alone in the Chickamauga Valley, opposed to the whole rebel army, which was moving back on him. Thomas, separated from him by the Lookout Mountain, was at once ordered to fling his corps across it to his rescue. The rebel Hindman was directed to hold the only gap by which he could pass to reach him in time, and had he done so, Crittenden, if not the whole army, would have been lost. But Thomas was too quick for him, and, sweeping through it, left Nagley to hold it, while he closed up with Crittenden, to wait for McCook, struggling back from his long and bootless march to cut off the retreat of Bragg. Finding that the enemy was swinging around Crittenden's left, to get between him and Chattanooga; and seeing very plainly that the heaviest fighting would be there, Rosecranz directed Thomas to leave his position on Crittenden's right, and, falling back by night, march past his rear, and plant himself on his left, where the storm was certain first to

break. When at last it did suddenly strike his extreme left, and drove the advanced divisions broken back, he galloped to the front, and rallying by his presence the disordered battalions, hurled them with such fury on the shouting foe that he suddenly halted. The sight of his brave regulars in confusion, of Scribner's brigade cut off, and well nigh lost, aroused the sleeping lion of his nature; and, re-forming, as by magic, his whole line, till it presented once more a solid front, he ordered the whole to advance. The troops, inspired by his presence, and catching the lofty spirit that breathed in every look and action, sent up a shout of defiance. Not swift and headlong, but grand and steady, like its great commander, the mighty line swept steadily over the field. Longstreet, who commanded here, and a moment before felt sure of victory, saw with amazement its terrible advance. He at once ordered a charge, and, calling up his reserves, determined at all hazards to arrest it. But its onward movement was like the inrolling tide of the sea, crushing beneath its resistless mass of foaming waves every obstacle that lay in its path. The rebel batteries played on it with deadly effect; yet still on it kept. Forced back, the hostile guns would wheel into new positions, and again sweep the firm formations with their rapid fire, but all in vain. The rebel leaders, enraged to see their troops give way, flung themselves along the line with flashing swords, and oaths, and stirring appeals; but the steadfast rock was now in motion, and each onward step was a crash. Never did troops rally more bravely, and fling themselves into the jaws of death with more heroism than did these veterans of Longstreet. But scarcely would the head of a column be formed, ere it would melt away before the destructive fire that met it. The move-

ment of that unbroken line was like the march of fate. Everything went down before it, and the rebel host was driven remorselessly back for more than a mile.

But while victory was thus perching on Thomas's standard, the centre gave way before the impetuous onset of the enemy, and he had to halt, and then to fall back, to avert the disaster there.

Baffled in their efforts to crush Thomas, the rebel host swept down our whole line to the right, vainly striving to find some weak point, where they might break through, until darkness put an end to the conflict, and the two armies lay down to wait for the Sabbath morning to light them once more to the scene of carnage.

During this night Rosecrans made some changes in his positions; and by withdrawing his right, till it rested on Missionary Ridge, he made it firmer, and shortened his line of battle by a mile. Thomas in the mean time threw up a breastwork of rails and logs in front of his position. The rebels being heavily reinforced that night, felt confident that the next day they would secure that victory which, but for Thomas, would have been theirs before nightfall the day before. The Sabbath morning dawned peacefully over the quiet valley, and spread its soft light on the overhanging mountains; but its holy quiet was soon broken by the roar of artillery, as the enemy once more moved down on our line of battle. As on the day before, the storm burst first on Thomas. The rebels advanced against his position with determined valor, and though that frail breastwork was an unbroken line of fire, before which the advancing battalions went down like frost-work, fresh ones still came on. The dead lay in heaps in front of Thomas, but there seemed no end to the living tide that still pressed over the slippery ground.

Maddened by the stubborn resistance that met them, and determined, at whatever sacrifice of life, to carry that vital position, the rebel leaders gathered their overwhelming forces for one final assault. Thomas saw with anxiety the deep, heavy formations, and rode along his bleeding line to steady it. Heralded by artillery, the assaulting columns moved steadily forward, and though met with the same destructive fire as before, never for a moment faltered. In vain the half-demolished breastwork glowed with flame—in vain grape and canister made horrible gaps in the deep-set ranks—determined to be stopped by nothing short of annihilation, they crept nearer and nearer, till the hostile lines could look sternly in each other's eyes. Outnumbered and exhausted, Thomas's brave troops now began to waver. He made superhuman efforts to hold them to their work; but, overborne by mere weight alone, they could no longer maintain their ground. Division after division slowly yielded to the pressure, until the whole corps swung disorderly back. Finding a new and strong position, Thomas at length succeeded in rallying them, and once more presented a determined front to the enemy. In the mean time, he sent off an urgent appeal for help. It was now about noon, and before his appeal could reach Rosecranz, the latter had issued that fatal order to Wood to change his position, which being misunderstood by some one or wrongly given by Rosecrans, left that sudden gap in our lines which the enemy was so prompt to take advantage of, and poured through it—cutting the army in twain, and hurling the centre and left into irrecoverable fragments. Rosecrans's headquarters were swept as by a sudden hurricane, and he and McCook and Crittenden borne back with the demolished army. The battle seemed over, for

all was gone save the exhausted left wing, which stood alone on the tumultuous field. The prospect might well daunt the stoutest heart,—a few divisions, exhausted by a whole forenoon's desperate fighting, cumbered with wounded, and sadly weakened in number, against full seventy thousand victorious and exultant troops. Thus stood the battle a little after noon, on that eventful Sabbath. But this was just the situation to develope the true strength of Thomas's character. With an almost exhaustless reserve power, it required a desperate condition to bring it forth into the light. He had no thought of retreating. It might be Thermopylæ over again in the hopelessness of victory, but it still should be Thermopylæ in its fame to all future time. Right there he and his braves would stand, and if they could do no more would leave a bright example for coming generations. Lining the semicircular ridge on which he was posted with cannon, he sternly awaited the shock. Nor did he have long to wait, for soon the whole rebel army moved in one mighty mass upon him. But so well had he planted his batteries, and so steady and deadly was the fire that swept the field in front, that all the exertions of its leaders could not carry their troops through it. Again and again they advanced in splendid order, and charged with unearthly yells against that wall of fire. Our men, lying down behind the ridge, and rising only as they fired, presented a poor mark for the foe, while the very numbers of the latter, in the open field, allowed every shot to tell. Hour after hour the fighting and carnage here were awful.

Seeing at length that his front could not be carried, the rebel leaders determined to get in his rear, and so finish him with one blow. Through the ridge on which

his right rested, and back of him, a gorge ran, and the enemy, moving along out of sight beyond this ridge, now began to pour through it, directly in his rear. Even the lion heart of Thomas stood still at this appalling sight. He could spare no troops to drive back this force —no retreat could save him. It could no longer be a battle—it must be a butchery, or a quick surrender. Oh, to come to this after all! But fate, as if trying this man to the utmost, and relenting at last, at this critical moment brought him succor. While on his right the rebels were streaming in overwhelming masses to his rear, he saw far away to the left a cloud of dust rising over the tree-tops, and soon after, dark columns emerging into the open ground. Were they friends or foes? was the anxious question he asked himself. Cut off from his commander, he had not heard from him for hours—no courier had reached him, and he could not tell whether it was the enemy thus closing in on him from every side, or whether help was coming at last. At one time he said nervously to his staff: "Take my glass, some of you whose horse is steady—*tell me what you can see.*" A civilian, standing near him, remarked that he felt sure that he could see the United States flag. "Do you think so? do you think so?" asked the General nervously. Captain Johnson, of Nagley's staff, having got separated from his commander in the fight, at this moment galloped up and reported himhimself for duty. "Find out," almost shouted Thomas, through his set teeth, "what troops those are coming in on the left." In the mean time he never turned his glass away from them. Nearer and nearer they came, every moment big with hope and dread. Long and anxiously he looked, till at last his glass drops, and a



GENERAL GRANGER COMING TO THE RESCUE OF GENERAL THOMAS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

gleam like sudden lightning passes over that face, which had grown dark with trouble. It is the battle-flag of Granger that flutters in the breeze, and the fierce, swift tread of those hurrying battalions is bringing help. Oh what a load was lifted from his heart as the truth at last came home to him. The gallant Granger was hurrying to the field. It needed no consultation to tell *him* what to do. A few minutes more and he would have been too late. The impetuous Steadman, his soul on fire at the fearful peril, seized the regimental colors, and putting himself at the head of those two brigades, fell like a loosened cliff on Hindman's columns, now almost in Thomas's rear. There was no skirmishing—no movements for an advantageous position—right on, and right over the astonished enemy, they went in one wild charge, bearing back the astonished broken columns with irresistible fury. It was over in twenty minutes. Yet in that brief time a thousand of those two immortal brigades had fallen. Scarcely had the smoke of the onset cleared away, when Thomas, with inexpressible delight, saw the regimental colors waving along the ridge where just before the rebel banners had floated. The shout that went up at the sight was the shout of victory. What Steadman had so gallantly won he nobly held, and though the enemy made desperate struggles to get back their lost advantage, it was all in vain.

As a last effort, they moved a column around to the left to get in the rear in that direction. Thomas saw it approaching, and, turning to Reynolds, said: "Go in there." He did go in, walking straight over the column, capturing several hundred prisoners, and scattering it in confusion.

Night now was coming on, and the rebels rallied for

a last effort. Thomas saw them coming steadily on through the gloom, and, with the order "to stand fast," awaited their approach. When the shadowy mass came within striking distance, he shouted, "Give them the cold steel!" With bayonets at charge, the line, with one loud, defiant cry, leaped forward. The rebels caught the sheen of the levelled steel in the dim light, and turned and fled.

Without food, water, or ammunition, Thomas saw that he could not stay where he was, and so fell back unmolested to Rossville; and next day the whole army retired to Chattanooga.

Thomas at once became the favorite of the nation. The rockfast firmness and splendid courage which had saved us from overwhelming defeat—that lofty heroism which scoffed at numbers, and scorned to retreat, and that noble devotion which counted his life as nothing when the honor of his country was in jeopardy, extorted unbounded admiration from every heart. But the hero of all this did not seem to think he had done anything remarkable. He simply felt that he had whipped the enemy, saved the honor of the flag of his corps, and was satisfied.

He remained cooped up in Chattanooga with Rosecranz, until the latter was removed, when he assumed command, until the arrival of Grant. The hero of Vicksburgh sought his advice, and leaned heavily upon him for aid. When he planned his grand attack on the strong positions of the enemy, Thomas commanded the centre, on which was to rest the fate of the battle. While Hooker and Sherman were getting into position on either flank, he made a bold reconnoissance.

of the enemy's lines, and took possession of Orchard Knob, from which he was to make the decisive move on Missionary Ridge. Here, from early in the morning till the middle of the afternoon, he held his strong battalions like hounds in the leash, while the thunder of Hooker's and Sherman's artillery shook the hills. And when at last the order "Forward," broke along the silent line, his noble troops, knowing that his eye was upon them, swept gaily over the mile or more of broken ground, toward the base of the ridge, taking the shot and shell from the heights above as unconcernedly as though they had been hailstones. Thomas saw them with delight roll like a dark, resistless wave over the rifle-pits at the base of the steep hill, whose top was black with batteries above, and around which the sulphurous clouds hung in angry masses. Side by side with Grant he stood, and watched the regiments clamber up the steep acclivity, lacing here and there the slope with waving lines, while puffs of smoke here, and there, and everywhere, showed where brave men were struggling and falling. When the top was finally reached, and the rebel line broken beyond redemption, he dashed his spurs into his horse, and was soon pouring his columns forward on the retreating foe.

After the pursuit was abandoned, he returned to Chattanooga, where he remained for the winter. When Grant was promoted to the chief command, and Sherman put in his place, the latter turned to Thomas "with the same confidence that Grant and Rosecrans and Buell had done before him." The reliance which every commander reposed on him was so plain, even to the common soldier, that he began to be called the "brains of the army." He and Sherman were as opposite as two great commanders well could be, and at first glance one would

have said they never could work together. One was methodical, attempting nothing that was not based on strict military rules; the other daring and ready to make rules for himself. But while Thomas did everything according to the well-established principles of military science, he was far from being a martinet. He did not let rules use *him*, but he used them. He was constitutionally methodical, and if he did anything at all he must do it in his own way. He himself was aware of this, and hence would not permit the Government or his superiors to force him to make a movement if he was expected to take the responsibility, until he was ready. He would serve as a subordinate cheerfully, and go anywhere, even to death if he was ordered, but if made responsible for success, he must be left alone.

Yet though so unlike as these two men were, instead of jarring with each other, they seemed exactly fitted to act together. Each appeared to be the supplement to the other, and while Sherman leaned with confidence on the solid judgment of Thomas, the latter felt pride in the daring, brilliant genius of the other, and so, though different in almost every particular, they moved on in perfect accord to glory and victory together.

When Sherman commenced his grand movement into Georgia, with the distant Atlanta his objective point, of the hundred thousand men that composed his army, over sixty-seven thousand were under the command of Thomas, and of the two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, the latter had one hundred and thirty. It was plain that the Army of the Cumberland was to be Sherman's chief reliance in reaching Atlanta.

When the latter, at the outset, sent McPherson to make the flank movement which should force Johnston

from the strong position at Dalton, Thomas moved boldly up in front to occupy him till the former could reach his destination. It was not expected that he would decimate his army by a desperate attempt to carry the position by storm, yet it was necessary that his demonstrations against it should be heavy and bold, so that the enemy would feel compelled to keep all his force in hand to hold it. On the 7th of May, Thomas seized the strong position at Tunnel Hill, driving the enemy's cavalry before him; and two days after carried Rockyface Ridge, above the Gap, and threatened the latter so seriously that Johnston did not send off any troops to impede McPherson's movement, till he got within a mile of Resaca, his point of destination. He lost a thousand men in this bold feint, for it was designed to be nothing more.

Johnston retreated to Resaca, and here in the sanguinary battle that followed, Thomas as usual held the centre of our line. At Kenesaw Mountain, the chief fighting was done by his army.

When the army finally approached Atlanta, the first grand assault of Hood was made on Thomas, while in the act of forming his lines, and was one of the most desperate of the war. Though caught unexpectedly, and while getting into position, he nevertheless was found prepared, as he always was for any emergency. His orders flew like lightning over the battle-field; and though the rebel troops rushed to death as to a banquet, determined to force their way through, they were mowed down so remorselessly, that they were at length compelled to abandon the attempt, leaving, as Thomas reported, five thousand on the field.

When Sherman, finding Atlanta too strong to be carried by assault, determined to place his army below on

the Macon road, so as to cut off its supplies, Thomas commanded the centre in the delicate movement, and planted himself where the enemy had to come out and attack him. This the latter did with the two corps of Lee and Hardee, on the last day of August, falling on him with the same desperation that characterized Hood's onset. But of all men to drive from a position once taken, Thomas was the worst; Chickamauga had shown that. This the rebels found to their cost, for they only dashed on a rock, and after a protracted, determined struggle, recoiled with the loss of full three thousand men. This settled the fate of Atlanta, and Hood retreated to Macon.

When in September following, Hood marched to the rear of Sherman, expecting him to evacuate Atlanta and Georgia, to save his communications, the latter, who had secretly sent Thomas to Nashville to organize and equip a new army, showed no concern, but kept on gathering his supplies preparatory to his march across the country to the Atlantic. Hood believing that the latter, when he finally left his front, had been outgeneraled and compelled to fall back to Atlanta, pressed swiftly forward in order to seize Nashville.

Thomas, in the meantime, was straining every nerve to get an army together large enough to cope with that of Hood. Schofield had charge of all the forces in the field opposed to him, and these Hood drove swiftly before him, and came near capturing the entire army train. At Franklin, Schofield gave battle, and though the enemy was repulsed, he himself had to fall rapidly back to Nashville, leaving Hood to claim a victory. The eyes of the latter were now opened, and he saw that Sherman was moving in another direction. He was too far off to turn

in pursuit, and unless he could take Nashville, his whole movement would be a complete failure. He, therefore, at once advanced his lines around the city, occupying a crest of hills some four or five miles out from the place, and completely invested it from the south. The defensive works were on a similar series of hills nearer the city. Hood also planted batteries on the Cumberland river, west of the place, so that the only line of communication left open to Thomas, was the Nashville and Louisville railroad. If the former had advanced at once to the assault, there was a possible chance of success; but the moment he sat down before it in regular siege, giving Thomas just what he wanted and all that he wanted—time—the result was no longer doubtful.

Eight gunboats, including the iron-clad Monitor, Neosho, came up the Cumberland, and were quite able to take care of Hood's river batteries. The people were set to labor on the fortifications, and two lines of works, exterior and interior, were constructed at a distance varying from a mile to two miles from the city, with forts, redoubts and rifle-pits at the necessary points, till all the outlying hills looked like separate fortresses. Early in December, Thomas opened on him with artillery; but, said an officer, "Hood evidently had the strange idea that Thomas would either evacuate without fighting, or would be starved into a surrender by the destruction of his communications; therefore, all he had to do was to keep good his investment, and strike as he was able at the Louisville railroad, just as Sherman did at the Macon road when aiming at Atlanta." But Thomas with his works completed, "with fair supplies of all kinds on hand, and an abundance of most," had ceased to be anxious about maintaining his position, and "his usually

quiet eyes now began to gleam with the fierce light of battle; and it was soon apparent to all who happened to be much at headquarters, that 'old Pap George,' as his soldiers persist in calling him, prudent general as he is, would very speedily be spoiling for a fight."

Although he was now to all appearance ready to take the field, he was sadly deficient in cavalry. He wished not only to defeat Hood, but to have the means of pursuing him when beaten. It was reported that the Secretary of War became impatient at his delay, and requested Grant to order him to move, and that the latter telegraphed him the views of the Department, and got back the answer that he was not ready yet, and, if he was dissatisfied with his course, to send some one on to take his place, and he would cheerfully act as his subordinate. But this report was not true. Grant, of his own suggestion, telegraphed to Thomas that he wished him to move at once upon the enemy, and he replied, in substance, as above. Grant sent back word that he had more confidence in him than any other man, and to take his own time; still, he would like to know the reasons of his delay. But Thomas, determined that in no way should these reasons leak out, did not give them, and Grant let him alone, to act as his own judgment dictated. It was well that he did.

Thomas now wrote that he must have cavalry, and the Secretary of War telegraphed Wilson, chief of cavalry, to seize and impress all serviceable horses wherever he could find them in Kentucky or Tennessee; to do it quickly, and not stand on the form of his action. In a week Thomas had the horses, without which he could not have moved; though by no means the cavalry force he needed. By the middle of the month he felt ready to

advance, but just then came a cold snap, which made all the hills aglare with ice, so that neither men nor animals could keep their feet. He was therefore compelled to wait for a thaw. At length, on the 14th, it came, and Thomas seeing that probably by next morning the surface of the ground would once more be soft, gave orders to be ready to attack by daylight.

His plan of battle was simple. On his left, the country was rugged, and he determined to make a feint on Hood's right flank in that direction, while he massed his main force on his own right, and, covered by our gunboats stationed there, crush in Hood's left, which rested on the Cumberland, and roll it broken, back on the centre. So, at daylight, A. J. Smith, on the extreme right, with the Sixteenth Corps, was ordered to advance; Wilson's cavalry keeping along the river shore, and Wood, with the Fourth Corps, to close in on his left, while Schofield, with the Twenty-third, came in on Wood's left; though he was to act rather as a reserve—thus concentrating three corps on the rebel left. Away off to our left, Steadman, commanding a somewhat motley, mixed body of troops, had been ordered to push out before daylight, with a heavy body of skirmishers, on the rebel right. He did so, and dashing on the enemy's pickets, drove them back, and kept swiftly on, until he came plump upon a rebel battery, in front of which was a deep railroad cut, which the troops could not cross, and hence were repulsed with heavy loss. Hood, aroused at early dawn by the heavy firing on his extreme right, had scarcely time to ascertain what it meant, when down on his unsuspecting left, like a loosened flood, came the two corps of Smith and Wood. It could hardly be called a battle—so sudden and overwhelming was the onset, that the enemy's

line crumbled to atoms before it. The "rock of Chickamauga" was unseated, and descending in its fearful plunge. With a single blow, Hood's left was gone—driven back in confusion on the centre. "This let the cavalry loose, and now Wilson swept round and past our right like a thunderbolt, and hung like an avenging cloud on the flank and rear of the rebels, as they fell sullenly back on their centre."

Aroused to the imminent peril that threatened him, Hood now ordered over troops from his right to stay the reversed tide of battle, and from all the heights around Nashville could be seen the hurrying lines of infantry and artillery sweeping to the rescue.

But though his left was gone, the position he held in the centre was a strong one—high hills, covered with breastworks, lined with rifle-pits, and fringed with abattis, beyond which frowned heavy batteries commanding all the open country below. Smith paused before this formidable barrier, and began to reconnoitre. Wood and Schofield now came up, and all day long Hood's intrenchments were swept by a fierce artillery fire, while here and there the infantry attempted to find a weak spot in his lines. But no impression was made on the strong position the enemy occupied, and no particular advantage gained, except the possession of a battery, which was carried by a gallant rush. Still, the results of the whole day footed up well, 2,000 prisoners captured, with sixteen pieces of artillery.

Thomas, who saw that no more could be done that night, for it was now getting dark, ordered the firing to cease, and rode off to Nashville to telegraph his success to Washington. Just before he left, however, he remarked to an officer in his quiet way, as though speaking

only of some unimportant matter, "So far, I think, we have succeeded pretty well. Unless Hood decamps to-night, to-morrow Steadman will double up his right, Wood will hold his centre, Smith and Schofield again strike his left, while the cavalry work away at his rear."

Hood took up a new position in the night-time, one evidently chosen long ago, and prepared for just such an emergency as this. It was two miles in rear of his first, while his lines were shortened from six miles to three, and at first glance looked impregnable. But Thomas, carrying out his original plan, sent Steadman at daylight on the rebel right, while Wood moved over the abandoned works of the enemy on his centre. They had orders, however, only to feel the hostile line, till Smith and Schofield on the left, again should enact over the scene of the day before. These commanders, however, were forbidden to move, until the cavalry, which Thomas had sent far around to the rear, could be heard from. Hood had again committed the mistake that he did in Atlanta, when he sent off all his cavalry to cut Sherman's communications, leaving that commander to place his army where his own would be effectually destroyed. He possessed a fine body of cavalry, under Forrest, superior in numbers to that of Thomas, but he had sent it down the Cumberland after our transports, and back to Murfreesboro, to waste its energies in dashing against its strong defences. Thomas was aware of this, and hence had no fear of his cavalry. It was a long time, however, before our cavalry was heard from. It had made a wide detour to prevent the movement being detected, so that noon came without anything of importance being done. There had been heavy artillery firing all the forenoon, and Hood was evidently momentarily expecting an attack.

Smith and Schofield chafed under the inaction, and sent to Thomas for permission to assault, but he firmly refused. The short winter's day wore on, and night threatened to come before anything was accomplished. But Thomas remained imperturbable as ever, amid all the impatience and excitement around him. At length, about four o'clock, a prolonged fire of rifles and carbines, that swept around the rebel flank and crept up along Hood's rear, told him that the hour had come. His blue eye flashed with sudden inspiration, and turning to his aids, he said, "Now tell Generals Schofield and Smith to advance." Away like the wind dashed the aids, crossing fields and highways in their fierce passage, but before they could reach the impatient generals, they were already moving. They, too, had caught the meaning of the fierce fire along the rebel flanks and rear, and had heard the Union bugles sounding the charge, and they at once ordered a general assault. With leveled bayonets and high ringing cheers, that rolled triumphantly over the field, they swept in one awful wave on the rebel works. Wood, in the centre, caught up the shout and moved forward, and Steadman on the extreme left, charged home. In a moment, for three miles, the whole rebel line was a vast sheet of flame. The batteries thundered, shell screamed through the air, the heights trembled under the sudden earthquake, one vast sulphurous cloud wrapped the contending hosts, and for half an hour it seemed as if the infernal pit had opened there along the rugged crests. But it was quickly over—carried away by the awful rush, the rebel army seemed lifted as by a whirlwind, and borne bodily backward. Throwing away everything that could impede their flight, they sped in wild confusion and dismay over the country. One great, ter-

rible blow, and of all that proud host, nothing but fragments remained. Said a captured brigadier-general, in speaking of that charge, "Why, sir, it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed. I saw your men coming and held my fire—a full brigade, too—until they were in close range, could almost see the whites of their eyes, and then poured my volley right into their faces. I supposed, of course, that when the smoke lifted your line would be broken and your men gone. But it is surprising, sir, it never even staggered them. Why, they did not even come forward on a run. But right along, cool as fate, your line swung up the hill, and your men walked right up to and over my works and around my brigade before we knew that they were upon us. It was astonishing, sir, such fighting." *

Over five thousand prisoners, one major-general, three brigadiers, and more than two hundred commissioned officers were captured, not to mention the killed and wounded. Forty pieces of artillery were taken, any quantity of small arms, battle-flags, &c.

Thus, in two days, Thomas had taken some eight thousand prisoners, and between fifty and sixty pieces of artillery.

Night coming on, closed the conflict, and our army bivouacked on the field of victory, while the fugitive, demoralized rebel host fled through the darkness towards the Tennessee. Thomas now felt the want of a fresh division of cavalry—with it nothing but the merest débris of the hostile army would have got off. The pursuit, however, was commenced in the morning and pressed with all the vigor possible. But heavy rains setting in, made the road almost impassable to artillery. Horses and men

* Capt. James F. Rusling, A. Q. M.

were worn down in the effort to come up with the enemy, and though some prisoners were picked up, a second battle could not be got out of Hood, and he at length succeeded in putting the Tennessee between him and his remorseless pursuers.

This was a great victory, and raised Thomas still higher in public estimation. The plan of the battle in its simplicity and completeness, and the accuracy with which it was carried out, reminds one of the action at Chattanooga, in which Bragg was driven from Missionary Ridge. They look like the product of one mind, and their similarity tends to confirm the report that Thomas had matured, before Grant's arrival, the very plan that the latter adopted and carried out so triumphantly.

Thomas was now for some time engaged in repairing the roads and bridges that had been destroyed by Hood's invasion. He had so effectually demolished his enemy, that there was but little left for his army to do, and a great part of it was taken from him to operate in other fields. Schofield's corps was transferred to the Atlantic coast, to co-operate with Sherman, in his march north from Savannah; while Steadman was sent across the Alleghanies with another force on the same errand, and hence his army, though he was not with it in person, was on the field where the closing scenes of the rebellion took place. He is still retained in command of the Tennessee department, employed in the delicate business of reconstruction. Severity and mildness are so admirably mixed in all his measures, that while he is a "terror to evil doers," he is loved by all true loyal men. Too elevated to act from passion himself, he will permit none of his subordinates to do it.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Thomas is a person of dignified presence, six feet high, and of massive frame. His features are somewhat heavy, and give no indication of the great qualities he possesses, save that the large, square jaws impress one with his firmness. His manners are gentle and courteous to all, and his deep, steady blue eyes reveal the truth, tenderness, and probity of his character. Grave, but not stern, their benignant expression attracts instead of repelling the beholder. One cannot look into their depths without feeling that there is a man, *sans peur sans reproche*. Like the immortal Washington, his military and personal record is without a blot. Modest and retiring, his merits alone have pushed him, despite himself, to eminence. Without resentments as without jealousy, he has no wrongs to redress, and no rivals to eclipse. His mind, like his body, moves deliberately, methodically—and he thinks twice before he speaks, and then in careful, measured language. His opinions are well weighed, and given in a manner that carry conviction with them. So also his blows are carefully planned, but, when they fall, descend like "Thor's hammer." His mind is distinguished for its clearness and simplicity, and he never seems to be troubled with the complications that so often disturb the mental operations of others. The common soldiers know his worth as a counsellor, and he is often spoken of by them as the "brains of the army." With none of that easy, offhand familiarity or dashing way, and using none of those pleasant artifices which commanders sometimes employ to win the affections of their troops, he nevertheless has their unbounded love. He does not awaken such enthusiasm, as men like Sheri-

dan in his followers, but creates, what is far better, a deep, abiding confidence in them, not only of his military ability, but of his truth, integrity, and goodness. His soldiers believe in him, and would follow him to the end of the world. He is not to them the dazzling hero, as Bonaparte was to his soldiers—he is more like a father among his children, and "Pap George," "Pap Thomas," as they familiarly call him, indicate the character of their feelings towards him. Universally beloved, he is almost the only general that has been entrusted with separate command in this war, who has escaped both the breath of calumny and the charge of incompetency. He has needed no defenders, for he has had no detractors. It seems almost miraculous that he should have passed through such a troublous four years with not a complaint made against him. Even his enemies, when suffering under the terrible punishment he knew so well how to inflict, could not bring a "railing accusation" against him. The most they have ever said, was to reproach him for his loyalty. Not puffed up by his sudden and great renown, he wears his honors meekly, and shuns those public ovations which are the delight of the vain and ambitious. Never asking for leave of absence, he has steadily remained on the field of duty, living in the midst of his army until his work was done.

His whole character is singularly well balanced, so that it is difficult to say which quality predominates, except it be that which seems rather to be the whole than part of the man—firmness. In this he is granite rock. Immovable as a cliff, he never yet has been driven from the field. It is totally unlike that *obstinacy* which characterizes some men, and which is written in their very features. It is a solid formation, the existence of

which is not suspected till it is tested. In fact, it seems to spring into being and grow with circumstances. This was exhibited at Chickamauga, where for long hours he grandly stood on that wild, tumultuous, lost field. The sublime tenacity with which he clung to his position will be the wonder of all time, and he never will lose the title won there, nobler than any his Government can confer—"*The Rock of Chickamauga.*" Superior to panic, he is a total stranger to that infectious fear to which every man, at one time or another, seems liable. Self-poised, the wilder the wreck around him, the firmer and calmer he stands. With the changing tide of battle no change comes over him, but that of higher determination and sublimer self-devotion. While the career of more brilliant men will lose its lustre with time, his will become steadily brighter, and future history will accord him a high place in the temple of military fame.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

HIS BIRTH—ENTERS WEST POINT—SENT TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY—HIS SERVICES IN MEXICO—EXPEDITION TO UTAH—SENT TO CALIFORNIA—RECALLED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL—GALLANT CHARGE AT WILLIAMSBURG—HIS SERVICES ON THE PENINSULA UNDER M'CLELLAN—SERVES UNDER POPE—GALLANTRY AT ANTIETAM—AT FREDERICKSBURG—AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—REPRESENTS MEADE AT GETTYSBURG—THE BATTLE—IS WOUNDED—UNDER GRANT COMMANDS THE LEFT WING OF THE GRAND ARMY—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—GALLANT CHARGE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA—AT NORTH ANNA—BEFORE PETERSBURG—DEFEATED AT HATCHER'S RUN—RESIGNS HIS COMMAND—APPOINTED TO RAISE A CORPS OF VETERANS—COMMANDS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—HIS CHARACTER.

THE name of the subject of the following sketch suggests a military career, and may have had more to do than we know of in fixing the choice of his profession. Born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, February 14th, 1824, he early showed his predilection for the army, for he entered West Point when a mere lad, and graduated in 1844, but twenty years of age. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, and stationed in the Indian territory. But on the breaking out of the Mexican war, his regiment was withdrawn to form a part of the army of General Scott, and he went through the brilliant campaign that followed, with distinction. He was still of an age when many of the cadets

are at West Point, yet for his gallantry at Churubusco he was brevetted first lieutenant, and on reaching Mexico, was made quarter-master of his regiment.

Returning home at the close of the war, he was appointed adjutant, and stationed in Missouri. This was in 1849. He remained here six years, when he was made captain in the quarter-master's department, and ordered to Florida, and served during the campaign of 1855 against the Seminoles.

Afterwards he was sent to Kansas, and joined the expedition to Utah, under General Harney, but on the abandonment of that, he was ordered to Fort Bridger to join the Sixth Infantry, as quarter-master, and accompany it across the country to Benicia, California. He was now stationed at Los Angeles, where the breaking out of the rebellion found him. In looking around for officers in the regular service to occupy important positions in the mighty volunteer army we were raising, the attention of the War Department was called to Hancock, now approaching his fortieth year, as one who could be of vastly more service here, in the terrible struggle before us, than out in that far-off region, and he was ordered to report at Washington. Reaching the capital, he was, in September, appointed brigadier-general of volunteers in the Army of the Potomac.

At the battle of Williamsburg which followed the evacuation of Yorktown, he was ordered by General Smith to take his brigade across a dam on our right and occupy some redoubts on the left of the enemy's line. He at once marched it across the dam, took possession of the first redoubt, and soon after, finding the second one vacated, occupied that also, and sent back for reinforcements so that he might push on still further, and take a third,

which commanded the plain that stretched between him and Fort Magruder, and thus would enable him to direct his fire on the rear of the troops that were pressing so heavily Hooker and Kearney. The rebel commander, seeing the threatening attitude of Hancock, sent a strong force against him, and as the latter could not, with his single brigade, hold his position, and at the same time leave a sufficient force to protect his rear, or indeed secure his flank, he hurried off another staff officer for reinforcements. Smith was directed to take forward his division, but before he could start the order was countermanded. But the urgency of Hancock now becoming every moment more apparent and his messages more pressing, Smith was again ordered to proceed with all possible dispatch to his aid. Before his columns, however, were fairly in motion, Sumner again countermanded the order, as he was afraid to weaken his centre. Hancock, fully aware that if he could occupy the position he wished, victory was certain, would not be denied, and implored Sumner to give him reinforcements. The latter, unwilling to comply, at length sent him word to fall back to his first position, as he could not spare him any troops. This he would not do until it became inevitable, besides it was a perilous undertaking in the presence of the enemy. The latter now came boldly on in overwhelming force, and Hancock opened on them with a fierce fire of artillery. As McClellan's ear caught the sound of the rapid explosions, he immediately and peremptorily ordered Smith to hasten thither with his two remaining brigades. Away they dashed on the double-quick, but before they could reach Hancock he had won the victory alone. Feigning to retreat, he fell slowly back in line of battle. The enemy, thinking it a retreat in earnest, and determined

to push it into a rout, dashed forward, cheering and firing as they came. Hancock sat on his horse, watching every movement, till he saw that the proper time had arrived, when the command "halt" passed down the line. The ranks closed up firmly and steadily, and the brave men stood like a wall along the rising slope, gazing sternly on the advancing line. On came the enemy, elated with confidence, till near the top, and within forty yards of Hancock. "Fire," ran along the unfaltering ranks, and a swift, deadly volley swept the whole rebel line. Then rising on his stirrups, and lifting his sword aloft, he shouted, "charge bayonet." With levelled pieces and leaning forms and one deep shout of defiance, those 2,500 men threw themselves with solid front down the slope. As the rebels saw the gleaming line come driving swiftly down they halted in amazement. It was a new sight in the war, and the raw volunteers as they caught the determined expression of that immortal brigade, and the sheen of its steel, broke and fled in wild dismay over the field.

The rebel position being completely turned by this victory, it was abandoned that night. Right gallantly was it done, and showed what kind of training Hancock's brigade had been subjected to. McClellan declared it "brilliant in the extreme." Scores of such charges have taken place since, but this was the first. It was thought that untried volunteers could not be brought up to it, and the gallant example was the talk of the army and the nation, and raised a spirit of emulation among the troops, that was worth more to them than a whole campaign.

Previous to this, Hancock's name was scarcely known out of the army, but from this time to the close of the war, he occupied a large space in the public attention.

Afterwards, at the battles of Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, Nelson's Farm or Glendale, and Malvern Hill, he fought side by side with Sedgewick, and maintained the renown he had so suddenly won at Williamsburg. At Gaines' Mill, his and Burns' brigade, it is said, held the most exposed part of the lines. Hancock, especially, "had taken a critical position in front of his intrenchments with a strong battery. It was altogether probable the enemy would attempt to drive him back. The afternoon was wearing away wearily without any serious demonstrations, and we had begun to suspect the enemy of some sinister design in remaining so undemonstrative. It was probably about four or five o'clock, however, when, without premonition, a strong force pressed heavily upon General Burns' picket line. He sent word instantly to Hancock to prepare for action. The latter was vigilant; but he had hardly received the message before a rebel battery of heavy guns opened a furious storm of shell upon him. A moment later, a strong brigade pounced upon his pickets, pressed them irresistibly back, and dashed at his battery. . . . . Our picket reserves, however, held their ground manfully, and the enemy was driven back, our lads yelling triumphantly. Hancock was victorious, after a bitter fight, in which two Georgia regiments were cut to pieces. Among the prisoners captured by him was one of the smartest and most mischievous of Southern politicians—Colonel J. Q. C. Lamar, of the First Georgia Regiment, once member of Congress."

On the recall of the army from the peninsula to assist Pope, he accompanied his brigade to the front, and participated in that disastrous campaign.

In the subsequent campaign, under McClellan, which

virtually closed with the battle of Antietam, he again displayed those great qualities which showed his claims to a higher command.

Belonging to Richardson's division of Sumner's corps, which came to the help of Hooker, just as he was borne from the field, he fought as he never fought before. Amid the terrible carnage Richardson went down, and Hancock succeeded to the command of the division, which he handled with masterly skill. He immediately sent off an urgent request for more artillery, as that of the enemy vastly outnumbered his, and was making sad havoc in his ranks. But none could be given him. At this time he was required to hold such a wide stretch of country, that he could form but one line of battle, which at the same time was pushed so far to the front, that it was enfiladed by the rebel batteries. Still, he would not retire, but held his men firmly under the fire, although the ranks melted away with fearful rapidity. It was a trying position; and he mentally exclaimed, "Oh, for two or three batteries!" But they could not be had. Irritated at this compulsory inaction, and the slaughter of his brave men, Hancock could not conceal the excitement under which he labored. At length, seeing the rebels moving down on his left, he sent off to Franklin, begging him earnestly for a single battery. It was sent him, and by its help the enemy was driven back. The terrible ordeal through which he passed this day, may be judged from the fact, that of the loss of 12,460 on this part of the field, 5,200 fell in Sumner's corps alone.

We cannot follow him in the long marches, and the many duties he performed in the succeeding months, nor describe his bearing and conduct in the assault, by Burnside, on the heights of Fredericksburg. Sumner's corps

commanded the right wing, and suffered horribly in front of the earthworks on the slope. Seeing what terrible work was before them, Hancock advised the officers of the celebrated Irish Brigade, under Meagher, to dismount, and move on foot to the assault. There was no room for manœuvring here, no chance for the display of generalship, all he could do was to stand amid the awful storm, and make his men stand too. This he did, till the dead and wounded of his division seemed to outnumber the living. Meagher's brigade, that fought directly under his eye, had only a little over a quarter of its number left at the close of that disastrous day.

Hancock, like his chief, Sumner, knew beforehand that it was a mad attempt to take these heights by a direct assault; but, like him, did a soldier's duty, and freely exposed his own life, and saw his brave soldiers slaughtered uselessly, in obedience to orders.

On the appointment of Hooker to the chief command, the gallant, bluff old Sumner resigned; but Hancock, retaining his former position in the army, bore his part in the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville.

In the following summer, when Meade superseded Hooker, on the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by Lee, Hancock at once assumed the important position to which his military ability entitled him, for Meade knew his worth, and reposed great confidence in him.

He was at this time in command of the Second Corps. When the preliminary action under Reynolds, which resulted in his death, and which brought on the battle of Gettysburg, was reported to Meade, far back in the rear, he despatched, as he says, "General Hancock to *represent me on the field.*" No higher compliment could have been paid him. But this was not all; he told

him if he discovered a good position for fighting a battle to select it. Hancock at once hurried to the field, and found Howard, who had succeeded Reynolds, fallen back on Cemetery Hill. In conjunction with him, he decided that that was the very spot on which to decide the fate of the capital; and so reported to Meade. The latter says, "These reports being favorable, I determined to give battle at this point, and *early in the evening first issued orders to all corps to concentrate at Gettysburg.*" Thus it is seen, on General Meade's testimony, that Hancock, whom he "*despatched to represent him on the field*," with Howard, really fixed the battle-field which gave us the victory. Had the rebels occupied it first, and forced us to the attack, from which they recoiled, bleeding and broken, the result would have been totally different. Under the circumstances—when a single battle would decide the fate of the national capital, of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and, perhaps, of the whole North, it was not a slight responsibility which Meade put on Hancock. Had the latter erred in judgment, or the result proved that he had made a vital mistake, his reputation would have been ruined. But his military eye saw at a glance that the fortunes of war, or Providence, had given them the very position they wanted.

He commanded the left centre on the first day, and stood next to Howard on Cemetery Hill. All that day he not only held his ground, but sent reinforcements to the Third Corps. The next day, he maintained the same position till one o'clock in the afternoon, when Lee, after a lull in the battle, opened with a hundred and twenty-five guns, playing upon the centre and left. For more than two hours Hancock stood and took this terrible storm, beating with indescribable fury upon his ranks.

Calm and composed, he let the shot and shell scream, and rush, and burst around him; his eyes steadily fixed on the enemy's lines, knowing full well that this was only the prelude to a still more terrible storm. A little after three it came. Dark masses of infantry were seen moving out on the field, as the smoke of battle, lifting and drifting to the eastward, revealed them to view. Full forty-five thousand strong, and three columns deep, all moving at the quick-step, driving like a swift cloud-shadow over the field, they came in magnificent array, straight on Hancock. He saw that it was no common shock he was to meet, and his artillery at once opened furiously all along his line. As the mighty columns drew near, the musketry, in one solid sheet of flame, swept the dense formations. The ranks of living men went down like grain in front of the reaper, but the columns from behind still pressed onward to swell the harvest of death. Before this awful devastating fire the ranks at length began to waver, when the officers galloped along the undulating lines with flashing swords, and oaths, and appeals, gallantly braving death in the vain attempt to stem that fiery flood. Hancock saw that this determined advance was telling on the courage of his troops, and he too rode along the lines, bracing them up by his presence and voice.

But the shouting host only moved forward to choke with more victims the crater of that volcano, and the great decisive charge, on which everything rested, was at last broken. Amid the cheers that rolled along our line over the victory, Hancock was carried bleeding from the field. A bullet had pierced his thigh, and with Gibbon also wounded, he lay next day helpless and suffering, mourning that he could not be with his gallant corps to share with them the danger of the conflict. But only

occasional explosions of artillery met his ear, telling him that the battle was not renewed. On the second morning, as he lay weak and pale, the news was brought him that the enemy was in full retreat.

Hancock was now for a long time unfit for duty, but he could not move among the people without receiving testimonials of their love and admiration.

The next spring, when Grant, as General-in-Chief, began his great campaign against Richmond, Hancock was assigned command of the left wing of his grand army. He was not yet wholly recovered from his wound, and his friends and admirers in New York, fearing that he could not keep the saddle, at least all the time, presented him with a magnificent barouche, so that he could travel with comfort at the head of his old Second Corps. He, however, did not use it, preferring in its stead an army ambulance.

When Grant in his onward movement crossed the Rapidan, Hancock, crossing at Ely's Ford, led the advance for the centre, and with Sedgewick on the right, received the first rebel attack. To say that he bore himself magnificently in this fight, would be only to read over again the record of his life. Desperately pressed by overwhelming numbers suddenly concentrated against him, he was in danger of being borne away. Hastening to the front, he rallied his men, and in doing so received a second wound, though in this case a slight one. Says an officer: "solid masses of the enemy, line after line, were hurled upon him; but they were met and repulsed." The ground in his front was fought over four or five times.

When Lee retreated to Spottsylvania Court House, Hancock, crossing the Po Creek near the place, seized

the Block House road, and threw up a double line of breastworks, working all night to finish them. "It was a very pretty sight. The lanterns of the workmen hanging to the blossoming cherry trees, and picturesque groups of soldiers digging and erecting the works, while batteries stood harnessed up, their cannoniers lying on the ground around the carriages in wait for any emergency."

He afterward crossed the Po river, and took up his position in front of the enemy's intrenchments. Here on the 12th of May, he made one of the most brilliant and successful assaults of the war. The attacking columns were formed before it was full daylight, and just in the grey of the dawn moved swiftly and without firing a shot straight on the ramparts, at whose base stretched a deep, wide ditch. The enemy never dreaming of such a bold movement, saw before they were aware of it, the soldiers pouring like an inundation over the works. Rolled back by the sudden and terrific onset, they retreated, fighting, for a mile. Made aware of the frightful disaster that had overtaken them, the rebel generals hurried up supports, and reforming the lines advanced with the determination to retake the important position. Five times did Lee hurl his army upon it and as often was driven back. The battle raged here all day with terrific fury, and the ground was literally heaped with the dead. So determined were the onsets and so close the death-grapple, that the rebel colors and our own would at times be planted on the opposite sides of the same works, "the men fighting across the parapet."

For fourteen hours the battle raged, and when it closed, the torn and trampled earth presented a scene of horror that baffles description. Says one writing from the spot: "The angle of the works at which Hancock entered, and

for the possession of which the savage fight of the day was made, is a perfect Golgotha. In this angle of death the dead and wounded rebels lie, this morning, literally in piles—men in the agonies of death groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area of a few acres in the rear of their position, lie not less than a thousand rebel corpses, many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts through and through their bodies, pierced on the very margins of the parapet, which they were determined to retake or perish in the attempt. The one exclamation of every man who looks on the spectacle is, 'God forbid that I should ever gaze upon such a sight again.'"

The next morning, a little after midnight, the rebels made a furious attack again on the position, hoping in the darkness to surprise Hancock's wearied troops, but after three hours' desperate fighting, were again repulsed. It is said that Hancock never appeared better than in this fight. The lofty spirit of a knight of the olden time beamed in his handsome countenance, and was imparted to his enthusiastic troops.

He captured, in this most brilliant dash of the war, an entire division, four thousand strong, and thirty guns.

Hancock knew one of the rebel generals captured, but happening first to meet Johnson, whom he did not know, like a *preux chevalier* as he is, he advanced and gave him his hand. Johnson burst into tears, exclaiming that he would have preferred death to captivity. Stuart he knew, and advanced with all the frankness and generosity of his great heart, with his hand extended, saying, in tones least calculated to give him pain, and to put him at his ease, "How are you, Stuart." The latter, however, mortified and stung by his disgrace, drew himself up,

with true Southern hauteur, and, withdrawing his hand, sullenly replied, "I am General Stuart, of the Confederate army, and under present circumstances I decline to take your hand." Hancock, instead of taking offence at this, and making the captive feel his position, as he had the power to do, only smiled, and replied, "And under any other circumstances, general, I should have declined it." Hancock, though a magnanimous man, still knows how to rebuke an insolent enemy. A keener, better repartee cannot be found than this. It at the same time asserts, and yet solely by implication, his own personal and relative superiority, and rebukes, in the same way, Stuart's false assumption of it, and ridiculous attempt to escape from the unpleasantness of his position.

When Grant found that he could not take the strong position of the enemy here by a direct attack, he determined to flank; and, on the 18th, ordered Hancock and Wright to attack the rebel left, as though he were about to carry the entrenchments on that extremity. The assault was kept up till we lost 1,200 men, and then the columns were withdrawn. At night, Torbert's cavalry moved off ten miles east of Spottsylvania, on the Fredericksburg railroad, to clear the contemplated flank movement. On the 20th, Hancock, with the Second Corps, followed the cavalry, and reached Milford bridge, only forty miles from Richmond. On the 23d, he attacked the enemy, captured the fort at Taylor's bridge, and all this and the next day was almost constantly engaged. Again and again, the rebels attempted to retake the bridge which he had stormed, but were as often repulsed. What he once laid his strong grasp on, it was hard to wrest away again. When Grant, finding the enemy too strongly entrenched here to be assailed successfully, determined on another

flank movement across the Pamunkey, Hancock brought up the rear.

In all the movements and fighting that followed, until the army was safely across the James river, Hancock continued to bear an important part. His corps could always be relied upon when any hard work was to be done. With Baldy Smith, he carried the outer works of Petersburg.

When, on the 22d of June, the Second Corps was repulsed in an advance upon the town, Hancock was absent, not being able to keep the field, on account of his old wound. Not yet thoroughly healed when Grant began his great campaign, it had grown worse in the terrible strain to which his system had been subjected for the last two months, and it became evident that he must have rest, or be permanently disabled.

A long period of comparative idleness now followed; but in the last of October, an attempt was made to cross Hatcher's Run by the Second Corps; it met with a partial reverse, and lost some of its guns and men, and but for the great tactical skill and energy of Hancock, would have been in all probability routed. But he, with great promptness and audacity, checked the momentary success, recovering a part of his guns and prisoners.

This ended Hancock's fighting for the rest of the war. In November, he was relieved from the command of the Second Corps, at his own request, and assigned to the command of the new "Veteran First Corps," which was being organized, with headquarters at Washington. Recruiting stations were opened everywhere, and soldiers who had served their time out, flocked to enlist under the banner of this favorite commander. Wherever he went he was received with acclamations, and the nation de-

lighted to do him honor. His stirring appeals were never in vain, and great things were expected of this Veteran Corps when it once took the field.

After Sheridan, in his great raid to the James river, below Lynchburg, and across the country to the White House, finally joined Grant, to remain with him, Hancock was put in command in the Shenandoah Valley, where he remained till the close of the war. He is now in command of the Middle Department of the Military Division of the Atlantic.

General Hancock is of a fine personal appearance, and would anywhere in a crowd be picked out by a stranger, as a remarkable man. His lofty, chivalric spirit finds expression in his noble countenance, and gives additional interest to his well-formed features. His whole bearing is martial, and shows that by nature he was formed for the profession which he adorns. Ever ready for battle, and always at home in its uproar and perilous chances, he, nevertheless, is prudent and cautious in his movements. With great tactical skill on the field, and prudence in the management of his troops, yet his assaults are made with all the *abandon* and apparent recklessness of desperation. He is the impersonation of a hero to his troops, and they are as proud of his fame as of their own victories.

His natural character is not wholly of the American type; but seems to belong more to the chivalric ages. Grand, yet courteous, he is known throughout the army as the soul of honor. He is too knightly not to admire a brave enemy, and has none of that bitter, revengeful spirit which unsuccessful officers in the field regard as an evidence of their bravery. He could not strike a fallen foe. It is curious to see what a different spirit exists in those

heroic men who have won our victories, such as Grant, Sherman, McPherson, and Hancock, and many others that might be named, and the whole race of political warriors.

Like Sedgewick—by whose side he has often fought—and Thomas and McPherson, Hancock seems to have no enemies, and to have passed through disasters and victories alike, with no spot on his name. There must be some extraordinary combination of qualities in such men when they can pass through scenes that throw the nation into paroxysms of rage and mortification, and yet never come within the scope of its blind passion. Striking out wildly, as it does in moments of defeat and disgrace, and hitting innocent and guilty alike, it seems miraculous that none of the blows should light upon their heads.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUGH JUDSON KILPATRICK.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE—ENTERS WEST POINT—WHIPS A BULLY—LEAVES FOR THE ARMY BEFORE HE COMPLETES HIS COURSE—HIS MARRIAGE—BECOMES AN OFFICER IN DURYEA'S ZOUAVES—WOUNDED AT BIG BETHEL—MADE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL IN THE HARRIS LIGHT CAVALRY—SEIZES FALMOUTH—CHASE AFTER THE REBEL COMMANDER—GALLANT OPERATIONS AROUND FREDERICKSBURG—HIS SERVICES IN POPE'S CAMPAIGN—UNDER HOOKER—RAID ON RICHMOND—HIS FIGHTS PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, AND IN IT—DARING PURSUIT OF LEE—A FEARFUL NIGHT MARCH—SCENE AT SMITHBURG—FIGHT AT HAGERSTOWN—MARCH TO WILLIAMSPORT—FIGHT AT—CHARGE AT FALLING WATERS—SUMMING UP OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS—OBTAINS A FURLOUGH—OPERATIONS ON THE RAPIDAN AND RAPPAHANNOCK, UNDER MEADE—GALLANT ATTEMPT TO RELEASE THE PRISONERS IN RICHMOND—ENTERS THE OUTWORKS OF THE REBEL CAPITAL—SENT WEST TO JOIN SHERMAN—IS WOUNDED AT RESACA AND RETURNS HOME—AGAIN JOINS THE ARMY BEFORE ATLANTA—SENT TO CUT THE RAILROADS—COMMANDS THE CAVALRY IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN—ACCOUNT OF HIS SERVICES—COMPLIMENTED BY SHERMAN—CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS—THREATENS AUGUSTA—HIS SURPRISE BY HAMPTON AND NARROW ESCAPE—RETALIATION ON THE ENEMY—AVERYSRORO—HIS GALLANTRY AT BENTONVILLE—HIS ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS—HIS CHARACTER.

It is notorious that war makes and unmakes reputations rapidly. A struggle of a few hours may give a man a name that is mentioned with honor over the civilized world, or inflict on him an equally wide but painful celebrity. But we believe that neither our history nor that of any other nation furnishes an instance of a mere cadet, vaulting almost at a bound to the highest rank in


MAJ. GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS.
MAJ. GEN. H. W. SLOCUM.
MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD.
MAJ. GEN. J. B. Mc PHERSON.
MAJ. GEN. J. A. LOGAN.
MAJ. GEN. J. KILPATRICK.
MAJ. GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD.

the army, as in the case of Kilpatrick—to-day a pupil at West Point in gray—in three years a youth of only twenty-six, wearing two stars on his shoulders. If this sudden elevation had been brought about by political or social influence, it might not seem so remarkable, except as a striking illustration of the power of favoritism, but when it is known that it has been the result of merit alone, of downright hard work in the field, it *is* marvellous.

Hugh Judson Kilpatrick was born in the Valley of the Clove, Northern New Jersey, in 1838, and hence is now but twenty-seven years of age. His father was a large and respectable farmer, and able to give his son the advantage of an early education. At the age of seventeen, he entered with great ardor into politics, and was chosen delegate to the State Convention. He delivered speeches in favor of the reëlection of Mr. Vail, member of Congress from his district, which undoubtedly had much to do in securing him the appointment as cadet in West Point, where he entered on the 20th of June, 1856.

Though small, he was plucky, resolute, fearless, and self-confident, and showed while here some of the finest qualities that go to make up a soldier. He was good-tempered and genial, but a dangerous boy to attempt to bully. Being promoted to the rank of cadet officer, he had occasion, in the discharge of his duties, to reprove one of the largest students in the school for misbehaviour. The latter, relying on his size and strength, made an insolent reply, and added that if he reported him he would get a sound thrashing. He could not have taken a surer way to get reported, as he most promptly was, by young Kilpatrick. The consequence was that the bully attacked him on the first opportunity. Kilpatrick was small, but

made up in agility and skill what he lacked in weight; and, though he suffered severely in the conflict that followed, he stuck to his powerful antagonist for nearly three quarters of an hour, till the latter was compelled to yield, confessing himself handsomely whipped. He was soon after court-martialed, and dismissed the Academy. This, of course, made Kilpatrick very popular—as the pluck and endurance which overcome superior strength and size always do—and he was eventually chosen to deliver the valedictory of his class, in which he graduated fifteenth. He, however, did not stay the full year out, which closed in June, 1861. The attack on Fort Sumter, and the inauguration of the rebellion in the spring, fired him with such an ardent desire to be in active service, that he felt he could not wait till the end of the Academic year, and he and two others drew up a petition in April, which was signed by thirty out of the class of fifty, asking to be allowed to graduate at once, and finish their education on the battle-field. Their request was granted, and the class at once graduated, Kilpatrick delivering the valedictory.

Being already betrothed, and the affianced bride feeling that she could not be denied the right to be near him if wounded, they were at once married, and proceeded to Washington together. Young Kilpatrick was made an officer in Duryea's Zouaves, and repaired to Fortress Monroe. On the 11th of June, in the unfortunate battle of Big Bethel, he, with a part of the Zouaves, by marching all night, surprised the rebel pickets a mile from the place, and captured them. In the engagement that followed he was wounded by a grape-shot in the thigh. But, though racked with pain, the plucky young officer refused to leave the ground, and still led his men to the

charge, until at length, faint with the loss of blood, he was borne from his first battle-field.

He did not recover from the effects of this wound sufficiently to take the field again until September, when McClellan had command of the army. He was now made lieutenant-colonel in the Harris Light Cavalry, and promoted to first lieutenant of the First Artillery regular army.

During the winter, besides having his own duties to attend to, he was made a member of an Examining Board for examining cavalry officers of the volunteer service, and Inspector-General of McDowell's division. In March, when the Army of the Potomac moved on Manassas, his regiment led the advance; but on its transfer to the Peninsula, he remained behind under the command of McDowell. In April, this general was directed to occupy Fredericksburg, preparatory to a co-operating movement with McClellan on Richmond. Falmouth, opposite the place, was the first point of attack, and on the 17th, at daylight, Kilpatrick, with the Harris Light Cavalry, moved off in advance of the column sent to capture it.

It was a warm spring day, and in the afternoon overcoats and blankets became oppressive to both men and horses, and they were pitched off by the roadside. Twelve miles beyond Catlett's Station, the enemy's pickets were encountered and driven in, and followed in hot pursuit for eight miles. At length Kilpatrick approached the rebel camp, when he ordered his bugles to sound the charge, and dashing forward, scattered the enemy like frightened sheep. He had marched twenty-six miles, and so now bivouacked in the rebel camp for the night. But at one o'clock next morning, the bugle sounded "boots and saddles," and the regiment pressed forward, when it came upon a barricade

of rails across the road, behind which the enemy lay. Without a moment's hesitation, Kilpatrick ordered a charge, and the bold troopers rode like mad over the obstruction, and at daylight galloped into Falmouth. The rebel commander was out examining the pickets at the time Kilpatrick's troopers came clattering down the road, and instantly turned in flight. But the latter having caught sight of him, at once put spurs to his horse and dashed after in hot pursuit. It was an exciting chase; but the rebel officer was either better mounted, or his horse was fresher than Kilpatrick's, for after a fierce ride of four miles he succeeded in escaping.

Afterward, when Pope assumed command of the army, Kilpatrick was directed to break up the railroad running from Gordonsville to Richmond, and thus sever Lee's communications. He struck it at Beaver Dam, Frederick Hall and Hanover Junction, burning stations, spreading ruin in his track, and filling the country with alarm. He marched eighty miles in thirty hours, and again reached Fredericksburg late Sunday evening, followed by the rebels. The latter continuing to lurk in the vicinity, Kilpatrick having rested his command, started out with about four hundred men to hunt them up. Leaving Fredericksburg at four o'clock in the afternoon, he marched sixteen miles and encamped. Mounting at two o'clock in the morning, he pushed on, reaching Mount Carmel at daylight. Meeting near here a force of the enemy, he charged them, and drove them back into and over the North Anna river in utter confusion. Pushing across he continued the pursuit, till he at length came upon them drawn up on the road in columns of platoons, with dismounted men on either side armed with rifles. With singular audacity, Kilpatrick, with Major Davies

and Captain Walters, rode forward alone to reconnoitre, and actually held conversation with the rebels. He had scarcely returned to his command, when the enemy opened on him with their rifles and carbines. One shot aimed at Kilpatrick, struck a horse's head in front of him, and passed clean through it, which so deadened its force that when it reached him it fell harmless to the ground. The skirmishers now pressed forward on both sides, jeering each other in the intervals of the shots. At length the order of the rebel commander was heard, "By platoons, left about wheel," when instantly our bugles sounded the charge, and away the rebels went helter-skelter down the road toward Hanover Junction. Here they took refuge behind reinforcements, and Kilpatrick wheeled, and rode back to the abandoned camp and commenced the destruction of property. A railroad train loaded with grain, wagons, tools and commissary stores, &c., were fired. While fires were still raging, a large body of Stuart's cavalry suddenly appeared in sight. Had they charged at once, that would probably have been the last of Kilpatrick, for they outnumbered him three to one, and he was totally unprepared for them. But they halting to reconnoitre, Kilpatrick suddenly threw a platoon across the road, and sounding the rally, was in a few moments ready for the conflict. Instead of looking about to see how he could effect a safe retreat, he with his usual daring determined to attack, and sending round Davies to assail them in flank while he charged them in front, he actually drove this superior force in flight down the railroad. Pursuing as far as he deemed prudent, and kindling fires along the track, he leisurely retraced his steps, reaching Fredericksburg at midnight on the 23d, having ridden seventy-four miles in twenty-four hours.

It was very plain that horse-flesh, if nothing else, would suffer under this tireless commander. In the rebel camp he found a paper stating that General Stuart was building a bridge over the North Anna; so he left a note for him, telling him he need not trouble himself farther about the bridge, as he would give him all he could attend to on the other side.

In the disastrous campaign of Pope that followed, he did efficient service. The whole cavalry force being under Bayard, was employed chiefly in protecting the Rapidan, and covering the retreat of the army. In the performance of the arduous duties laid upon him, and the various movements and battles that occurred, he enlarged his experience, and went through a useful training, preparatory to the wider field he was destined to occupy.

The cavalry took no important part in the unfortunate campaign of Burnside, and was south of Washington while the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were filling the country with joy.

When Hooker took command, the scattered cavalry regiments were again brought together, and the whole reorganized and placed under Stoneman.

In the following spring, when Hooker commenced his movement across the Rappahannock, he sent his cavalry force to the rear of Lee, to break up his communications, and prevent his retreat. Kilpatrick commanded a brigade in the commencement of this extraordinary movement. When Stoneman divided his forces, assigning to each its peculiar task, Kilpatrick, with his regiment, numbering some 450 men, was sent to burn the railroad and bridges over the Chickahominy, five miles from Richmond. Though the country was swarming with the enemy, he skilfully avoided the large bodies, and scattering the small

ones that he encountered, rode rapidly forward till he came within two miles of the rebel capital. "Here," he says, "I captured Lieutenant Brown, aid-de-camp to General Winder, and eleven men within the fortifications. I then passed down to the left to the Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy, which I burned, ran a train of cars into the river, retired to Hanovertown, on the peninsula, crossed just in time to check the advance of a pursuing cavalry force, burned a train of thirty wagons loaded with bacon, captured thirteen prisoners, and encamped for the night five miles from the river. I resumed my march at one A. M. of the 5th, surprised a force of three hundred cavalry of Aylett's, captured two officers and thirty-three men, burned fifty-six wagons and the depot, containing upwards of twenty thousand barrels of corn and wheat, quantities of clothing, and commissary stores, and safely crossed the Mattapony, and destroyed the ferry again, just in time to escape the rebel cavalry pursuit. Late in the evening, I destroyed a third wagon train and depot, a few miles above and west of Tappahannock, and from that point made a forced march of twenty miles, closely followed by a superior force of cavalry." He then kept on, and at length "on the 7th, found safety within our lines, at Gloucester Point." He had made a march around the rebel army of nearly two hundred miles in less than five days, having captured and paroled upwards of eight hundred prisoners, with a loss to his little command of only one officer and thirty-seven men.

When Lee, following up Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville, commenced his great movement around Washington into Maryland, the cavalry was again brought into active service. Hooker, hearing that Lee had massed his cavalry near Beverly Ford, and by the clouds of dust

that rolled away towards Culpepper, suspecting his wily adversary was making some great movement, sent out his cavalry to make a reconnoissance. Pleasanton in command, moved forward, and came upon the enemy at Brandy Station, when the severest cavalry fight of the war, thus far, took place. Determined charges were made on both sides, and hour after hour the flashing sabres drank blood, but neither would yield the field. During the engagement, Gregg came very near being overborne, when Kilpatrick made one of his gallant charges. He was posted with three regiments—the Harris Light, Tenth New York, and First Maine—on a slight elevation, and looking on the plain below filled with the charging squadrons, he saw Gregg, though bravely fighting, falling back. Fired at the sight, he flung out his battle flag and ordered the bugles to sound the charge. In *echelon* of squadrons by regiments, down came the brigade like a loosened cliff on the heavy columns of the foe—the Tenth New York in advance. It fell with a shout on the rebel squadrons, but rebounded from the blow and swung off. The Harris Light, following close on its heels, repeated the charge, but was also borne back. Stung into madness at the sight of his own regiment repulsed and shattered, he flung himself at the head of the First Maine, still further in the rear, and moving forward on a walk, shouted: "Men of Maine, you must save the day; follow me!" Closing grandly up, the regiment marched off behind its leader, who circled to the right, till he got on the flank of the enemy, when he ordered the bugles to sound the charge, and coming down in a wild gallop, struck the enemy like a thunderbolt, forcing back his hitherto steady line. As the clattering tempest swept past the other two shattered regiments, Kilpatrick shouted

out, over the tumult: "Back, the Harris Light! Back, the Tenth New York! Reform your squadrons and charge!"

The field was won; but a heavy body of infantry coming up to reinforce the cavalry, Pleasanton withdrew across the Rappahannock.

Kilpatrick was now made brigadier, and in the fight at Aldie, which occurred shortly after, again met Lee. Ordered by Pleasanton to push through Ashby's Gap and ascertain the whereabouts of the rebel army that was moving so leisurely around Washington, he suddenly came upon the advance guard of Fitzhugh Lee at Aldie. Securing a strong position he resisted every attempt of the enemy to dislodge him, although charge after charge was made. After one of these fierce onsets, Colonel Cesnola, of the Fourth New York, from some misconception of his conduct was placed under arrest, and his sword taken from him. But soon after, seeing his regiment charge and then waver and fall back, he forgot his arrest, and all weaponless as he was, galloped to its head, and with cap instead of sword in hand, led them bravely to the shock. Kilpatrick saw the action, and chivalrous himself, he could not but admire this gallant deed, and riding up to him as he came back from the charge, he said, "Colonel, you are a brave man! You are released from arrest," and unbuckling his sword handed it to him, saying, "Here, take my sword and wear it in honor of this day!" No wonder his next charge was fierce as a storm, in which the brave fellow fell, desperately wounded, and was taken prisoner.

Later in the day, when the tide of battle set against him and his squadrons were borne back, he again put himself at the head of the First Maine as at Brandy Station,

and leading it in person, charged with such desperation, that the enemy broke and fled. His horse was killed under him in this onset; but, mounting another, he ordered the whole line to advance. Lee fell back before it, and turned in flight, followed hard after by Kilpatrick till night put a stop to the pursuit. The next morning he made a sabre charge into the town of Upperville, driving the enemy out of it in affright.

Soon after, when Hooker was relieved and Meade put in his place, Kilpatrick was given command of General Stahl's division of 5,000 men. The cavalry corps was divided at this time into three great divisions, this division constituting one, Buford and Gregg commanding the other two. The rebel General Stuart did not cross his cavalry with Lee's army, but farther down the Potomac, between Hooker and Washington, and pushed on toward the capital, throwing it into the wildest consternation. Kilpatrick, with his division, was sent after him. But on the last day of June, while halting at Hanover, he was suddenly attacked by Stuart's whole force. He did not know the latter was in the vicinity till he heard his bugles in his rear and on his flank. It was a perilous moment for him, and a less prompt man would have been overwhelmed; but he quickly formed his squadrons, and though Stuart led the charge in person, it was repulsed. Still, for a while victory hung in the balance, and not till after a struggle of four hours did he finally succeed in shaking off his enemy. A little boy named Smith, only twelve years old, a bugler in the First Maine, charged bravely with his regiment and had his horse killed under him. The little fellow's gallant bearing so pleased Kilpatrick, that he at once adopted him as his aid, and ever after where the General was, whether on the march

or in the headlong charge, he was sure to be found at his side.

On the 2d of July, Kilpatrick made a forced march to Heidlesberg, to intercept Stuart, who was on his way to join Lee's army, but the latter had gained a march on him, and so slipped through. He now received orders to join the main army at Two Taverns, which he reached about daylight on the third day of July. Three hours later the column was again in motion, and at eleven o'clock attacked the enemy's right flank at Gettysburg. Here a desperate fight occurred, in which, after a long and severe struggle, Farnsworth, who commanded the force making it, was killed, and the three regiments under him terribly cut up. The enemy concentrating a heavy force at this point, as Kilpatrick threatened his ammunition trains, the latter was compelled to fall back; and night coming on with a heavy thunder-storm, he retired two or three miles and bivouacked. Next morning, the ever memorable 4th, it was ascertained that the enemy was in full retreat, and Kilpatrick was immediately started in pursuit to harass his rear and capture his trains. Amid a pelting rain storm his column pushed on all day, and at noon reached Emmettsburg. Drenched and weary, it halted here only for a short time, and then hurried forward towards the mountain, the base of which it reached just at dark. The road up it was dug along the steep sides, and only wide enough for four horses to move abreast, while from its lower edge a deep abyss sank away. Up this narrow, unknown way, in a drizzling rain, and enveloped in darkness so deep that the riders, though jostling together, could not see each other, the exhausted, sleepy soldiers on their weary animals slowly toiled, the heavy tread of the horses and the jingling of the steel scabbards, the only

sounds that broke the deep silence; until near the top, when suddenly a mouth of fire opened in the gloom, and the thunder of a cannon shook the heights, while down along the narrow way came the fiery hail-storm. Though on the look-out for danger, the column was startled at the suddenness of the discharge, and before it had time to recover, from either side came a rattling fire of musketry, lighting up with a strange glow that rocky mountain summit. The leading squadron broke and fell back on the second, which also broke, and for a moment the narrow road was jammed with men and horses struggling in the darkness. But that long column, winding for miles away down the mountain side could not wheel about, and so the broken squadrons were rallied, skirmishers dismounted and thrown out, and the First Virginia ordered to the front. Forming as best they could, in the gloom, the bugles sounded the charge, and across the summit and down the farther side into the inky darkness the fearless riders plunged. Clearing the way before them, they kept on till they came upon Ewell's long train, guarded by four regiments. Firing a volley, they cried "Do you surrender?" "Yes," was the reply, and for eight miles the cavalry swept along the train that had come to a halt. A heavy thunder-storm now broke along the mountain, which, combined with the roar of torrents down its sides, and the howling of the wind, joined to the shouts and oaths and curses of men, added inconceivable terror to the scene. At length the welcome morning dawned, when Kilpatrick disposed of his prisoners as he best could, and burned such wagons as he could not get off. Soon after, the whole command, wet, weary, hungry and splashed with mud, halted for a short rest. In a few minutes all were asleep save the guard, Kil-

patrick among the rest. After two hours of such rest as they could get in the falling rain, the bugles again sounded "forward," and the column moved on to Smithburg, which it reached about nine o'clock. It was Sunday; the storm had now cleared away, and the summer sun shone brightly on the smiling landscape, while young girls lined the streets, loaded with flowers and singing patriotic songs. As Kilpatrick and his mud-besplashed troopers passed along, bouquets without number were showered upon them, and the older ladies, with tears in their eyes, came forth with plates heaped with snowy bread for their refreshment. Such songs of welcome and gladness and joy after that stormy night's ride and fight in the mountains, was like waking from a troubled dream to find one's self amid flowers and music. It aroused the nodding band of the column, and it struck up "Hail, Columbia," and "The Star Spangled Banner," till that little village overflowed with joy and thanksgiving. But all this was soon changed, for the enemy, enraged at Kilpatrick's daring pursuit, sent a heavy force against him which now came charging with yells upon the place. Finding they could not drive him out, they planted a battery on a commanding eminence and commenced shelling the town. Though they outnumbered him, Kilpatrick, by the skilful disposition of his forces, kept them at bay all day. After dark he moved off towards Boonesboro, which he reached just before midnight.

Early next morning, hearing that the enemy had a train near Hagerstown, he marched on that place. Coming upon the enemy's pickets at the edge of the town, he charged and drove them, and riding fiercely into the place, struck the head of the enemy's column that was just entering it. Up and down the streets his brave troopers rode, scattering the enemy before them, but he

soon discovered that this force, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was too heavy for him, and his command having already suffered severely, he determined, if possible, to get away, and move off toward Williamsport. This was a difficult undertaking in presence of the enemy, but he accomplished it, and galloped swiftly along the road, on which he placed the First Vermont and Fifth New York as a rear-guard. On this the rebels came with overwhelming force, and a fierce and sanguinary fight followed. But the noble rear-guard knew the importance of the trust committed to it, and held its ground with unflinching firmness. Compelled to yield one position, it would take another, and dispute it to the last. It did its duty nobly, and though it could not effectually stop the enemy, it delayed him till Kilpatrick, with the main column, was beyond his reach. Its mangled horses and slain men scattered along the road attested its fidelity.

Reaching the top of a hill that overlooked Williamsport, about four o'clock, Kilpatrick was greeted with the sound of battle from Buford's command that was hotly engaged with the enemy. He immediately threw out his skirmishers, and began to plant his batteries, but before his orders could be fully carried out, he heard the sound of firing in his rear. Riding to where he could command the road for a long distance, he discovered his rear-guard falling back in disorder. With the rebels in front and rear, he saw at once the peril of his position. For one moment he sat tapping his boot in anxious thought; the next he ordered the Harris Light to charge the enemy, now thundering down with pealing bugles and shouts on his rear-guard. This noble regiment, leaning forward on their horses, with drawn sabres, drove full on the exult-

ant, confident foe, and hurled him back over the road. This gave Kilpatrick time to form his command for a retreat, which he did so skilfully, that he fell back for three miles, fighting as he went, and punishing the enemy so severely that he was able to go into camp unmolested. His weary men, covered by Buford's command, which kept the enemy in check, went to sleep on the spot where they halted.

The next morning he moved back to Boonesboro, and on the following day fought the enemy again, and forced him back to Antietam Creek. Thursday and Friday he was almost constantly engaged with the enemy, and on Saturday again defeating him, he boldly turned the head of his column once more toward Hagerstown. Meeting the skirmishers two miles out, he drove them in, and after a fight of one hour rode into the town and occupied it. He remained here Monday and Tuesday, anxious to move forward, for he fully believed that Lee was crossing the Potomac; but could get no orders to do so. Chafing under his inactivity while he knew the enemy was escaping, he resolved at last to wait no longer, and assuming the responsibility, he moved off toward Williamsport, and actually chased a part of Lee's rear-guard into the river, taking many prisoners. Hearing that a portion of the rebel force had marched toward Falling Waters, he moved rapidly off in that direction, and was in the fight that killed General Pettigrew, and scattered his four brigades, taking 1,500 prisoners, three battle-flags, and two guns.

For over two weeks Kilpatrick had now been almost constantly in the saddle, fighting upon an average a battle per day, and riding hundreds of miles. His division, at the outset, consisted of some 5,000 men, and now at the

end of this strange campaign, he reported 4,500 prisoners captured, with nine guns, and eleven battle-flags.

But for the great battle of Gettysburg that overshadowed all minor operations, the country would have rung with his exploits. Had he been allowed to have his own way, when at Hagerstown, Lee would never have got across the Potomac almost unscathed as he did.

The tremendous strain he had put upon his men and horses rendered his command unfit for immediate use, and broke down for awhile even the iron constitution of Kilpatrick, and obtaining a furlough to recruit his shattered constitution, he returned to his quiet home on the Hudson, at West Point.

In the middle of September, when Meade resolved to advance on Lee, then encamped along the south shore of the Rapidan, Kilpatrick again joined his command. Stuart's cavalry was at Culpepper, and Pleasanton was directed to drive him out. While the main portion of the force moved directly upon the place, Kilpatrick was sent across the country, and came down upon it from the direction of Stevensburg. Some time after Buford and Gregg had been engaging the enemy, he reached his assigned position, and charged down into the place under a heavy fire of artillery, clearing the streets like a whirlwind, and capturing three Blakely guns in his passage. Soon after, when Lee forced Meade to retreat across the Rappahannock, and retire to Centreville, Pleasanton was directed to remain at Culpepper and watch the enemy. Compelled to fall back from this place through some misunderstanding, Kilpatrick's column became cut off from the main body, and before he was aware of it, he saw Fitzhugh's division of cavalry in three lines holding the road in front of him, while hostile

batteries appeared on his right flank, and began to pour their fire into him, and large bodies of cavalry were seen moving around his left; in short, he was getting completely surrounded. To make it worse, the chief himself, Pleasanton, was with him. Such a sudden revelation naturally, for a moment, sent dismay through the cavalry; but this was just one of those perilous positions in which the genius of Kilpatrick shone out with greatest lustre. Coolly giving his orders, he rode out on an elevated position in full view of his own force—only about four thousand strong—and that of the enemy. At the sight the brave fellows sent up a loud shout, and their blades leaped from their scabbards. With a heavy line of skirmishers thrown out on all sides, to protect his flanks, he formed his command into three columns of a thousand each, himself being in the centre, and moved steadily down on the enemy. When within a few hundred yards, the band struck up Yankee Doodle, and while the exciting strains were still vibrating on the air, a hundred bugles suddenly pealed forth the charge, and leaning forward on their horses, and shaking their flashing sabres over their heads, these three thousand men dashed forward with one loud defiant yell. Before their onset, the rebel line parted like mist, leaving a wide, open road before them, and they moved on and joined the main body. The enemy, however, rallied, and concentrating their forces, prepared for battle, and the great cavalry fight at Brandy Station followed. Here Kilpatrick, with Buford, Gregg, Custer, and Davis, all under Pleasanton, enacted over their great deeds again. The plains shook to the shock of charging squadrons, and gleaming sabres turned red with the blood of men. Long after twilight closed over the tumultuous scene, the blaze of guns, and the

glinting of steel striking steel, shed a fitful light over the field. At length the exhausted, baffled enemy ceased his attacks, and the cavalry fell back with the army to Centreville.

When Meade soon after advanced, Kilpatrick, with some two or three thousand men, was sent to clear the front, and fell, as the rebels assert, into a trap laid for him. At all events, he was attacked by an overwhelming force, beaten badly, and barely escaped utter destruction. By his daring and rapid movements, however, he got back to our lines without the loss of a gun, though many prisoners fell into the enemy's hands. The battle of Bristoe Station followed, when the army went into winter quarters.

At this time, Kilpatrick met his first great sorrow in the loss of his young wife and child, though the sad bereavement did not keep him long from the field. In fact, he had one less motive to live—one less claim to his affections, which he could now give undivided to his country.

During the following winter, the country became much agitated with the reports of the cruel treatment to our prisoners at Richmond, and, as no exchange could be effected, by which they could be released from sufferings worse than death, Kilpatrick conceived the bold idea of rescuing them by force. Learning that Richmond was weakly garrisoned, the troops being mostly with Lee's army, he thought by a sudden dash with a large force of cavalry in midwinter, when such a movement would be least expected, he might be able to reach the prisons where they were confined, and release them. Of course the moment they were free they would be able to take the city, and hold it till other troops could arrive from below, or

else march down to Yorktown. Kilpatrick having formed his plan, and submitted it with all its details to the President and Secretary of War, it was, after due deliberation, accepted. The enterprise they knew to be a most hazardous one, but the noble object in view seemed to justify the attempt.

On the last day of February, this daring leader, with 4,000 chosen men, left his camp at Stevensburg, and marched for Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan. The first condition of success was, to get so far beyond the enemy's lines before discovery as to render pursuit impossible, and so give time to carry out the details of the plan; for with a large body of cavalry at his heels, it would be at best only a wild gallop across the country, without any beneficial result.

This ford was well guarded, and an alarm given here would be fatal. He, therefore, sent a daring scout, named Hogan, with fifty resolute men, to capture, if possible, the picket-guard, composed of a captain, lieutenant, and twenty-two men. These, scattering in different directions, and crossing singly or in small groups, succeeded in reaching a certain point, where they united and silently advancing, captured the whole party. While this was being done, the column stood halted in the darkness on the other side, the men ignorant of the cause of the delay, until the form of Hogan, stealthily advancing through the gloom with his trusty companions, gave the low announcement—"General, the rebel picket is all right."

The column was at once put in motion, and rapidly crossing the river, struck off toward Spottsylvania Court-House, where it arrived at daylight, twenty miles in rear of the rebel army, without having given the alarm. This promised well. Elated with his success, Kilpatrick now

pushed rapidly forward toward Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central railroad, reaching it at four o'clock in the afternoon, where he went into camp for a few hours. Colonels Dahlgren and Cook, with five hundred men, had been sent across the James River, to move down its south bank near to Bell Isle, and release the prisoners there, and with them move into the city, and join Kilpatrick, who was to enter the capital at the same time by the Brook road. Kilpatrick performed his part of the programme, and at nine o'clock had carried the enemy's first line of works on the Brook turnpike, less than two miles from the city, and opened on it with his artillery. This was the signal agreed upon between him and Dahlgren, and as the heavy echoes died away, he listened to hear the answering roar of the latter's guns, saying that all was right. But no echo came back. What was to be done, therefore, must be done by himself alone, and that quickly. It was soon very evident that he had underestimated the strength of the rebel works, and for hours he reconnoitred in vain to find a weak place where he could dash in. In the meantime, the capital was thrown into a state of the wildest alarm; couriers were sent off hither and thither, the bells rung, and the citizens hurried to the entrenchments. The rebel infantry on the Chickahominy were hastened up, and Kilpatrick saw with deep sorrow, that the project on which he had set his heart must be abandoned, and he reluctantly gave the order to retreat. Falling back, he swept round to the Chickahominy, and crossing it at Meadow Bridge, went into camp in the midst of a driving storm of sleet, and hail, and snow, which drenched and chilled to the bones the exhausted, disappointed soldiers. That night, however, some of his scouts coming in, and reporting that

they had actually traversed the rebel capital, and that the troops had nearly all been hurried off up the James, and toward the Brook turnpike, leaving only a small picket on the Mechanicsville road, he determined to make one more effort to reach the rebel prisons. A thousand men were therefore selected and divided into detachments, with orders to charge into the city by this road, overpower the small force about the prisons, and then dash back and join the main body again. But before this plan could be carried out, the thunder of artillery close at hand announced that his camp was attacked. Hampton had come down upon him with a heavy force, and now for hours a fierce, irregular fight followed. At length the enemy was repulsed, when Kilpatrick moved off to Old Church, and went into camp, to wait the return of his scattered detachments. He remained here during the entire day till all came in, except Dahlgren. At length, hearing that the latter had crossed the Pamunkey, and was making his way toward Gloucester Point, he leisurely moved down the peninsula towards Yorktown, which he safely reached, after having been on the march for five days. Dahlgren, misled by a negro guide, whom he slew, did not reach the appointed place in time. In the darkness of the night he came within hearing of the battle, raging around Kilpatrick's camp, but by some fatality, he, with a hundred men, became separated from his main body, and was compelled to fight his way till he got within three miles of King and Queen Court-House. Here, ambuscaded by citizens and soldiers, he was shot down, and all but seventeen of his party killed or taken prisoners. His body was buried in the middle of the road by the rebels, to show their savage hate, and otherwise treated with brutal malignity.

Kilpatrick now performed some minor raids; but his daring career on the soil of Virginia had come to a close. His name, for two years, had spread terror throughout the State; for, like Marion and his troopers of old, in South Carolina, he and his bold riders came to be looked upon as ubiquitous.

His boldness and success, as a cavalry leader, pointed him out as one eminently fitted to command on a wider field, and he was sent West to co-operate with Sherman, in his great campaign against Atlanta. When the army commenced its onward march, he led the advance, but in the broken country through which it fought its way, the cavalry could do but little, except clear the roads in front, keep up communications between the different columns, and protect the flanks. At Resaca, however, an opportunity was given him to strike one of his heavy blows. On that day, as he dashed forward, he passed Logan, and to his enquiry, "Where are you going, general?" replied, "No skirmishing to-day; but sabre charges alone shall be made." He had been directed to drive the enemy from the cross-roads, a mile and a half from Resaca, and as he approached the spot he ordered Colonel Smith to charge with one of his brigades. The bugles rang out, and the column fell furiously on the enemy; but unable to pierce the lines, recoiled from the shock and fell back. The rebel infantry, elated with victory, pressed after with loud shouts. Kilpatrick just then riding forward, saw with astonishment the retreating brigade, and fired at the sight, ordered up a fresh one, and rallying the disordered troops, ordered the charge to be sounded. Riding at their head, he fell like a falling rock on the exultant enemy, and hurled him fiercely back beyond the important point, and held it. But he fell in the

moment of victory, desperately wounded. A rifle ball had entered the groin, and almost miraculously escaping a vital point, passed out of the hip. Reeling from his saddle, he was borne bleeding, fainting to the rear. It was plain that if he recovered, he would not be able again to enter the field for some time, and therefore as soon as he was strong enough to be moved, he returned to his home on the Hudson, to recruit.

Before he was fit again to take the saddle, he ascertained by the papers that Sherman was in front of Atlanta, and that the place must fall in a few days. Determined not to lose the glory of partaking in the final movements for its overthrow, he took the next train, and rode night and day till he reached his command at Cartersville. Still unable to sit on his horse he rode forward in a carriage fitted up for him by his command, and joined Sherman before Atlanta. The cavalry was much needed in breaking up the railroads that supplied the city, and at once entered on this service. Soon all were cut except the one leading to Macon. To destroy it, therefore, was now the chief object of Sherman, and the task was assigned to Kilpatrick. With two divisions of cavalry and eight pieces of artillery he set out just at night from his camp, and sweeping round to the west of Atlanta, fighting his way forward, reached the Macon railroad in the afternoon the next day, and began to tear up the track. The enemy, alarmed at his audacious movement, sent out a heavy force of infantry and cavalry, which came upon him just before midnight, engaged in the work of destruction. The heavens were lurid with the conflagration, and the work was going bravely on, when the thunder of artillery compelled him to leave his task but half accomplished. Repulsing the enemy, he made a wide

circuit, and struck the railroad further down at Lovejoy's Station. But, made aware of his movements, the rebel force, by keeping straight down the road, was able to reach the threatened point before him. Foiled here, he began to cast about to see what his next movement should be, when he discovered that the way by which he had come was blocked up, while various forces were rapidly accumulating on all sides of him to secure his capture. Finding he had got to cut his way out, he formed his command into six columns, and sounding the charge made straight for the rebel barricades in his front. Pouring like a torrent over these, he cut down the astonished enemy without mercy, and drove them in disorderly flight on every side. With four guns, a large number of prisoners, and three battle-flags as trophies of the fight, he now moved on to the east of Atlanta, and finally reached the lines at Decatur, having made the entire circuit of the city and Hood's army.

His success, however, was only partial, and Sherman seeing that to break this communication permanently, he must transfer his army to it, now began that great movement that gave us Atlanta. In carrying it out Kilpatrick operated in front and on the flank of Howard's Army of the Tennessee.

Before entering on his grand expedition across the State of Georgia, Sherman had a review of Kilpatrick's cavalry, on which he knew he would have to lean so heavily for the protection of his flanks in his long march. Kilpatrick, informed of the General's plans, now called in his detachments, exchanged poor horses for good ones, and put everything in as complete preparation as possible for the arduous work before him. When all were assembled and mounted, he found he had five thousand

five hundred men, with six pieces of artillery. These he divided into two brigades of two thousand five hundred men each, the first under Colonel Murray, and the second under Colonel Atkins. Before starting, he invited the officers to his headquarters to a social entertainment, when he addressed them in his glowing style, and animated all with a spirit of emulation.

In the march, Kilpatrick accompanied the right wing of the army, under Howard, which moved down the Macon road, called the Georgia Central, in two columns. He had hardly left Atlanta before he came upon the pickets of the enemy, who had been hanging around the place. Scattering these from his path, he drove them through Eastport and Jonesboro, and pressing on, came upon the enemy two or three thousand strong at Lovejoy's, occupying the old rebel works there. Without waiting to reconnoitre and turn the position he charged the barricades, driving the enemy pell-mell from them, killing fifty and capturing two guns which the rebels had taken from Stoneman. From thence he moved down the road, the infantry following leisurely, until he came on Wheeler's cavalry, at Bear Creek, ten miles from Griffin. Driving them back to Barnesville, he attacked them again, compelling them to take refuge in Macon.

Howard now approached the Ocmulgee, and it was necessary that his movements should be covered, while he effected a crossing. To do this, Kilpatrick took his cavalry over, and marched to Griswoldsville, ten miles *east* of Macon, when he wheeled about and moved boldly back on the place. There was a large army here, and the object of Kilpatrick was to keep it there to defend the town, till Howard could get beyond it on his march toward Milledgeville. By his bold and skilful movements he

succeeded admirably, for in a succession of rapid advances he drove in the rebel outlying picket posts and forced the enemy back to East Macon, two miles from the city. Not satisfied with this, a brigade charged the rebel line, and one regiment, the Tenth Ohio, dashing across an intervening creek burst with wild clamor up the hill beyond, on which the earthworks were, and drove the artillerymen and infantry from their posts. This bold movement confirmed the rebel commanders in their opinion, that Macon was to be attacked, and the army was kept busy on the fortifications, and in a constant state of alarm by the sound of Kilpatrick's bugles. Howard, in the meantime, quietly slipped by and was miles away before the rebels woke up to the clever trick that had been played upon them.

While a part of the cavalry was thus keeping the rebel army in Macon in constant fear of an attack, another portion destroyed depots, a foundry, chemical works, and other public buildings at Griswoldsville, and then working eastward, tore up the railroad as they advanced.

After the short rest at Milledgeville, the army moved on, and now began the real hard work of the cavalry during the campaign. Its chief business thus far had been to destroy, but Wheeler's cavalry had become so formidable in numbers that, from this time on, it required all Kilpatrick's attention. The Savannah railroad runs north from Millen to Augusta, about midway between which is Waynesboro. While the army was moving in a somewhat southeasterly direction toward this place, Kilpatrick was sent forward on the road to Waynesboro, which was the proper route to Augusta, in order to confirm the impression of the rebel commanders that it

was the point aimed at by Sherman. A large army was here also, and it was important it should remain in its position, till it was effectually cut off from Savannah. At Sandersville, Wheeler made a stand, but after some sharp skirmishing, fell back toward Waynesboro. Almost every day now there was severe fighting. On the 29th, Wheeler suddenly assumed the offensive, and made a furious attack on Kilpatrick. The latter had thrown up barricades, and, a part of his force using the Spencer rifles, received his adversary with a murderous fire, and stubbornly held him at bay, killing and wounding two or three hundred men, with a small loss to himself. Falling back to Louisville, on the Fourteenth Corps, he rested for one day, and on the next, again moved off toward Waynesboro. Reaching the railroad a few miles south of it, at Thomas' Station, he broke it up. The next day he moved against Wheeler, and attacking him with fury behind his barricades, forced him to flight. For two days, the 3d and 4th, he fought him with such determination, that the rebel chieftain gave up all hope of arresting our progress. Having accomplished his object, viz., to keep the rebel army shut up in Augusta, Kilpatrick gathered up his dead and wounded, numbering about sixty, and wheeling south, now joined Sherman at Millen. From this point, on to Savannah, seventy-five miles distant, the cavalry, divided into two portions, marched in front and rear of the army. Hitherto it had seemed to the astonished inhabitants to be everywhere, and burning cotton, blazing dépôts, foundries, mills, and workshops, and smoking railroads in all directions, had so completely confused and bewildered the rebel leaders, that they did not know where to concentrate their forces. While watching for Kilpatrick in one place, he struck them in another;

all the time stretching such an impenetrable curtain along the flanks of the main army, that its movements were shrouded in complete mystery. Detachments sent off in all directions had threatened every possible point almost at the same time, and for nearly five hundred miles his bold troopers had ridden without let or hindrance over the astonished country. Their bugle blasts by night and day had roused up the solitary planter, the quiet rural village, and the busy town alike, till his gay and reckless squadrons seemed in the eyes of the inhabitants to fill all the State.

But from Millen to Savannah they marched in mass, and kept step to the leisurely movements of the army. Through the broad pine barrens, in front and rear, their bugles awoke the still echoes, and cheered the long march, until the spires of Savannah rose to view, and its work was accomplished.

In summing up his operations, Kilpatrick said that the enemy's cavalry had not been able even once to reach the trains in the rear or flank of either infantry column. "We have," said he, "three times crossed from left to right in front of our army, and have marched upwards of five hundred and forty-one miles since the 15th day of November, and have destroyed fourteen hundred bales of cotton, two hundred and seventy-one cotton gins, and much other valuable property; captured two 3-inch rifled guns, eight hundred and sixty-three stands of small arms, and killed and wounded and disabled not less than fifteen hundred of the enemy," while his own loss was but three hundred and sixty-five. Sherman, in a letter to him, dated in front of Savannah, complimented him highly, saying, among other things, "But the fact that to you, in a great measure, we owe the march of four strong infan-

try columns, with heavy teams and wagons, over three hundred miles through an enemy's country, without the loss of a single wagon, and without the annoyance of cavalry dashes on our flanks, is honor enough for any cavalry commander."

While at Savannah he received the appointment of Major-General.

When Sherman, in the middle of winter, marched out of Savannah to traverse the two Carolinas, he was sent off on his old mission of making feints and distracting and dividing the rebel forces. Slocum, as we have seen, marched up the Savannah, and crossed at Sisters' Ferry. Kilpatrick crossed behind him, and at once marched for the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, striking it at Blackville, and driving his old enemy, Wheeler, over the Edisto. He then took the track, and moved off toward Augusta, destroying it as he advanced. The enemy was not certain whether Sherman intended to attack Augusta first, or move directly north toward Columbia; but suspecting he would take the latter course, had all the bridges and crossings of the Edisto well guarded. But Kilpatrick's steady approach toward Augusta alarmed Wheeler, and when the former had got well up toward the place he abandoned the Edisto, and by marching night and day reached Aiken, a few miles out of the city, first, and supported by an infantry force under Cheatham, disputed his further progress. Kilpatrick at once commenced skirmishing with him, and kept it up for two days. All this time Sherman's columns were pouring across the Edisto, and heading straight for Columbia. Kilpatrick having accomplished the object he sought, suddenly broke up camp, and moving swiftly north, threw himself between the enemy and Columbia, so

that the latter could not reach it except by a wide circuit westward.

When Sherman reached Columbia, the enemy remained just as much in the dark respecting the point he would next strike as they were when he left Savannah; not knowing whether he would move east to effect a junction with the columns marching up from Newbern and Wilmington, or keep on north toward Charlotte. To delude the rebel leader into the belief that he was aiming at the latter place, Kilpatrick was sent off toward it, and manœuvred so that it was thought the army was advancing in that direction. For a whole day, he marched parallel to and within three miles of Cheatham's infantry, moving in the same direction. Meanwhile, Sherman was pushing his columns toward Fayetteville. The result was, Beauregard kept his army massed at Charlotteville, till our army had safely crossed the Pedee.

It is impossible to describe without an accompanying map on a large scale, the various movements of the cavalry, while thus operating on the left flank of Sherman's army.

About this time Kilpatrick was informed that our soldiers were killed by the rebels after they had surrendered: "In one case (he says), a lieutenant and seven men; in another, nine cavalrymen were found murdered; five in a barnyard, three in a field, and one in the road; two with their throats cut from ear to ear." He at once wrote to Wheeler, closing his letter in the following language: "Unless some satisfactory explanation be made to me before sundown, February 23d, I will cause eighteen of your soldiers, now my prisoners, to be shot at that hour; and if this cowardly act be repeated, if my men when taken are not treated in all cases as prisoners of war

should be, I will not only retaliate as I have already mentioned, but there shall not be left a house standing within reach of my scouting parties along my line of march; nor will I be answerable for the conduct of my soldiers, who will not only be allowed, but encouraged to take a fearful revenge. I know of no other way to intimidate cowards." To this Wheeler replied, that he "was shocked at his statements," and declared that it must be a mistake, and promised to "have the matter investigated." Kilpatrick, on this representation, said he would "take no action for the present." The rebels, however, were taught that a course of brutality was a hazardous game to play at, and certain to be a losing one to them.

Hampton, who had joined Wheeler, and who was soon placed in command of all the rebel cavalry operating against our army, now tried hard to reach Fayetteville, whither Hardee was marching in his retreat from Charleston. Kilpatrick at once determined, if possible, to cut off the former. Finding that he was moving on two parallel roads, he posted upon each, a brigade of cavalry; but hearing there was still another road farther north, along which a part might pass, he took three regiments, 400 dismounted men, and a section of artillery, and by a rapid night-march reached it, and took post in advance, where it intersected the Morgantown road, farther south. Here he came very near ending his career. Hampton, made aware of his movements, broke away from the main column of Kilpatrick farther south, and by a rapid, forced march, came upon the camp of the latter just before daylight. The blast of his bugles was the first announcement of his presence, and while the charge was still pealing, he burst with three divisions into the panic-stricken camp, and swept it in one wild rush. It was a sudden

whirlwind, for in one minute after the first bugle-blast and shout, the whole command was flying terror-stricken through the gloom. Kilpatrick's headquarters were swept in a twinkling, his aids captured, his artillery taken, and he himself compelled to flee on foot for his life. Dashing in amid his cavalrymen, whose camp was in the rear of that of the infantry, he found them fighting for their horses, but leader and all were again borne away in the maddened torrent, and driven into an impenetrable swamp. This was a miserable plight for the foremost cavalry officer of the day, and a major-general to boot; his headquarters and camp all gone, and he himself with his scattered followers floundering amid darkness in a swamp that could not be crossed. To all human appearance, Kilpatrick's ride through the Carolinas had come to an ignoble end. But one of his striking peculiarities is that he never admits any condition to be so desperate that it cannot be remedied, and, like General Taylor, he never knows when he is beaten. Casting about him, he resolved, with his mere handful of men, to retake his camp, and give the enemy battle. Peering out from his hiding place, he found the victors were wholly taken up with plundering his camp, and, rallying his men, he charged first on the cavalry camp. The rebels, who expected to see no more of the enemy, were taken by surprise, and driven back on the other portion of their force. Taking advantage of this sudden success, and enraged at the sight of the rebels plundering his headquarters and harnessing up his battery horses, in order to carry off his artillery, he ordered the charge to sound, and, himself leading, fell so furiously on them that they recoiled in astonishment. Seizing the guns already loaded, he wheeled them quick as thought on the

dense mass around his headquarters, now looming through the darkness, within close pistol-shot. A sudden blaze, a roar, and that mass was rent as by a thunderbolt. Dismay and confusion seized on the disorganized, half-dismounted crowd. Kilpatrick gave them no time to rally, but pouring in the grape, and charging like fire on their half-completed formations, he, with his little band, forced them back, and though they outnumbered him three to one, finally turned them in flight, leaving the ground heaped with over a hundred slain. The prisoners and artillery were recaptured, and the men overwhelmed and vanquished a moment before, now stood up in the early daylight, and shouted victory. So unexpected was the onset, so swift the overthrow, so sudden and complete the victory, that it all seemed more like a passing vision than a reality. But the dead and wounded, strewing the red and trampled earth like autumn leaves, with gaping sabre-wounds and forms rent into shreds by the artillery, made a real, though sickening, sight in the light of that wintry morning. Kilpatrick, as he rested from that morning's hard work, felt a glow of triumph greater than if he had won a pitched battle, for he had snatched victory out of the very jaws of destruction; and from the abyss of despair, vaulted with a single bound to the summit of exultation. It was a narrow escape, and a most wonderful success. Not one commander in a thousand would have done what he did.

Kilpatrick now moved to Fayetteville, where he rested his command for a few days, and then crossing the river, moved off toward Raleigh, in advance of two divisions of infantry. When within six miles of Averysboro', he met a heavy force of rebel infantry, moving down the road in line of battle. Quickly dismounting a

part of his force to keep the enemy in check, he took a hasty survey of the ground around him. Near him was a broad, deep ravine, with one extremity running into a river, and the other into a swamp. His officers urged him to fall back behind this strong position; but he saw with his quick intuition, that this was unquestionably the very point the rebel force was marching for—once firmly posted here, it could keep an advancing army at bay for a long time. "No," said he, "General Sherman must pass this way to-morrow; if the enemy secure this ravine, it will take the whole army to dislodge him. This must be prevented if possible, and we will fight right here; we may get the worst of it; but the enemy shall not hold this ravine if the cavalry can prevent it."* Hurrying off swift riders to Slocum, six miles in the rear, he dismounted his men, and throwing up a hasty breastwork of rails, brush and trees, coolly awaited the onset. The rebels opened with artillery, and Kilpatrick replied, and by his splendid firing, and skilful management, held the enemy in check till darkness put an end to the conflict. In the meantime, Slocum, urged by his dispatches, sent forward a brigade, which making a forced march over the muddy roads and swampy fields, arrived before morning. Thus reinforced, Kilpatrick moved out of his extemporized works at daylight, and advanced upon the enemy. A severe fight followed, in which the rebels were driven out of their first line of works, with the loss of three pieces of artillery. In the meantime, Slocum himself came up and took command, and the enemy was repulsed.

This was the last battle of the campaign in which

* See Life of Kilpatrick.

Kilpatrick's cavalry took an active part, and here he rested on his laurels. He issued an address to his troops, closing with the following words: "Soldiers, be proud! Of all the brave men of this great army you have a right to be. You have won the admiration of our infantry, fighting on foot and mounted, and you will receive the outspoken words of praise from the great Sherman himself. He appreciates and will reward your patient endurance of hardships, gallant deeds, and valuable services. With the old laurels of Georgia entwine those won in the Carolinas, and proudly wear them. *General Sherman is satisfied with his cavalry.*"

Though but a youth, still Kilpatrick has won a world-wide reputation. He is in every respect fitted for a cavalry commander, for he has all the dash necessary to success, and that chivalrous daring which wins the admiration and love of the common soldier. Possessed of a fertility of resource seldom found, he is equal to every emergency, and sees the way to success where other men would perceive only certain ruin. A bold, fearless rider, he never asks his men to go where he dare not lead. Nervous and excitable, he has the power of electrifying his troops with thrilling appeals, and in the "high places of the field," and in the perilous onset, he flames at the head of his column like a being from another sphere. A rigid disciplinarian, he yet knows when to slacken the reins, while his tender care of his soldiers binds them to him by love instead of fear. To see him sometimes amid his cavalrymen, one would think from the freedom of manner and language he allows, that he would have no control over them. But just let them hear once the rallying call of his bugle, and that impression would vanish in a twinkling. When the hour for duty comes,

each man leaps to his place, knowing that hesitation or delay would meet with swift punishment. He has a rare combination of qualities; for while bold and daring, even to apparent rashness, he is nevertheless prudent and sagacious, and when seemingly acting from mere excitement or impulse, is nevertheless governed by the most careful calculations and true forethought.

Small in stature, with light complexion and eyes, he has nothing imposing either in his appearance or costume. Like the first Napoleon, who had the sense to perceive that splendor of attire would not become him, Kilpatrick never affects the showy commander. When on a raid or campaign, as far as appearance goes, he might pass for a corporal or sergeant. He believes in deeds, not words—power, not pomp. Of great business tact and ability himself, he surrounds himself with working men. He leaves to fancy generals the business of seeking to have their deeds emblazoned by correspondents, and writes his own record with his sword. Unostentatious and kind, he shows that he possesses a strong head, or it would have been turned by his sudden elevation while so young.

CHAPTER XV.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

HIS CAREER FURNISHING BUT FEW STRIKING POINTS TO A BIOGRAPHER—HIS BIRTH—GRADUATES AT WEST POINT—SERVES IN THE MEXICAN WAR—PROMOTED FOR GALLANT CONDUCT IN THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY—MADE BRIGADIER OF VOLUNTEERS SOON AFTER THE BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR—COMMANDS A FORAGING EXPEDITION NEAR DRAINSVILLE—HIS CAREER ON THE PENINSULA—IS DESPERATELY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF GLENDALE—SERVES UNDER HOOKER AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM—HIS BRILLIANT CHARGE AT THE LATTER PLACE—AFTER HOOKER IS WOUNDED ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE CORPS—AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—HIS MODEL ORDER—PURSUIT OF LEE—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—HEADQUARTERS UNDER FIRE—THE VICTORY—THE PURSUIT—STRANGE INACTION IN FRONT OF LEE—CROSSES THE POTOMAC—OUTMARCHED BY LEE—COMPELLED TO RETREAT TO BULL RUN—ADVANCES TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK—VARIOUS DETACHED CONFLICTS—WINTER QUARTERS—GRANT PLACES HIMSELF AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GRANT AND MEADE TOGETHER—CHARACTER OF THE LATTER.

It is seldom that a man occupies, while momentous events are transpiring, so eminent a position as General Meade has done, about whose personal conduct as a military man so little can be said. Not belonging to the dashing school of generals, he, at the outset, was distinguished only for always doing his duty and doing it to the entire satisfaction of those under whom he served. As commander of the Army of the Potomac, he won a world-

wide fame by his defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, but since that time, though nominally still its head, the presence and superior rank of Grant have entirely overshadowed his actions, so that it is impossible to give him his fair proportion of merit. Where to draw the line between the two, during the eventful year that elapsed between the crossing of the Rapidan and the surrender of Lee's army, it is impossible to determine. The relations of the two to the Grand Army cannot be clearly defined, and as all the great movements must be primarily referred to Grant, to speak of them a second time in reference to Meade, would be a mere repetition. Hence, though he occupied so high a position, it is difficult to give him a separate place in any one of the movements made.

His parents, though Americans, were in Spain when he was born, in the year 1816. He entered West Point from the District of Columbia, and graduated in 1839, receiving the appointment of second lieutenant in the Third Artillery. After some time he resigned his commission, and was appointed in May, 1842, second lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. At the breaking out of the Mexican war, he was ordered to the army of General Taylor, and for his gallantry at Monterey received the brevet of first lieutenant. In August, 1851, he was made full lieutenant, and five years after, captain.

The next month after the battle of Bull Run, he was promoted to brigadier-general of volunteers, and commanded a brigade in McCall's division of Pennsylvania volunteers, that was so long stationed up the Potomac, near Drainsville. While here he commanded a successful foraging expedition in the vicinity of the place.

On the Peninsula, we find him fighting bravely at Gaines' Mill, and in the fearful battle of Glendale, in the

White Oak Swamp, he was borne, desperately wounded, from the field.

On his recovery, he again joined the army, and in McClellan's celebrated campaign against Lee in Maryland, commanded a division in Hooker's corps. In the battle of South Mountain, McClellan speaks of him as "gallantly driving the enemy on the right." At Antietam, Meade held the centre, and made that terrific charge early in the day, which at first drove the rebels. The war correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes it: "The half hour passed and the rebels began to give way a little, and only a little; but at the first indication of a receding fire, 'forward,' was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence and across the road and then back again into the dark wood, which closed around them, went the retreating rebels. Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

"But out of these gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily, terrible volleys, volleys which smote and bent and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly nor in panic any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away, a regiment where a brigade had been; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been, victorious. They had met at the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met and returned them till their line had yielded, and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was

exhausted." Meade behaved with great gallantry in this crisis, and rode among his shaking ranks, steadying them by his presence and words, showing that he was worthy to command that immortal body of troops, the Pennsylvania Reserves. When Hooker was wounded, he, being the senior in rank, took command of the corps.

After the battle, in reporting the heavy loss in the corps, he said, "I am satisfied the great reduction in the corps since the recent engagement, is not due solely to the casualties of battle, and that a considerable number of men are still in the rear, some having dropped out on the march, and many dispersing and leaving yesterday during the fight. I think the efficiency of the corps, so far as it goes, good," &c.

He was Hooker's right-hand man, in the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, and after the removal of the former from the head of the army, was put in his place. His appointment at the time took the country by surprise, as but little had been heard of him. His merits, however, were well known to the Department, but his selection was probably owing to his being next in rank to Hooker, in the command of the corps.

It was a trying position, under the circumstances, to place him in. The army was on the march, seeking a battle-field on which to settle the fate of Washington and Maryland, and probably of Philadelphia. Still, no one probably in that army so well understood its organization at that time as he, from his position, necessarily did.

His order on assuming, without a moment's warning, this responsible position, is a model one. He says:

"By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier in obeying this order, an order totally unexpected and unsolicited, I have no promises or

pledge to make. . The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever be conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms, to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

"GEORGE G. MEADE,
"Major-General Commanding."

He issued also the following circular to the army: "The Commanding General requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers address their troops, and explain to them the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy is now on our soil. The whole country looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of the army. Homes, firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore. It is believed that it will fight more bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms. Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails to do his duty at this hour."

Instead of following up the enemy directly in his rear, he marched parallel with him—the Cumberland Mountains separating the two armies. Hearing that Lee was debouching through the mountains near Gettysburg, he ordered General Reynolds, in advance, to occupy the place. The latter met the enemy here, and in the conflict that followed, fell mortally wounded, while our forces

were defeated and driven back through Gettysburg, with the loss of some two thousand prisoners. General Howard, who had arrived on the field during the action, and assumed command, withdrew the troops to the strong position of Cemetery Hill.

The moment the news of Reynolds' death reached Meade, he despatched Hancock to represent him on the field. The latter, together with Howard, reporting that the position they held was a good one, he resolved to give battle there, and immediately hurried off his aids to the different corps, with directions to concentrate at Gettysburg with all speed, and to send the trains to the rear. Having issued these orders, he mounted his horse and pressed forward that night, reaching the field at one o'clock next morning. As soon as it was daylight, he rode over the ground to inspect it, and fix the location of the several corps as fast as they should arrive. One after another they reached the field, and were assigned their respective positions.

About three o'clock, as he was riding along his extreme left, he saw that General Sickles was advancing his corps a half a mile or more from his selected line of battle. Spurring forward till he found him, he began to explain the propriety of withdrawing his corps, when the rebel batteries opened in front and flank, and down came a heavy body of infantry to the charge, and the battle of Gettysburg commenced.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Though the troops held their ground manfully, the result showed that Meade was right; for the corps, after a fierce fight, in which Sickles fell wounded, was compelled



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURGH.

to fall back. The battle raged with terrific violence here till night, and after night on the left, where the rebels made a lodgment. On the whole, Meade saw that the day had gone against him, and looked forward with the deepest anxiety to the struggle which the morning was sure to usher in. His nervous temperament was strung to its utmost tension, but he coolly made his dispositions, and awaited the light of the morning, which was to decide, in all human probability, the fate of the capital. The battle commenced early, and deepened every moment, till, by nine o'clock, the uproar was terrific. Howard, in the centre, after listening awhile to the tremendous firing on the right, turned to one of his aids, and said, "Ride over to General Meade, and tell him the fighting on the right seems more terrific than ever, and appears swinging somewhat toward the centre, but that we know little or nothing of how the battle goes; and ask him if he has any orders." Away dashed the aid, and in a few minutes galloped back with the short, stern reply, "*The troops are to stand to arms, sir, and watch the front.*"

Headquarters were in a little whitewashed farm-house, in the shadow of which lay wearied staff officers and war correspondents. Meade received reports here, coming occasionally to the door to make some enquiry of some staff officers who were reclining under a tree near by. Orderlies and aids were going and coming on a wild gallop, while outside of a garden fence, stood hitched some twenty or thirty horses. Suddenly a shell screamed over the house, then another, and another, till a whole battery seemed playing on the hitherto quiet little building. A hundred a minute burst and shrieked around it, causing the horses to rear in terror, and pull at their fastenings.

Faster and faster fell the shot and shell, horse after horse went down, his bowels torn out, or his legs shot off, untill sixteen lay dead, still tied to the fence, from which they had struggled in vain to free themselves. The steps and porch of the building were torn away by a shell, another burst in the garret, still another pierced the chimney, till the air was full of the missiles of death, whose horrid sounds seemed the shrieks of flying demons. Either by design or accident, the rebels had got headquarters under fire, and Meade observing it, appeared at the door and told the staff that the enemy plainly had our range, and they had better go up the slope fifteen or twenty yards, to the stable.

When the last awful attack, preceded by the simultaneous roar of nearly two hundred cannon, commenced, an expression of the deepest anxiety passed over Meade's face, and it was plain that a mountain lay on his heart. The minutes were lengthened into hours, while earth for the time seemed turned into hell, with all its fires raging. The heights groaned and trembled under the awful explosions, the sun grew dark in the sulphurous battle cloud, shouts and shrieks mingled in the fearful din, and he knew that death was reaping down his brave men with frightful rapidity. At length there came a lull, and then a shout; and such a shout, rolling for miles along the wearied, bleeding line. The enemy was repulsed at last, and the day won. Meade established his headquarters again near Slocum's Hill, and though scattering shells dropped around them, he heeded them not. Riding up, he called for paper and aids, and sat down to despatch his orders. Just then a band came marching over the hill, playing "Hail to the Chief." That was a proud night for him. He had saved Washington, hurled back the invader, and

in a few hours made his name to be known the world over.

The next morning broke fresh and fair, the birds once more sang in the trees, and all nature smiled peaceful as ever. In the distance, occasional shots of skirmishers were heard, but all else was quiet, save where the ambulances, laden with the wounded, made their way to the roads and hospitals. Meade sat in a little wall tent, dictating orders, while the chief quartermaster had his writing table in the end of a wagon. All the rest of the officers had slept on the ground, and were now huddling around the camp fires in the highest spirits, talking and laughing, and munching their fried pork and bread, which they held in their hands, and unbounded joy reigned on every side, save where the thousands lay heaped in agony.* It was a great victory, and Lee was soon in full retreat for the mountains, leaving a whole army of dead and wounded behind him. Over twenty-three thousand of our own brave men had disappeared in this Waterloo to the rebels.

The cannons that heralded in our great anniversary day announced at the same time this great victory, and the fall of Vicksburg. These two defeats to the enemy East and West, were the turning point in the fate of the Southern Confederacy. From that ever memorable Fourth of July it never successfully rallied from its downward tendency, and not a single victory lighted its dark pathway to final death. It put forth superhuman efforts, and though blind and staggering from the awful blows dealt it, rallied bravely to the fight, yet rallied in vain.

It was a striking coincidence that the culminating

* Army correspondence.

victories, though occurring more than a thousand miles apart, should have been on the same day, and that day the Fourth of July, and that the two men who won them, should afterward come together and move side by side to the close of the war.

Meade found it impossible to follow up the enemy directly in his rear, as the latter could hold the mountain pass by which he had retired with a small force, while the main army was retreating. He, therefore, sent Kilpatrick's cavalry after him, and with the army followed back in the same way that he had pursued him and by a parallel route, with the Cumberland mountains between them, hoping to strike Lee while crossing the Potomac. The latter, however, got there first, but to his dismay a heavy rain-storm had so raised the river, that it swept in a fierce torrent above all its former fords, while the only pontoon bridge he had across it was destroyed by a detachment of Meade's army. His fate now seemed sealed, for storm succeeded storm, holding him there on the perilous banks, until Meade was able to concentrate his entire army in his front. A whole week now passed in most strange inaction, during which time Lee built rafts and boats, and finally crossed with all his artillery and trains. Every one believed that his capture was certain, and the news of his successful escape awakened the deepest mortification and rage. No satisfactory reason has ever been given for thus allowing him to get off unscathed. It was said that Lee's position was too strong to force, and that a council of war decided that it would be unwise to attempt it. All this may be true, but it does not account for Lee's getting off with so little damage. There can be no sufficient excuse for letting him slip away with all his artillery and trains, without dealing him a single heavy

blow. He might not have been destroyed, but he should have been seriously crippled. Meade must have outnumbered him by the close of that week, nearly two to one; and if the circumstances justified the escape of Lee intact, then the pursuit without the expectation of being aided by a swollen river, had better not have been attempted.

When Meade found Lee had crossed the river, he resumed the pursuit by a flank movement, crossing the Potomac at Berlin, and moved down the Loudon Valley, hoping at Manassas Gap to intercept and cut off a part of the rebel army. But Lee outmarched and outmanœuvred him completely, and Meade's army at the close of July, lay along the Rappahannock boldly confronted by the foe. Lee now weakened his diminished force still more, by sending off a portion of it to reinforce Bragg in Georgia, yet, with the remainder he assumed the offensive, and so manœuvred, that he actually turned Meade's flank, compelling him to fall back to Bull Run. Destroying the Orange and Alexandria railroad, from the Rapidan to Manassas, he then retired once more to his old position near the Orange Court House. Meade now advanced again to the Rappahannock, and all through the autumn, there was more or less fighting between portions of the armies, but no general engagement took place. At Robertson's River, Brandy Station, Bristoe Station, Buckland Mills and the Rappahannock Bridge, there were sharp conflicts, especially at Bristoe Station, where we captured five cannon and four hundred and fifty prisoners. At Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford, Sedgewick and French captured several redoubts, four guns, eight battle-flags, and about two thousand prisoners.

Lee now fell back to his old line behind the Rapidan,

and the two armies went into winter quarters. The next spring, Grant, having been made Lieutenant-General, took the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac, though Meade was still its nominal commander.

We shall not follow the latter farther in his military career, for, as before remarked, it is impossible to discriminate between his actions and those of Grant. Their headquarters were usually close together, and the movements of the army were the result of their united counsels. Hence, a separate narrative of Meade's actions cannot be given, unless at some future time he shall choose to furnish it himself. We suppose, however, that he had much to do in the handling of the army in its various brilliant movements which showed such signal ability. He seemed to have chief command after the inauguration of the last great movement, and showed himself equal to the tremendous responsibilities thrown upon him. Grant also gave over the direction of the pursuit to him, thus showing his entire confidence in his ability.

As a mark of its appreciation of his services, the Government, at the close of the war, placed him in command of the whole Atlantic Department.

Notwithstanding General Meade's long service and high position, he has never held chief command in but one battle. With Grant he saw some of the most severe fighting of the war, and doubtless, at times executed independent movements of great importance; still they always have been and always will be attributed to Grant, who was the real head of the army.

As a division commander he never failed to distinguish himself; but the one battle that gave him his fame was Gettysburg. Still, sharing with Grant the dangers and responsibilities of the last year of the war,

also the glory of final success, he will go down to posterity with him, their names indissolubly linked together, and sharers of a common fame.

Meade's qualities are rather solid than brilliant. Cautious and reliable, he probably never would originate those daring unexpected movements which distinguish Grant and Sherman. Still, his military qualities are of a high order, and his fame rests on a solid basis.

He is a Catholic by profession, and maintains his religious character under all circumstances. Brave without being rash, his coolness under fire gives him entire possession of his faculties; and though not calculated by nature to awaken great enthusiasm among soldiers, he has their entire confidence, and secures their hearty obedience. He is a good as well as great man, and well deserves the fame he has so nobly won.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

HIS BIRTH AND NATIVITY—ENTERS WEST POINT—SERVES UNDER TAYLOR IN MEXICO—JOINS THE ARMY OF GENERAL SCOTT—PROMOTED FOR GALLANT CONDUCT AT THE NATIONAL BRIDGE AND CHAPULTEPEC—RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION, AND BECOMES A CALIFORNIA FARMER—APPOINTED BRIGADIER OF VOLUNTEERS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR—IS STATIONED BELOW WASHINGTON—BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG—HIS AFTER SERVICES IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—UNDER POPE—BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN —OF ANTIETAM—IS WOUNDED—UNDER BURNSIDE—SUPERSEDES HIM—HIS CONFIDENT ORDERS—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE—BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—LEE MARCHES AROUND HIM—RESIGNS HIS POSITION—SENT TO CHATTANOOGA TO ASSIST ROSECRANS—OCCUPIES LOOKOUT VALLEY—BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS—HIS GALLANT RECORD IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—TERRIFIC FIGHT BEFORE THE CITY—OFFENDED AT HOWARD'S PROMOTION AND RESIGNS—SENT TO OHIO—NOW COMMANDS NEW ENGLAND DEPARTMENT.

Joseph Hooker was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, in the year 1819, and entered West Point at the early age of fourteen. Graduating, in 1837, at eighteen, he was made second lieutenant in the First Artillery. At the commencement of the Mexican war he received a position on Brig.-Gen. Hamar's staff, and was present at the battle of Monterey, in which he exhibited that dash and daring that have ever since characterized him. He rode amid the shot and shell as if their shrieks were exciting music, and so distinguished himself by his gallant bearing that he was breveted captain. In March, 1847,

he obtained the full rank of captain, with the post of Assistant-Adjutant-General. He afterwards joined Scott's army at Vera Cruz, and was made major and lieutenant-colonel for gallant conduct at the National Bridge and Chapultepec. In his despatch concerning the latter battle, Scott says, "Captain Hooker won special applause successively on the staff of Pillow and Cadwallader." This was a high encomium from the commander-in-chief, and shows that his bearing was so gallant as to be conspicuous even where all were brave. But the dull routine of military duties in time of peace did not suit him, and, in 1853, he resigned his commission, and settled on a farm in California. This was the more remarkable, as he had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel at the age of thirty-three—a rapidity of promotion which would have satisfied, at that time, the ambition of most young officers. Many anecdotes are told of him while residing in California, all showing that the life of a farmer did not destroy his love of excitement, and was not the one for which he by nature was fitted. The rebellion of 1861 found him quite ready to resume once more his old profession. Offering his services to the Government, he was made, in May, brigadier-general in the Army of the Potomac, and afterwards promoted to a division in Heintzelman's Corps. From July to the next February, 1862, he was stationed on the north bank of the Potomac, in Southern Maryland, to watch the enemy, and defeat any attempt to cross over for the purpose of moving on Washington in that direction. His division afterwards formed a part of McClellan's army in its movements on the Peninsula.

When it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated Yorktown, Stoneman was immediately sent forward

with his cavalry to harass the rebel rear, and Hooker, with his division, ordered to support him. The latter left camp about noon the 4th of May, and marched rapidly forward, till he was brought to a halt by Smith's division filing into the road in front of him. But obtaining, after a long delay, permission to take the Hampton road, he wheeled off just at night, and again pressed forward. It was dark as Erebus, and to make the march more difficult, the rain, falling in torrents, rendered the roads almost impassable. He, however, pushed on through the Cimmerian gloom, and mud and storm, till an hour or so before midnight, when he found it necessary to halt, and give his exhausted troops a little rest, and to wait for daylight, for he was close upon the enemy. Right there, in the middle of the miry road and gloomy forest, the column halted, and stood out the long dark night in the pelting rain, as it best could. With the first streak of dawn the bugles sounded "forward," and, drenched and weary, the division cautiously advanced. About five o'clock, just before leaving the woods, he ordered it to halt, and rode forward to ascertain the position of the enemy. He found Fort Magruder directly in his path, with a cordon of redoubts, stretching on either side to the James and York Rivers. In front of these redoubts, the forest had been cut away to give the artillery a clear sweep of an attacking force, and felled so as to entangle and obstruct its march, and hold the troops under fire, while rifle-pits seamed the ground in every direction. Beyond, a wide plain extended to Williamsburg, two miles distant, whose lofty shade-trees gave a picturesque appearance to the landscape.

Thinking it his duty to hold the rebels in check till the main army could come up, Hooker determined, not-

withstanding his inferior force, to advance at once to the attack. Emerging from the wood, he was instantly saluted with the rebel artillery, and so well directed was the fire, that Webber's battery, which had been hurried forward beyond the fallen timber, was swept clean of every cannonier before it had fired a single shot. Volunteers were immediately sent forward, and in a minute the battery was manned, and began to hurl shell and shot in the hostile works. Other guns were brought up, and between the batteries and sharp-shooters, by nine o'clock the guns of the fort were silenced. The infantry were now advanced into position, and the battle opened. The retreating army of the rebels beyond Williamsburg, hearing the firing, halted and sent back reinforcements, and Hooker had to contend with overwhelming numbers. Seeing this, he immediately sent back to Heintzelman for help. So heavily was he pushed, that he had to bring up all his reserves to check the onsets that were incessantly made, and each time with fresh troops and in greater numbers. Here and there he was forced back, yet he stubbornly held the road, which was the centre of his operations. Three times the hostile columns advanced to within eighty yards of this key to his position, determined at all hazards to force it by mere weight of numbers; but the steady, desolating fire that met them was too much for human endurance, and shattered, rent, and bleeding, they fell back. Some of the regiments got out of ammunition, and were compelled to supply themselves from the cartridge-boxes of the fallen.

Thus he fought all the forenoon, and soon after midday Longstreet came up with a fresh division, when a simultaneous attack was made on his left and centre. So heavy was this onset, and so close and desperate the strug-

gle, that though Hooker repulsed the attack, he lost four of his guns. Thus he stood, from early in the morning till after four o'clock in the afternoon, one against three, clinging with death-like tenacity to his position, while his eye incessantly turned back along the road, to catch sight of the heads of the columns advancing to his support. Heintzelman had come with his staff; but the troops were floundering far back, with their artillery stuck fast in the mud. The arrival of Kearney, however, with his division at this juncture, relieved his weary, decimated division. Nearly 1,700 had fallen in this unequal struggle, and Hooker, enraged at his loss, and the unsatisfactory issue of the battle, so far as his division was concerned, blamed severely those whose business he deemed it to be to reinforce him.

A part of Hooker's division participated in the battle of Fair Oaks. On the second day he himself led in person a charge of bayonets by two regiments, driving the enemy a mile. His appearance in this charge was gallant in the extreme. He also took an important part in the advance movement that was preparatory to a general assault on the works around Richmond, just previous to the flank attack that compelled McClellan to retreat to the James River.

In this famous retreat, Hooker was directed to cover the Quaker road, over which the troops and artillery and trains were to pass. This road, as it stretches toward the James River, is cut by the principal highways leading down from Richmond. Kearney's division was assigned to the same duty, and the two commanders, looking over the ground together early in the morning, to see by which the enemy would be most likely to advance, it was decided that Hooker should establish his division on the one that came

in near St. Paul's Church. Here the battle of Glendale was fought. Although at the outset McCall's division was routed, and broke in confusion through his lines, he stopped the victorious advance of the enemy by the terrible fire he was able to pour into his ranks; and compelled him, after a severe struggle and heavy loss, to fall back. Hooker says, "The field on which they fought was almost covered with their dead and dying. From their torches we could see that the enemy was busy all night long in searching for his wounded; but up to daylight the following morning, there had been no apparent diminution in the heart-rending cries and groans of his wounded. The unbroken, mournful wail of human suffering was all that was heard from Glendale, during that long and dismal night." He then continued to fall back to the James River, and taking position on Malvern Hill, bore his part in the fearful battle that followed.

For the part it took in the several battles of the Peninsula, his division became known as "Fighting Joe Hooker's division," and he acquired the sobriquet which his future career showed to be well earned—"Fighting Joe Hooker."

When the Army of the Potomac was recalled from the Peninsula to assist Pope in front of Washington, Heintzelman's corps, to which Hooker's division belonged, was one of the first to reach him at Warrenton Junction. On the afternoon of the 27th of August, as Hooker, in obedience to orders, was falling back from this place to Manassas, he was attacked by General Ewell; but he not only repulsed him, but attacking in turn, drove him along the railroad, and pressed him so closely that he was compelled to leave his dead and many of his wounded, and much of his baggage in our hands.

The battle of Groveton, that occurred two days after, was fought by Sigel, till the arrival of Hooker's and Kearney's divisions, which did not reach the field till two o'clock. Wearied with their long march, they needed rest; but the roar of artillery had quickened their steps; and at the sight of Hooker's noble division, a loud cheer went up from Sigel's corps. About five o'clock, he made a furious attack on Jackson, doubling up his left, and forcing it from the field, winning anew the title that had been given him. Never were troops carried into action with greater gallantry; and where that division fought, the dead lay thick as autumn leaves. One of his brigades (Grover's) immortalized itself like "*Le Terrible*" regiment of Napoleon, by a bayonet charge that has but few parallels. With unbroken front and loud shouts, it threw itself on the line of the enemy, crushing it like an eggshell beneath its feet, and still storming on, struck a second, trampling it in scornful fury to pieces; and yet unsatisfied with the work it had done, and seeing a third line confronting it, moved with levelled bayonets full upon it, and actually pierced it before its awful progress was stopped. But its terrible advance had alarmed the rebel commander, who, concentrating an overwhelming force upon it, tore it with such a devastating fire, that it was compelled to fall back. This it did, not in confusion; but proudly and haughtily, like those who felt themselves conquerors, even in retreating.

Hooker had been appointed major-general in July, and in September, in the reorganization of the army, preparatory to the Maryland campaign, was assigned to the First Army Corps.

In the battle of South Mountain, on the 14th of this

month, as a corps commander he added still more to his laurels. The attack, under Reno, began at seven o'clock in the morning, and was kept up with more or less severity till two o'clock in the afternoon, when the heads of Hooker's columns were seen coming briskly up the turnpike. At the welcome sight, the troops sent up loud cheers, which rolled joyously down the line, for all seemed to feel now, that victory was certain.

At three o'clock, Hooker formed his line of battle at the base of the mountain, and gave the order to advance. Like an unbroken wave it swept up the rugged slope, slowly, yet steadily winning its way upward, and, after three hours' hard fighting, his victorious banners waved in the setting sun from the summit, and the shouts of triumph rolled down the farther side after the fleeing enemy.

But it was at the battle of Antietam, that occurred a few days after, that Hooker showed his great ability as a commander more than ever before. In fact, we regard this as the true, culminating point of his fame. His accession to the chief command of the army injured it, and in no subsequent battle of the war did he bear so important a part as in this. Lee's army lay behind the heights that line the west bank of the stream, extending from near its mouth, where it empties into the Potomac, for several miles up. McClellan's plan was to cross Hooker's corps above, and come down on the rebel left, his movement to be supported by Mansfield, Sumner, and Franklin. When he had turned it, or compelled the enemy to concentrate the bulk of his force against him, thereby weakening the right, Burnside was to cross on a stone bridge on our left, and forcing back Lee's right, push on to Sharpsburg, thus getting in the rebel rear, and

preventing the enemy from escaping across the Potomac.

On the afternoon of the 16th, Hooker put his troops in motion, and crossing the stream, moved down on the rebel left. The corps marched compactly, Hooker, as usual, keeping well in advance to reconnoitre in person. The rebel pickets fell back before him until just at night, when, on crossing a grass-sown field, with woods on either side, he encountered the enemy in force. Forming his lines with his accustomed rapidity and decision, he at once advanced, but by this time it was dark, and the position of the rebels could be known only by the flash of their guns. For a short time it thundered and flamed there in the gloom, and then silence fell on the autumnal landscape, and the two hostile lines lay down close to each other to wait for the morning. Turning to his generals, Hooker remarked, "We are through for to-night, gentlemen, but to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Republic," and retired for the night to a neighboring barn to get some rest. But soon after there came a sudden crash through the gloom which brought him at once into the open air. He stood and listened a moment to the heavy volleys, and as he ascertained by the sound, the locality of the firing, he smiled with a grim satisfaction, and remarked quietly, "We have no troops there—the rebels are shooting each other. It is Fair Oaks over again," and turned in again. During all that long night, however, ever and anon would come a rattling fire of musketry, or the heavy boom of cannon, keeping every one on the alert.

With the morning light, Hooker was in the saddle, and began at once to push forward his batteries, and the great battle commenced. For half an hour the forces

maintained their respective positions, and then Hooker gave the order, "Forward." With a cheer the line swept onward across a corn-field, over the fence and beyond it, until it came upon a dense wood. From out the dark recesses of this there suddenly burst terrific volleys, till those gloomy woods seemed turned into a mighty furnace shooting forth blasts of fire, before which everything withered and shrivelled up. Our front melted away like frost work, and in ten minutes seemed half demolished. The divided ranks recoiled, and the shouting rebels dashed after. Hooker saw the peril and sent in his nearest brigade to check the torrent, but it was swept away with the rest. He looked around for another, but none was near enough, unless he took one from his right, on which the enemy was even then advancing in threatening masses. But that onward rush against his centre must be stopped at all hazards, and he sent to Doubleday the order, "Give me your best brigade." Down came the brigade on a run, and dashing through the timber in front, amid a storm of shot and bursting shell and crashing limbs swept over the open field beyond, passing as it went, the fragments of three brigades, shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. As it passed Hooker, his eye lighted with confidence and he quietly remarked, "I think they will hold it." The fighting now became terrific. Hooker, with his staff and orderlies all off galloping in every direction, rode alone backward and forward through the fire, his white horse a conspicuous mark for the rebel bullets. The brave General Hartsuff went down severely wounded, and the white-haired Mansfield breathed out his gallant soul; but still that white horse flitted unharmed through the smoke of battle. When at length Hooker got his supports up and his whole

line firm and well protected, he determined to order a general advance. The crimson trampled corn-field which he had carried in the morning, and across which he had afterwards been driven, lay before him. A piece of woods to the right of it was the key to the position, and he determined to take it. To ascertain the best mode of attack, he rode out beyond his most advanced troops and ascending a hill, dismounted and went forward on foot. Coolly finishing his reconnoissance, while all the time, from out the very piece of woods he was examining, the rebel volleys steadily issued, he returned and re-mounted his horse in the midst of a storm of bullets. The white steed had evidently attracted the notice of the enemy, and when they saw its rider re-mount to ride away, they made him a target, and a fresh volley swept every foot of that hill. Three men dropped at once by Hooker's side, and a bullet at the same time pierced his foot. Still keeping his saddle, though racked with pain, he rode slowly back a few steps, the blood flowing from his boot, and then turning in his seat, his pale face suddenly gleaming with the light of battle, he exclaimed, "There is a regiment to the right, order it forward. Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry those woods and hold them—it is our fight." He then allowed himself to be led from the field. Sumner at that moment coming up, assumed command, and the fight went on, raging with increased ferocity. Hooker, on his back in the rear, heard the steady thunder-crash on the field he had left, and tossed uneasily as he thought how his noble corps was breasting the hurricane of fire, and he not there to lead them.

Right nobly did he and Mansfield, and after them Sumner and Franklin and Sedgewick, fight their part of the battle of Antietam, but Burnside's failure made it

only a partial victory, and yet so far as putting a stop to Lee's invasion was concerned, a complete one.

It was some time before Hooker was again able to take the field, but in November he superseded Porter in the command of the Fifth Corps; and shortly afterward, on Burnside assuming the chief command, was assigned the centre grand division of the Army of the Potomac, comprising the Third and Fifth Corps. When the former commenced his rapid movement from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, Hooker brought up the rear of the Grand Army. Having no faith in the success of Burnside's anticipated surprise of Lee, by getting across the Rappahannock into Fredericksburg, before the latter was aware of his intentions, he, while on the march, wrote to him, requesting to be permitted to fling his division over the river above the city, and throw up fortifications and hold the position till the rest of the army could effect a passage, thus securing the heights which afterwards proved our destruction. Burnside, however, refused his consent.

Hooker took no part in the great battle, save that a portion of his division arrived near its close as reinforcements. He was left in charge of the troops in the place when Burnside began to evacuate it, and by his representations, hurried the movements.

On the 26th of January he superseded Burnside in the chief command of the Army of the Potomac, and Franklin and Sumner resigned their positions in it.

"Fighting Joe Hooker" had now become a popular favorite, and by those who were captivated by the title, his accession to the chief command was hailed with unbounded delight, but those who knew his great qualities best, and were well aware that they were better fitted for a

corps commander than a general-in-chief, were filled with apprehension.

He immediately reorganized the army, paying especial attention to the cavalry, which, under his hand, became a powerful arm of the service.

Issuing an order requiring all correspondents of the army to write over their own signatures, he, on the 27th of April, began his great movement over the Rappahannock. He succeeded in throwing his army across it a few miles above Fredericksburg, near the United States Ford, and began to move toward Chancellorsville. On the 30th, he issued the following Napoleonic address to his army: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the general commanding announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind their defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." So confident was he of success, that he said that Lee's army was "the property of the Army of the Potomac." Indeed, his great anxiety was to cut off Lee's retreat, and for this purpose he sent off his cavalry under Stoneman, to destroy the railroads in the rebel rear, and sever his communications with Richmond. On the 2d of May, he took up his headquarters at Chancellorsville. Sedgewick, with some twenty thousand men, had been left to cross at Fredericksburg, and carry the heights, against which Burnside had dashed in vain.

Everything seemed working well up to the time of the overwhelming attack of Stonewall Jackson on Howard's corps, which held the extreme right. But Howard's defeat imperilled his communication with his bridges, and the next day he had to change his position, and re-arrange

his line of battle. Attacked again, he fought a protracted, bloody, defensive battle, and although he was able to hold his position, yet when night came he found that his grand victorious march was ended; and heavy rains in the meantime setting in, threatening to sweep away his bridges, he reluctantly gave the order to retreat.

Sedgwick took the heights of Fredericksburg, but the defeat of Hooker enabled Lee to concentrate a heavy force against him, and he too was compelled to recross the river, narrowly escaping total destruction.

It was a terrible disaster, and shook the country from limit to limit. The friends of Hooker were angry, and for some time insisted that it was no defeat, while his enemies had no compassion on him, on account of the boastful manner in which he had conducted himself. He had declared that the Army of the Potomac had failed to take Richmond on account of the incompetency of its leader—had predicted certain victory to it under his leadership, and otherwise so bore himself, that the sympathy which had been universally felt for Burnside on his defeat, was not extended to him.

It was impossible at first to get at the truth, but it afterwards came out, that Lee had attacked and defeated him with half his numbers. He consequently felt a contempt for his adversary, just as he had for Pope, and, as in the case of the latter, took the bold resolution to march around him, and invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. Carrying out his plan, he moved his vast army for nearly one hundred and fifty miles, around by the Shenandoah Valley, to the Potomac. Hooker sent out cavalry and infantry to ascertain his movements, and some severe fighting occurred, but Lee did not for a moment arrest his march. Pouring his legions into the Shenandoah Val-

ley, he occupied all the passes of the Blue Ridge, compelling Hooker to follow on east of the mountains, and finally effected the passage of the Potomac near Hagerstown, while the latter crossed below, and occupied Fredericksburg.

The neglect to stop this invasion with his superior army caused the greatest dissatisfaction, and hushed all the angry defences hitherto made by his friends. At Fredericksburg he resigned his command, and Meade was appointed in his place. The reason given for this was, that Halleck refused to let him order the evacuation of Harper's Ferry; but as Meade was permitted to do it the moment he assumed command, it is evident that this refusal was only part of a plan to get rid of him.

Popular favor is fickle, and Hooker's case did not prove to be an exception to the general rule.

But though his failure as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, had been complete, it could not blind the administration to his great merits. Stonewall Jackson, the best general in the rebel army, and one of the best that ever commanded in any army, would have failed just as signally, had he been put in Lee's place. Nature designed neither of them to command vast independent armies, operating on a wide field. The power of combination required in such a leader is not common. Executive and administrative capacity do not always, or usually, go together. Ney and Murat could not be Napoleon, by putting them in his place. As a division or corps leader, Hooker had no superior—in fact, the very title that captivated the public mind indicates the true power of the man. At all events, he was one that could not be spared from the army, for such generals

are not born every day; and once in his appropriate place, few could fill it like him.

In the autumn, therefore, when Rosecrans, besieged at Chattanooga, asked for reinforcements, Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps was sent to his help. No higher compliment could have been paid him, than to place him over these corps, at whose head two such magnificent commanders stood as Slocum and Howard. Each was worthy to lead an army, and in no one particular his inferior.

As soon as Grant assumed command at Chattanooga, Hooker was directed to throw his army over the Tennessee, at Brown's Ferry, and establish himself in Lookout Valley. This was done by secretly floating a force in pontoons by night past the rebel pickets, which got possession of the southern bank, and held it till he could get his corps across. The movement was successful, though Hooker had a severe fight before he compelled the enemy to leave the Valley and retire to the slope of the mountain.

Sherman, soon after arriving with his army from the Mississippi, Grant prepared to assault the rebel position in his front. Hooker's part in the coming struggle was to carry Lookout Mountain, and thus open direct communication with Grant at Chattanooga, and threaten the rebel left. This he did on the 24th of November, the day that Sherman, miles up stream, was crossing his army, and establishing himself on the rebel right.

It was a drizzling, foggy day when the march began, and the clouds hung low and dark upon the lofty summit of Lookout. As Hooker looked up the rugged slopes, he saw that no common task had been assigned him; but it

was in just such emergencies that his great qualities exhibited themselves. That cloud-capped summit must be won, and the first step taken toward victory. The bugles sounded "forward," and the columns took up their line of march for the base, and heedless of the iron-storm that beat from above upon them, reached it and began to climb like mountain goats, the steep ascent. Sometimes stopped for a moment, but never driven back, they kept unwaveringly on till they entered the low hanging clouds, which suddenly wrapped them from sight. Grant and Thomas, and others down in Chattanooga, gazed anxiously toward the hidden summit, and listened with beating hearts to the crashing vollies and deep roar of artillery that came out of the mysterious bosom of the clouds. Lookout, for the time, seemed famed Olympus on which Jupiter was thundering, or the gods contending in celestial fury. Nought could be seen, and though the heavy explosions of artillery remained stationary, the vollies of musketry seemed to creep nearer and nearer to the summit. At this moment of intense excitement, the fog suddenly lifted, letting down the light of heaven upon the mountain top, and revealing as by magic to the gazing thousands below, a scene of sublime and thrilling interest. There amid the rocky ledges, in front of the rebel works, stood our gallant troops, their banners mere specks against the sky. The battle was raging furiously, for this was the last foothold of the enemy—driven from the summit, the mountain was Hooker's. The whole army in Chattanooga were witnesses of this strange fight among the clouds, and when at length they saw the enemy driven out of his works, and our banners wave above them, they broke forth into a shout that rent the heavens, and long loud acclamations surged backward



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

and forward through the Valley. There was shouting, too, up on the heights, and Hooker's face flushed, and his eye kindled as he stood and looked down on the "cloud of witnesses" to his victory, below.

He now opened communications with Chattanooga, and everything was ready for the next day's fight. In the morning, when Sherman, far away to the rebel right, opened the battle, he moved down on the left. His attack, however, was delayed for several hours, on account of the destruction of a bridge by the enemy in his retreat, which he was compelled to stop and rebuild, so that it was near four o'clock in the afternoon before he reached the point which rendered it safe for Grant to order the assault.

Hooker did not come up till Bragg was flying in terror from Missionary Ridge, but he joined in the pursuit, and day and night pressed the enemy with such vigor that he left cannon, caissons and trains, scattered all along the road. Once the enemy turned and caught him heavily, but nothing could stop his progress till he was recalled, and the shattered, demoralized army of the rebels took refuge in Dalton.

The next spring, when Sherman organized his campaign against Atlanta, Hooker's corps was joined to the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas. A part of his forces assisted McPherson in his flank movement which compelled the evacuation of Dalton, and at Resaca he distinguished himself by an assault on the enemy's position which he pressed with unprecedented pertinacity. He carried line after line of rifle pits, but at last Butterfield, who was in charge of the column, encountered a lunette which defied every attempt to take it. Determined not to be foiled, he charged up to the works and lay down

under them for protection. So near were the soldiers that they could touch the rebel guns with their hands. They lay here all night, and actually dug away several pieces of artillery and pulled them down into their midst.

Hooker advanced his skirmish line at ten o'clock at night, lighting up the dark mountain sides with flashes of musketry, but valor was vain against the impregnable heights, and Sherman had to resort again to flanking.

In doing this Hooker's corps came upon the enemy near Dallas, and attacked him with such fury that he was forced back step by step towards the railroad junction, the vital point aimed at. He might have secured it, but for the coming on of night and a driving rain storm. This corps bled freely at every step, yet at the close of each battle Hooker was always ready for another.

Shortly after, at Kenesaw Mountain, in that fierce, futile assault, his corps, though defeated, covered itself with glory. As many battles as Hooker had been in, he never made a more desperate charge than he did on the impregnable works here.

His last great battle was on the 20th of July, when Hood made that first grand assault on Thomas, near Peach Tree Creek. In that terrific onslaught, which, for a time, terribly shook Thomas' whole line of battle, Hooker bore the brunt of the shock. The rest of the army had thrown up partial intrenchments, but this brave old corps stood entirely uncovered in the field—their firm granite formations their only defences, and never did its grand qualities shine out so resplendently as on this occasion. In deep successive lines the enemy came on, shouting like fiends, and charging with a desperation they had never before exhibited. Though outnumbered, Hooker calmly awaited the onset, for it was one of these fights he gloried

in. There were no complications to disturb him—no works to flank or obstacles to remove. It was a fair test of heroic valor—a display of cool generalship and indomitable courage—a quick, close death-grapple, which no enemy ever did or ever will make with Hooker without remembering it to his latest day. It is impossible to describe this battle—it was literally a field of slaughter—the valley of death. Men fell like grain before the reaper—there was scarcely a moment's cessation to the close, overwhelming volleys, and nought could be seen but surging clouds of smoke, except now and then as they parted, a steadfast line of blue stood revealed on which headlong masses were rolling, while shouts and cries, blending strangely in with the horrid din, conspired to form a maddening spectacle. Again and again hurled back, only to come on anew with more desperate ferocity, the rebels seemed determined to be annihilated or break through that steadfast line. Nearly whole companies fell together and lay in death as they had stood in line. It is no figure of speech to say the earth was heaped with the dead, for five thousand rebels strewed the summer fields, while over one thousand seven hundred on our side swelled the ghastly number that made the circumscribed spot a Golgotha. The loss in Thomas' army fell almost entirely on Hooker's corps.

His military career was now drawing to a close. The death of McPherson, a few days after, left the Army of the Tennessee without a leader, and Howard, commanding the Eleventh Corps, was placed at its head. This offended Hooker. He felt that in putting his inferior in rank above him, after all his services, was doing him a grievous wrong—it was equivalent, it seemed to him, to a condemnation of his conduct. Besides, he felt that the

great motive to hazard one's life on the battle-field was taken away, for no matter how patriotic a leader may be, he fights for promotion as well as for his country. Moreover, Hooker is not of a temperament to submit to what he believes an injustice, or indignity, and he at once resigned and came home.

It is hard to blame him for this step. By the rules which govern military men, we cannot see how he could well do otherwise. Nor should Sherman be blamed, for there is no evidence that he was governed by personal feelings, or yielded in any way to favoritism. He was unquestionably controlled by the best motives, and doubtless had reasons which he has not deemed proper to give to the public. It was plainly his duty to do that which he believed the best interests of his country and the welfare of the army required. One thing is plain, Hooker is not so tractable a subordinate as he ought to be; and he has shown from the outset that he indulges in too great license in speaking of his superiors.

His personal appearance gives no indication of his resolute, determined character, though his tall, commanding form makes him a conspicuous leader. With light eyes and fair complexion, he would not be singled out in a crowd as one distinguished for anything; still, he has those military qualities which would have arrested the eye of the first Napoleon, and under him, like Murat and Ney, he would have risen to be a marshal of the empire.

General Hooker was subsequently put over the Ohio Department, and established his headquarters in Cincinnati; but from the fall of Atlanta to the close of the war, he was employed no more in the field. He now commands the New England division of the Department of the Atlantic, with his headquarters at New York City.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM.

THE BENEFIT OF WEST POINT ACADEMY—SLOCUM'S BIRTH—GRADUATES AT WEST POINT—SENT TO FLORIDA—STATIONED AT CHARLESTON—STUDIES LAW—RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION AND OPENS A LAW OFFICE IN SYRACUSE—VOLUNTEERS IN THE ARMY AND IS MADE COLONEL—WOUNDED AT BULL RUN—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL—COMMANDS A DIVISION—HIS CAREER ON THE PENINSULA UNDER M'CLELLAN—AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM—SUPERSEDES BANKS—AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—COMMANDS THE LEFT WING AT GETTYSBURG—IS SENT INTO TENNESSEE—PROTECTS THE COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND NASHVILLE—PLACED OVER THE DEPARTMENT OF VICKSBURG—DESTROYS THE BRIDGES OVER PEARL RIVER—CUT OFF BY THE ENEMY—DEFEATS HIM—EXPEDITION TO PORT GIBSON—A NIGHT ATTACK—TAKES HOOKER'S PLACE AS COMMANDER OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS—ENTERS ATLANTA—PLACED OVER THE LEFT WING OF SHERMAN'S ARMY—MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA—THROUGH THE CAROLINAS—BATTLES OF AVERYSBORO' AND BENTONVILLE—HIS CHARACTER.

THE true value of West Point was never known till it was developed by this war. For years, the nation had been educating young men to the profession of arms, many of whom, soon growing tired of the monotonous duty of holding posts on our distant frontier, and of chasing Indians, resigned their commissions, and entered other professions. Their education, therefore, seemed thrown away; as the Government apparently received no benefit from it. But as soon as this war broke out, all over the land—from banks, law offices, and counting-houses, they

started forth, men of thorough military education, ready to step to the head of our armies and lead them to victory. The absurd attempt to extemporize generals from political life, after costing us much precious blood and treasure, had to be given up, and men of military education take charge of our armies. The nation then saw the rich fruit of the military school at West Point.

Prominent among these is General Slocum. A highly esteemed lawyer in Syracuse, his early education had been forgotten in the profession which he expected to follow for the rest of his life. But at the call to arms, his briefs were thrown aside, his cases dismissed, and he went forth to pay back to his country, a hundredfold, the expenses of his education.

Henry Warner Slocum was born in Delphi, Onondaga Co., N. Y., September 24th, 1827. Receiving the appointment of cadet to West Point, he entered the Academy, and graduated in 1852. Being appointed second lieutenant in the First Artillery, he, in the autumn, was sent to Florida. Promoted to first lieutenant, he was transferred to Charleston harbor, where he remained till 1857. Becoming tired of garrison life, he determined to enter another profession, and so, while here, commenced the study of law in the office of B. C. Presley, sub-treasurer at Charleston. Having finished his studies, he resigned his commission, and returning to his native county, opened a law office in Syracuse, where the rebellion found him. Roused by the call of his country, he offered his services, and was appointed, in May, colonel of the Twenty-seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers. This regiment formed a part of McDowell's army, when it moved on Manassas; and in the battle of Bull Run that followed, he was shot through the thigh.

His behaviour in this, his first fight, received special mention from his immediate commander, Porter, who says: "Colonel Slocum was wounded while leading his gallant Twenty-seventh to the charge."

Next August, he received the appointment of brigadier-general, and was assigned to the command of a brigade in Franklin's division. When the latter was given the command of the Sixth Provisional Corps, he took his place at the head of the division. His rapid promotion shows that he exhibited rare ability.

He lay along the Chickahominy during that fatal summer, taking no part in the engagements that occurred, until the seven days' battle commenced. Being sent to the aid of General Porter, when so sorely pressed at Gaines' Mill, he helped to beat back the enemy on that terrible day. In the retreat to the James River, he, on the last day of June, held the right of the main line of the battle on Charles City road, and though attacked by superior numbers, firmly maintained his ground.

On the 4th of July, while the army lay along the James River, he was made major-general.

Commanding a division in the Maryland campaign, under McClellan, he took part in the battle of South Mountain; and at Antietam, when Franklin crossed the creek at one o'clock, and came to the help of Hooker, he was sent forward with his division, and nobly resisted the farther advance of the enemy.

In October, he was assigned to the corps previously under General Banks, but after the failure of Burnside's attack on Fredericksburg, was ordered to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. When Hooker, who had superseded Burnside, crossed the Rappahannock to give Lee battle at Chancellorsville, Slocum had under him the Fifth,

Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps. On both days of that disastrous fight, his position was near the solitary house of the place, and throughout the fight and retreat he showed himself to be the cool, self-poised, and prompt commander that he had always been, and which made him distinguished even in the brilliant group of generals of which he was a member.

But at Gettysburg, his qualities as a great leader shone forth with increased splendor. He was marching rapidly toward that place on the day when Reynolds was beaten back and killed. Howard, who then assumed command, finding himself severely pressed, sent back courier after courier to him and Sickles to come to his relief. Holding grimly on to Cemetery Hill, he turned his eye anxiously in the direction from which they would make their appearance, and at length, toward evening, when he caught sight of Slocum's long line of bayonets moving swiftly forward, a heavy load lifted from his heart.

In the next day's battle Slocum commanded the right of the army, composed of the Twelfth Corps, a part of the Second and Sixth, and, at times, the Fifth Corps. But little demonstration was made against his strong position during the day, for Lee was apparently determined to crush the left wing, and hence massed his troops there in overwhelming numbers. So heavily was this wing pressed that again and again Slocum was called upon for reinforcements, which he kept sending till he had but a thin line to defend his own position. The enemy, baffled in his determined efforts to break the left, and apparently ascertaining how weak Slocum had become, just at night fell furiously upon him. With his slender force, the latter bore up for awhile with heroic firmness against this sudden, overwhelming attack, and rode along the line, steadying it

by his presence and voice. But he could not get his troops back from the left fast enough, nor did reinforcements reach him soon enough from any quarter to enable him to maintain his ground, and he was compelled to fall back a short distance, abandoning some rifle-pits, and a strong position to the enemy. The latter, elated by his success, now pressed forward with shouts to complete the victory, and from dusk till ten o'clock at night, the battle raged furiously at this point, lighting up the whole landscape with flame. Ewell commanded the rebel forces, and though he made superhuman efforts to press the advantage he had gained, he was repulsed in every attempt with fearful slaughter. Still, he held that strong position, which must be retaken, or the next day's battle might be lost. Slocum felt this, and smarting under the defeat he had suffered from the withdrawal of his troops to succor the left, determined, at all hazards, to win it back. Gathering up his forces, therefore, he, with the first break of day, moved steadily on the enemy. Ewell, seeing his approach, at once ordered a headlong charge, the like of which is seldom witnessed. "It was desperation against courage. The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on and on, while Slocum's troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which it did receive them was so rapid and so thick as to envelope the ranks of its deliverers with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle, which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall no stragglers came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, those

masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage as before. It seemed as if the gray-uniformed troops, who were advanced and readvanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the army which withstood and defeated it was mortal."

So did Slocum fight on this second eventful day, until the enemy, beaten at all points, gave it up, and fell back disheartened. The peril in which he suddenly found himself brought out all the reserve force of his nature, and the responsibility unexpectedly thrown upon him exalted, instead of depressed, him. It is not the winning of a single battle, but the proving equal to any emergency, even the greatest, that tests the true quality of a military leader—nay, this alone stamps him the great commander.

The defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga, late in the fall, necessitated the sending of immediate reinforcements to him, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, commanded by Howard and Slocum, were rapidly transferred thither by railroad. On their arrival in Tennessee, Slocum, with a portion of the Twelfth Corps and other troops was left to guard the line of communication between Nashville and Chattanooga. He remained here till the next spring, when, in organizing his army for the Atlanta campaign, Sherman consolidated the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, forming the Twentieth, which was placed under Hooker. He was now placed in command of the District of Vicks-

burg, embracing both sides of the river, from the mouth of the White to that of the Red River.

In June, Sherman, on the march for Atlanta, sent Slocum a dispatch, directing him to take such troops as could be spared from the garrisons of Vicksburg, and attempt the destruction of the railroad bridges over the Pearl River at Jackson. Though he could muster a force of but twenty-three hundred he succeeded in accomplishing the task assigned him. But the rebels in the meantime had concentrated all the troops in the State in his rear, for the purpose of cutting off his return, and occupying a strong position, felt confident of holding it and thus securing his destruction. Slocum saw at once that it must be carried at all hazards; still the odds were heavily against him, for not only was the rebel force equal in numbers to his own, but they had the advantage of a strong position, while he could bring but a portion of his little army into action, as he had a large train to protect. He, however, moved boldly against it on the 4th of July, and, after a sharp contest, drove the enemy back and cleared the road to Vicksburg.

The next week, in order to keep reinforcements from reaching Hood, he started an expedition to Port Gibson. He had nearly reached Grand Gulf, when the enemy suddenly came down on him in a night attack, expecting to take him by surprise and sweep his camp in one overwhelming charge. But Slocum was the last man to be caught in this way, which the enemy found to his cost, for he was not only repulsed, but lost many officers and men, among whom was the commander, Major Peyton, taken prisoner.

When Hooker was relieved from the command of the Twentieth Corps before Atlanta, Slocum took his place,

but during that bold movement round Atlanta to the Macon Road, he remained on the Chattahoochie, guarding the communications. On the night of the evacuation, he, though seven miles away, heard the explosions taking place in the city, and saw the heavens lurid with the flames of burning railroad trains and cotton, and suspecting the cause, sent out early in the morning a reconnoissance towards the enemy's works. Finding them abandoned, he, with banners flying and bands playing, marched into the city and took up his headquarters at the Trout House.

When Sherman planned his great campaign across Georgia, he divided his army of over 50,000 men into two wings, and to show his appreciation of Slocum, gave him command of the left, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps. A greater compliment could not have been paid him.

While Howard, commanding the right wing, moved down the Macon Road, he was to march eastward along the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad, destroying it as he advanced. On the 15th day of November, he marched out on separate roads, and began to destroy the railroad, inch by inch, burning depots, cotton-gins, shops, factories and all public buildings. A long line of conflagration marked his passage, sending terror through the country that till now had deemed itself secure from the ravages of war. When near Covington, one of his soldiers, while out on a foraging expedition was killed by bushwhackers. He immediately put in force the threat of retaliation, made by Sherman, and the torch soon laid waste the habitations of the peaceful dwellers of the place, near which the bushwhackers were encountered. In this fearful retribution, unfortunately the Methodist College of

Oxford was destroyed, and with it the large library it contained, with all its cabinet and apparatus, which cost nearly a million of dollars. This was a cause of deep regret, for institutions of learning, books, and those things that can be used only in the advance of peaceful science, should be sacred even in war, and the torch that kindles private dwellings should spare colleges and books.

Slocum's two corps turned off, one at Madison, and the other at Covington, and moved south to Milledgeville, the capital of the State, reaching it one day before Howard, with Sherman, entered it. As he rode in with his staff, the Mayor and officers of the city met him, formally tendering its surrender, and begging that private property might be saved from destruction, and the people from violence. Slocum curtly replied that he did not command a band of desperadoes and cut-throats.

His march thus far had been through the fat of the land, and the soldiers, having no enemy to fight, improved in their appearance and grew hilarious and jovial. His train of six hundred wagons was all brought through safely, a dusky cloud of negroes accompanying it, loaded down with such household furniture as they could carry on their backs.

At Milledgeville, the two wings united and moved on together, though Slocum continued to threaten Augusta, as at first, until they reached Millen, some eighty miles from Savannah. Here the whole army wheeled south, and entering the vast stretches of pines, moved rapidly down toward the city.

One of the divisions of his corps, under General Geary was the first to enter it, and received its surrender from the Mayor.

When Sherman, after his month's rest, started on his

northward march, Slocum, still commanding the left wing, was sent up the Savannah on his old mission—to threaten Augusta. He marched up both sides of the river till he came to Sister's Ferry, where he brought his army together on the Carolina shore. It took, however, several days to accomplish this, for the winter rains had swollen the river till it overflowed the banks, and covered all the surrounding country; turning the low and level fields into a broad lake three miles wide. Such a flood had not been known for more than twenty years, and it seemed as if Providence had determined in this critical juncture to bring Slocum to a long halt. He looked at the vast spreading sea before him with a good deal of anxiety, but, though the necessity was urgent that he should move immediately, he was compelled to wait here till the waters began to subside. As soon, however, as the crossing could be commenced with any degree of safety, he put his army in motion. Over the inundated fields—the ranks often standing waist-deep in the flood—and along roads still half covered with water, the columns moved rapidly inland.

When he reached solid ground, in order to make up for lost time, he marched eighteen miles a day, although cavalry were constantly hovering around his front, destroying bridges over the swollen streams, and felling trees across the roads, thus obstructing and delaying his progress. Rebridging the streams, and clearing the roads, made his march exceedingly laborious, but the troops which had lived so luxuriously in Georgia, now showed that they could endure hardships cheerfully. It rained almost incessantly, making the fields and roads horrible, and the night encampments gloomy and cold, but not a murmur was heard. With the morning light,

the bugle-call roused them alike in stormy and pleasant weather, and they pushed on over the dreary country.

The enemy persisted in believing that Charleston, the hot-bed of secession, and the object of so many attacks by our iron-clad fleet, and the goal toward which Gilmore, with such wonderful engineering skill, had worked so long, must be the prize Sherman was after, and knowing that the preservation of the railroads running into it by way of Branchville was indispensable to its safety, held the line of the Edisto, which protected these, till the last moment. But when at length the rebel leaders were told that Slocum was within thirty miles of Augusta, and Kilpatrick within about half that distance, they concluded that Sherman had duped them, and that Augusta, and not Charleston, was his real point of destination. But that city was full of machine shops, laboratories, arsenals, rolling stock, and cotton, and must be held at all hazards, and Wheeler, who had been in front, hurried off to defend it, as did also Cheatham's corps of Hood's army.

The main object of the long march toward that city now being accomplished, Slocum suddenly turned his back on the place, and wheeling to the north and east, swept through the upper portions of the State, separating Charleston from Augusta.

Having accomplished the work assigned him, he, in conjunction with the other wing, marched rapidly toward Columbia, and struck the Saluda about two miles west of the city. Ordering the bridges over Broad River to be destroyed, he prevented Cheatham, who had hastened from Augusta as soon as he discovered Sherman's real design, from getting in his front—for the rebel commander, having no pontoons, was compelled to keep on

up stream till he could find a ford, and thus was left far in the rear.

When the army left Columbia, Slocum was still Sherman's left hand to feint with, while he struck with his right. All the way from Atlanta to Savannah he had done this, threatening Augusta with this wing, while his real object was Savannah. So, when he left Savannah, he feinted again with it on the same place, while he struck at Columbia; and now for the third time he with it threatened Charlotte, thus holding Johnston there, and uncovering Fayetteville, the point he designed to reach.

Kilpatrick, all this time was covering Slocum's flank, and by his skilful movements enabled him to cross Lynch River without opposition, the passage being effected just before dark. The country beyond it, which he must traverse before he reached high ground, was a horrible one to carry troops and artillery over; yet, all night long he struggled onward through gloomy swamps and over rain-swollen streams, the bridges of which had been destroyed by the enemy. This night march is one that he and his troops will long remember. To a less resolute man the route he took would have seemed impassable. Torches were kindled to light up the gloom, while the soldiers, standing to their waists in water and mud, laid pontoons, or built corduroy crossings over treacherous places in the swamps. Now moving in the glare of torches, and now lost in the deep shadows of the forests, the army looked like a spirit host moving through the shadowy realms of the unseen world. Daylight brought no improvement, except that it made the gloom and difficulties of the route more apparent. Weary, hungry, and covered with mud, the army floundered on all the forenoon, and not till twelve o'clock, the 9th of March, did it reach solid ground.



SHERMAN'S MARCH BY TORCHLIGHT THROUGH THE SWAMPS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Here it halted for a short rest, and then resuming its march toward Fayetteville, at Cheraw, met for the first time since it left Savannah, the right wing.

When Sherman finally left Fayetteville to march on Goldsboro', he ordered Slocum to move up the river and threaten Raleigh. Kilpatrick, marching in advance with his cavalry, about six miles from Averysboro', met a heavy body of rebel infantry coming down from Raleigh, evidently to take position at a ravine that extended from the river to an impenetrable swamp. Seeing how important it was that this should be prevented, he determined to hold the force at bay till Slocum, six miles in his rear, could come up. Taking a strong position, he sent back to the former a courier urging him to hurry forward with all possible speed. Slocum immediately ordered General Williams with the Twentieth Corps to push on, while he followed with his other corps—the Fourteenth. The former arrived in time to drive the enemy back at all points, and over and out of his first line of works, capturing three guns. Slocum now came on the field with his staff, and forming his line of battle, steadily advanced upon the enemy, pushing him remorselessly back till late in the night. Johnston, finding that he could not resist his advance, retreated under cover of the darkness. The rebel commander now discovered that Sherman was aiming at Goldsboro', not Raleigh; and hastily calling in Hardee, moved to Bentonville, and entrenched. Slocum, moving in the same direction, came upon him unexpectedly, and though at first he thought that only a small detachment was in his front, he soon discovered that he had the combined armies of Johnston, Hardee and Hoke, on his hands. His position he saw at a glance was one full of peril, and he

despatched a courier to Sherman, who had left him an hour and a half before, to inform him of the state of affairs. In the meantime, he chose an admirable position, and posted his artillery so as to sweep his entire front. He then sent on Morgan's division to establish another line, half a mile in advance. Johnston, seeing the comparative smallness of this force, suddenly advanced in overwhelming numbers, and overpowering it by sheer weight of numbers, hurled it broken and disorderly back, with the loss of three guns, to the strong line that Slocum with such admirable forecast had selected. Hastily throwing up breastworks of rails and earth, the latter now waited till the rest of his army could come up. The Fourteenth Corps and the balance of the Twentieth soon appeared in sight, and swept rapidly along into the positions assigned them. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and Slocum had hardly got everything ready when the enemy was seen coming boldly down in three massive columns. Like Hood's at Atlanta, the onset was one of the most desperate of the war. In successive waves, one column followed another, determined to carry Slocum's position at any sacrifice. Mowed down by our batteries, and the terrible fire of the infantry, the first column reeled backwards and broke, when the second column came on in the same headlong desperation. But right in their path was Davis' corps, that at Chickamauga, under Thomas, rolled back column after column of the foe—and stopped it with one terrible blow. The whole fury of the attack spent itself in less than an hour, and yet in that time the enemy made six successive assaults. The last charge broke for a moment Slocum's line; but it recovered its position, and the rebel army, baffled and discouraged, fell back to its entrenchments. So close

and murderous was the combat, that many of the enemy's dead lay within our lines, and even around the head-quarters of the generals. For the time it lasted, it was one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, and the only serious one fought between Atlanta and Raleigh. Sherman had expected this battle; but did not intend to have it thrown on Slocum alone, and was strongly excited when he first heard of it. Sending word to him to stand fast, he hurried Howard over to his relief, and though the next day some severe fighting was done, Johnston, seeing what a heavy force was concentrating against him, withdrew in the night, leaving the road open to Goldsboro'.

No better fighting was seen during the war than at Bentonville, on the 19th of March, for Johnston must have had double the number of Slocum, and a less able general would have been overborne.

It will thus be seen that all the real heavy fighting between Savannah and Raleigh was done by Slocum's left wing, for Bentonville was Slocum's battle. From the day that he started till now, he had not made a single mistake, and fully justified the confidence that Sherman had reposed in him.

HIS CHARACTER.

General Slocum is a man of fine personal appearance, being above the medium height, and possessing a manner that at once attracts the beholder. His long brown wavy hair is pushed back behind his ears, which gives additional force to the frank, open expression of his countenance. His eyes are brown and sparkle with light, while his whole expression inspires confidence and trust,

and gives him a sort of magnetic power over his troops. Probably there is no general in the service who is more thoroughly master of all the details of his profession than he. A lover of order and a strict disciplinarian, he brought the Twentieth Corps to a state of perfection that has given it a national reputation. It was of vital importance to Sherman in the novel campaigns he was entering upon, to have commanders over the two wings of his army that never made mistakes, and it was on this account he brought Slocum from Vicksburg to be his left hand in the long march he contemplated. Probably no commander ever leaned with such implicit confidence on three subordinates, as Sherman did on Thomas, Howard and Slocum.

Slocum's character cannot be better summed up than in the language of an eminent judge, who in a private letter never designed to be made public, says: "He was always equal to the task set before him, and never was known to fail in any enterprise which he undertook. He is certainly one of the most persevering and indefatigable men I ever knew, and was always esteemed lucky, while it was plain to me that his successes were the result of calculation and the most indomitable energy. While he is modest and unobtrusive, he possesses genius of the highest order, and a well balanced mind; always cool and ready to baffle difficulties, whether small or great; for he has inexhaustible mental resources in an emergency, and can bring them to bear with wonderful power in the right direction and at the proper moment to insure success.

"I consider him qualified for the highest stations in the gift of the Government; but his proverbial modesty will probably keep him back from reaching any of

them. And he seems to have no ambition in that direction."

This is high praise, but strictly just. To this might be added—he exhibits a wonderful, as the French term it, "*coup d'œil*" on a battle-field, taking it in with all its details at a glance. He possesses also great facility in handling troops, and with his control over them, and his indomitable energy, can accomplish what is in the power of man to perform. Patient, tireless, and undismayed by sudden adversity, and never disheartened by unexpected obstacles, he seems to be one of the few men born to be never beaten.

Cool and collected, no peril, however great, for a moment discomposes him, and in every emergency he falls back on himself with the calm confidence of power. His plans are always laid with mathematical precision, and carried out with the same scientific certainty. He is a man of method and thought, and not of dash and sudden excitement, and hence is not apt to perform things in that striking, unexpected way which dazzles the public. In short, he forgets himself in the work before him, and consequently never does anything for mere effect. He is a rare man, and his fame rests on a solid foundation, that time will increase instead of diminish.

He now commands the Department of the Mississippi, with headquarters at Vicksburg.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS.

HIS BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—KEEPS A STORE—IS SENT TO WEST POINT—IS MADE ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN THE ACADEMY—HIS EARLY AND GREAT SERVICES AS ENGINEER—RESIGNS ON ACCOUNT OF ILL HEALTH—OPENS AN OFFICE IN CINCINNATI—IS EMPLOYED BY A COAL COMPANY IN VIRGINIA—SETS UP A MANUFACTORY OF COAL OIL—NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE—THE FIRST TO MAKE PURE OIL—INVENTS THE CIRCULAR WICK, AND MAKES IMPROVEMENTS IN LAMPS—BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR—HIS FIRST SERVICES—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL, AND ORDERED TO WESTERN VIRGINIA—RICH MOUNTAIN—CARNIFEX FERRY—DEFEATS LEE—HIS PLANS BROKEN UP—FREMONT PLACED OVER THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT—IS SENT WEST—UNDER HALLECK—UNDER GRANT—BATTLE OF IUKA—BATTLE OF CORINTH—PLACED OVER THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO'—CAPTURES CHATTANOOGA—BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—IS SUPERSEDED BY THOMAS—PLACED OVER THE MISSOURI DEPARTMENT—HIS CHARACTER.

Rosecrans saw so little service under General Grant, that a sketch of him, as one of his generals, might not be indispensable, in completing the illustrious group of which the latter is the central figure. Still, during the short time he served under him, he won two battles for him—the last of which had an important bearing on his future career.

William Stark Rosecrans was born in Kingston, Delaware county, Ohio, on the 6th of September, 1819. His ancestors were Dutch, as his name clearly indicates, and emigrated to New York, in the first settlement of

the country, from Amsterdam. In the war of 1812, his father served as adjutant to a light horse company, under General Harrison. He was a prosperous farmer, and owned considerable property; yet he sent his son, according to the custom at that time, to school only in winter, keeping him home to work on the farm during the summer months. He owned a store, in which William sometimes acted as book-keeper, and who, for a while, in 1837, was clerk in a clothing store. While here the latter applied for an appointment in the military academy at West Point, and through the influence of Judge Harper, member of Congress from the district, obtained it. He graduated in 1842, and was made second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, and ordered to Fortress Monroe. The next April, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and in the August following, received the appointment of assistant professor in the Engineering Department at West Point. The following year, however, he was made Assistant Professor of Philosophy; but filled the position only one year, when he was appointed First Assistant Professor of Engineering, which position he held for two years—a part of the time acting also as post commissary and quartermaster. Thomas was a cadet at the same time, and the young men often talked of their future prospects together, and dreamed of military distinction in the years to come; but in their wildest imaginings never conjured up such a field as "Stone River," or "Chickamauga," where they fought side by side.

In August, 1847, Rosecrans was put in charge of the fortifications at Newport, Rhode Island, and spent five years in completing its batteries, constructing a military wharf, &c. In 1852, he was directed to survey Taunton and New Bedford harbors, with a view to their improve-

ment, and in three weeks made 30,000 soundings. The next spring, being ordered to report to the Secretary of the Navy, he was detailed as constructing engineer at the Washington Navy Yard, and during the year performed an immense amount of work. He built saw mills, a marine railway, remodelled the ordnance buildings, and submitted plans for machine shops, and manufactories of various kinds. But while with his usual energy he was pushing on the various improvements with which his inventive, restless mind teemed, his health gave out, and his physician told him he must have at least three months rest. He accordingly applied for leave of absence, but the engineer-in-chief told him that he could not be spared. He then sent in his resignation to Jefferson Davis, who at the time was Secretary of War. The latter remonstrated with him, and finally gave him the required leave of absence, telling him to wait till the end of that time before pressing his resignation. But his health remaining feeble, he finally, in April, 1854, resigned, and removed to Cincinnati, where he opened an office, as an architect and consulting engineer.

The next year, however, at the request of the agent, he took charge of the mining interests of a coal company on Coal River, in Kanawha county, Virginia. His scientific explorations developed resources hitherto unknown, and new mines were discovered. In order to get the coal to the river, he proposed the plan of a canal which was adopted—and he was made "President of the Coal River Slack Water Navigation Company." Soon after, the manufacture of coal oil attracted public attention, and Rosecrans believing that a fortune could be realized from it, went into the business in Cincinnati. With two other partners, he built a large manufactory, capable of turning

out five hundred gallons a day. One of the partners professed to be skilled in the manufacture of the oil, but failing to make a good article, Rosecrans determined to take hold of it himself. For sixteen days he labored assiduously in the laboratory, and had about succeeded in his efforts to produce a pure odorless oil, when, by the combustion of some gas, he was terribly burned. He, however, extinguished the fire, and then walked home a mile and a half, when he took to his bed where he lay nearly a year and a half, a great sufferer. He barely survived the severe shock his system received, and still carries the scars of his burns on his forehead. On his recovery, he again went to work, and soon produced a good article of oil, and believes he was the first to obtain it. He also manufactured a new kind of soap, and invented the lamp with a round wick for burning coal oil, and also the one with short chimneys.

He was still engaged in this business, pushing his way steadily on to fortune, when the rebellion broke out. His services were at once sought in drilling the Home Guards of the city, and he took charge of those of the Fourteenth Ward, called the Marion Rifles. When the President's call for 75,000 men was issued he offered his services to Governor Dennison of Ohio, by whom he was requested to lay out Camp Dennison, which he did. Afterwards, he was sent to Philadelphia to see about getting a supply of arms for the Ohio troops; and from there proceeded to Washington to make arrangements for their clothing and pay. While here he applied for the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Not receiving it, he returned to Cincinnati, where he was offered by the Governor the position of Chief Engineer of Ohio, with

the rank of Colonel, to serve on the staff of McClellan. But the latter being appointed Major-General in the regular army, he became Colonel of the Twenty-Third Ohio regiment and proceeded to Columbus, where he laid out several camps.

In the meantime the appointment of Brigadier-General in the regular army reached him, with instructions to report to General McClellan, who immediately ordered him to Western Virginia. In July he fought and won the battle of Rich Mountain, with a force of one thousand seven hundred men, capturing two guns and several pieces of artillery. The same night, in a pouring rain, he moved upon the enemy's camp, and captured it with over two hundred tents, eighty wagons and eleven hundred prisoners. McClellan now advanced to Cheat Mountain, when he was called to Washington to assume the duties of General-in-Chief.

The command in Western Virginia now devolved on Rosecrans. His three months' men soon after left him, and with his diminished force, he was compelled to act solely on the defensive, and hold the strong positions he had seized. But as soon as the new troops arrived, though raw and undisciplined, he moved forward, to attack Floyd, who he heard was advancing against General Cox at Gauley. Pressing forward over terrible roads, in drenching storms, he at length arrived within seventeen miles of Carnifex Ferry, where he heard that Floyd was strongly entrenched. He immediately ordered an advance, and reached the rebel position at three o'clock in the afternoon, and boldly attacked it. The conflict raged fiercely till darkness put an end to it, when the army lay down to wait for the morning light to renew the assault. That night, however, Floyd evacuated the position, and

crossing the river, destroyed the ferry-boat, thus cutting off all pursuit.

Rosecrans now fell back twenty-three miles, in order to be near his base of supplies. He had marched his men through storm and mud, over mountains and streams, half fed, and half clothed, with an energy and rapidity which at that time were considered marvellous; and he was looked upon as one of our most promising generals.

Lee now took command of the rebel forces in Western Virginia, and formed a plan with Floyd to crush Rosecrans between them. But the latter's geological surveys in this country now stood him in good stead, and he successfully foiled their plans, and driving Floyd in confusion before him, brought to an inglorious termination Lee's first campaign in the service of the Southern Confederacy.

Winter now coming on, active service in the field was impossible, still Rosecrans kept detachments constantly at work hunting down guerillas. Repairing to Washington to lay before McClellan a plan for future operations, he found that all his troops, with the exception of one thousand seven hundred men, were to be sent to General Lander, who was ordered to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Notwithstanding he was thus stripped of his troops, he formed a plan for a spring campaign, when he found that politicians in Washington had caused the Mountain Department to be formed for Fremont. Though displeased at this, and justly so, he continued to labor assiduously to carry out the great plan that had been adopted at Washington for crushing Ewell and Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. But this falling through, he, on the 9th of May, reported in person to General Fremont, and at once proceeded to Washington,

where he arrived on the 15th, having had quite enough of the Mountain Department. He was immediately ordered to report to General Halleck at Corinth, Mississippi, and leaving his staff, horses, etc., behind, hurried forward, reaching it in eight days. Halleck, in turn, ordered him to report to Pope, by whom he was placed in command of Jefferson C. Davis' division, just in from Pea Ridge. He held this position just four days, when he was assigned to the command of the right wing of the Army of the Mississippi, then closing in on Corinth. On the evacuation of this place, he was ordered to pursue the enemy, and pushed on to Booneville. The pursuit being abandoned, he returned to Camp Clear Creek, seven miles from Corinth.

Pope now being called to take command of the forces in front of Washington, Rosecrans found himself at the head of the Army of the Mississippi, under Grant. Bragg, having gone to Chattanooga, whither Buell was moving his columns, Price and Van Dorn were left to take care of Grant, and soon after advanced and took possession of Iuka. Rosecrans at once proposed a plan to Grant for recapturing it, by which the former was to move directly on the place while the latter marched to the rear and cut off the rebel retreat. Grant accepted it, and Rosecrans concentrated at Jacinto two divisions of infantry and artillery, and two regiments of cavalry, with which he started on the afternoon of the 19th of September, and, marching about nineteen miles, arrived within less than two miles of Iuka. Price immediately pushed out a heavy force against him, and a fierce and sanguinary battle followed. Night at length closed the contest, and Rosecrans, who all the afternoon had been anxiously listening to hear the sound of Grant's guns, felt

doubtful as to the proper course to pursue. He determined, however, weak as he was, to attack the enemy in the morning—but at midnight, word was brought him that the rebels were in full retreat. He immediately started in pursuit, but failed to overtake the enemy, though he pressed him hotly for twenty-five miles.

Referring to the lack of co-operation on the part of Grant, by which Price was enabled to get off, Rosecrans said, "The unexpected accident which alone prevented us from cutting off the retreat, and capturing Price and his army, only shows how much success depends on him in whose hands are the accidents as well as the laws of life."

He now fell back on Corinth, and Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell immediately concentrated their armies against it before the place could be reinforced by Grant. He watched the coming storm with a good deal of solicitude, for the forces gathering against him outnumbered his own two to one—but he called in all his detachments, and began to strengthen his position. The old fortifications thrown up by Beauregard were too extensive for his little army, and he erected works within them.

On the 3d of October, the enemy approached the place, and the next morning, at dawn, Rosecrans, as he looked over the ramparts of his works, heard the roll of the drum and the pealing bugle in the dark forests beyond. Skirmishing soon commenced, and occasionally a cannon-shot awoke the morning echoes, but still there was no sign of the enemy, for the dense forest shut them in. The assaulting columns were forming on the roads that ran through the woods, not more than half a mile away, and Rosecrans waited with intense interest to see them emerge from the foliage.

A little after nine o'clock, the suspense was ended, for those columns suddenly burst from the forest, and in splendid order and proud array, moved up the Bolivar road straight on the batteries. As the deep formations, fringed with glittering steel, reached the open ground, they slowly unfolded, like two expanding wings, and swooped down on Corinth. Price was on the left, and Van Dorn on the right, designing to attack simultaneously—but the latter, meeting with obstructions, was delayed, so that the former first caught the fury of the storm. Moving up a turfy slope, the whole line was swept by our batteries, cutting terrible gaps through it —but it kept on unshaken till it came within range of the musketry, when the destruction became awful. Still, the unfaltering ranks pressed forward, and reached the crest of the hill, and drove the division of Davis back in confusion. Rosecrans, seeing the imminent danger, galloped amid the broken ranks, and rallied them in person. But the shouting, victorious rebels, now confident of victory, sprung eagerly forward, and swept headquarters like a storm, and soon began to send their shot into the square of the place. Fort Richardson, the key of the position, was reached, and all seemed lost, when a sudden sheet of flame burst from its sides. As the smoke lifted, only the dead and dying were where the charging column had pressed. But those behind rushed in to fill their places, and leaped over the works with a demoniacal yell. At that critical moment, the Fifty-sixth Illinois, which had lain concealed in a ravine near by, suddenly rose, and pouring in one desolating volley, sprang forward, and cleared the fort of the rebels at the point of the bayonet. Hamilton, the hero of Iuka, seeing the charge, cried "forward!" The rebels had made their greatest effort, and yielding to this

last charge, threw away their arms in despair, and broke for the woods.

Van Dorn, on the left, now came up. A few minutes sooner, and his arrival might have turned the day against Rosecrans. But now the prospect looked gloomy enough —still he came boldly on, breasting the storm that smote him as bravely as Price had done before, and a close and fearful conflict followed. With the bayonet, clubbed muskets, and where those failed, with clenched fists, the maddened troops struggled and fell, while shouts, and yells, and curses rose in a deafening clamor from out the tossing, reeling mass. But though the rebels fought as they had not fought before, it was all in vain, and the whole army at last turned and fled.

The battle lasted scarcely more than an hour and a half, and yet, in that brief space, two thousand of Rosecrans' army of twenty thousand, had fallen, while nearly six thousand of the enemy lay strewn and piled over the field and around the forts. The shout that rolled down our lines at the victory shook the field, and was repeated again and again, till the air of that autumn morning seemed an element of joy. In the last charge, Rogers, commanding a Texas regiment, strode at its head, shouting, amid the bursting shells, "forward! forward!" and seemed to bear a charmed life; for, while men fell rapidly around him, he still stood up unhurt. He at length reached the ditch, a revolver in one hand, and a flag in the other. Standing erect a moment, he again shouted "forward," and with one bound cleared it, and gallantly ascending the slope of the works, planted his standard on the ramparts. The next instant he fell, banner in hand, into the ditch, a corpse.

After the battle was over, our brave soldiers singled

out his body and gave it a grave by itself, smoothing it over tenderly, and marking its last resting place with a board. It was a touching testimonial of the brave to the brave.

Rosecrans now rode along the lines, greeted with loud cheers. He told his troops, that although they had been marching for two days, passed two sleepless nights, and fought for two days more, he wanted them to fill their cartridge-boxes, haversacks and stomachs, and take an early sleep, and then press on after the enemy. Just then McPherson arrived with a fresh brigade, sent by Grant to his aid, and was immediately started in pursuit.

Rosecrans now pressed the enemy day after day, inflicting heavy loss on him, but could not force him into a decisive battle. The latter, however, was completely demoralized, and Rosecrans determined to follow him up until he was wholly destroyed, and fully believed that if Grant had not recalled him from the pursuit, he could have pushed on and taken Vicksburg, which afterwards cost us so much labor and so many lives.

This was an important victory to Grant; for if Corinth had fallen, his communications North would have been severed, and the very existence of his army threatened. On no one battle fought by any of his generals acting independently, did more important issues rest than on this.

The victory lifted Rosecrans still higher in public estimation, and he was called the "favored child of victory."

In October he was placed over the Army of the Cumberland in the place of Buell, and repaired to Louisville. He afterwards made his headquarters at Nash-

ville, and prepared for a decisive campaign against Bragg, who had taken position at Murfreesboro.

On the 26th of December, in a pouring rain-storm, the army broke up its encampment and moved forward, and came at length upon the rebel army lying along the north bank of Stone river, its right resting on it where it took a short bend north—or perhaps the real right might be said to be across it, on an eminence where Breckenridge's division was posted. Rosecrans' plan of battle was a very simple one. With his army drawn up in front of that of Bragg, he designed suddenly to swing his left over the river, and by an overwhelming assault, carry the heights on which Breckenridge was posted. This once accomplished, his batteries planted there would enfilade the whole rebel line of battle, and take the batteries in reverse. Retreat then would be unavoidable, and away from Murfreesboro and the railroad running south. This would enable Rosecrans to follow Bragg up with a fair prospect of capturing or dispersing the whole army. But the latter had planned a similar movement on him. Rosecrans' right was out, so to speak, in the air, and he resolved to crush this with one tremendous blow, and following up the victory, roll up our whole line of battle, and force the army into the Stone river. Carrying out this plan, he suddenly fell on our extreme right, while the assaulting columns of Rosecrans were on their way to the rebel right. Bragg struck first, and our right, taken by surprise, was borne away as by a whirlwind. Rosecrans was standing near his tent, waiting to hear his guns open on the rebel flank, when far away to *his* right, there came a sound like the crackling of brush in the flames, and then the deep roar of cannon. Still, he was not anxious, it was doubtless McCook, he thought, diverting the

enemy's attention in order to give greater success to the movement on the left. But the din grew louder, and the incessant, ever-increasing crash of artillery at length sent a pang of anxious fear to his heart. Soon tidings came that the right wing of the army was broken to fragments. He did not believe it, when suddenly a crowd of fugitives burst through the neighboring thickets, while a staff officer dashed up, saying, that the right wing was broken, gone! "To horse!" shouted Rosecrans, and away he dashed into the vortex of battle. Horse and horseman fell beside him, but on through the deadly storm, leaping every obstacle that crossed his path, he at once pressed, determined to throw his life into the scale of battle. Ordering over a portion of his left wing on the double quick, massing batteries here, and rallying a broken line there, he moved like a fabled god over that wild, tumultuous field. His usually ruddy face was now pale as ashes, his lips were set firmly together, and his blue eye blazed with a dangerous fire. He had been outmanœuvred, and half his army was in confused retreat before he knew the battle had begun, and now nothing but superhuman efforts could save him. He saw it all at a glance, but instead of being overwhelmed by the sudden disaster that had overtaken him, rose to the full requirements of his condition.

Sheridan's gallant resistance gave him breathing time, and though the battle raged hour after hour with unparalleled fury, and his whole army was forced back before the terrific onsets of the rebel columns, till it stood at right angles to its position in the morning, and though a quarter of his artillery was gone, and nearly a third of his army with it, yet at night his line of battle was firm and the enemy repulsed.

It had been a fearful day—a terrible defeat; and but for Rosecrans' personal courage, almost superhuman efforts, and rapid handling of his troops and skilful massing of his artillery, would have been a complete overthrow.

That night he took a survey of his position, consulted with his officers, and then resolved to fight it out right there. He found, he said, that "he had ammunition enough for another battle," and though his losses in guns and men had been so heavy, he would try the issue with Bragg once more before he retreated. He, therefore, took up a new position during the night, which the enemy next day dared not assail.

On the 2d of January the fight was renewed, and Rosecrans having at last got his left over the river, Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro.

Victory at length was ours, though at a heavy sacrifice; for out of 43,000 men with which he went into battle, 10,000, at least, had disappeared from the ranks.

Rosecrans lay here till summer, and then advanced on Chattanooga. On arriving before the place, he found it too strong to be carried by direct assault, so he executed a skilful flank movement by crossing the Tennessee, below Lookout Mountain, and pushing his columns up the Lookout Valley. Bragg, finding himself completely outmanœuvred, evacuated the place. Rosecrans, however, was not content with its capture, he wanted Bragg's army, and so pushed on his divisions to cut off his line of retreat, until at length McCook, in advance, was some thirty or forty miles from the Tennessee River. But Bragg, who was on the other side of the mountain, this time outwitted his antagonist, for instead of retreating, he only fell back a little distance, and then wheeling about, marched

back on Chattanooga. Crittenden, alone, was opposed to him; the other divisions being over the mountains, scattered far apart, thinking only of intercepting his flight. As soon as Rosecrans was informed of this, he saw at once his danger, and strained every nerve to concentrate his divided forces, and get them over into the Chattanooga Valley, to join Crittenden. He succeeded; but before his line of battle was completed, in fact, while marching by the flank to head off Bragg, the latter fell on him with a succession of terrible assaults. Night closed the contest; when Rosecrans withdrew his right wing, resting it on Missionary Ridge, thus shortening his line of battle. Bragg, having been heavily reinforced in the meantime, in the morning renewed the conflict, striking, as before, the indomitable Thomas on our left. The latter, not content with repelling the assault, attacked in turn, and drove the rebel line before him for a mile and a half, when he was called back to help the hard-pressed centre.

While matters were in this position, Wood, in the centre, received that fatal order—to close well upon Reynolds and support him. But Brannan's division lay between him and Reynolds, and to obey this order he had to fall back behind the latter, and pass beyond him. This left a fearful gap in our lines, which the enemy no sooner saw than he poured like a torrent into it, and striking right and left, swung back the two extremities like two doors on their hinges, and with such fury as to shatter them into fragments. It was a sudden whirlwind, a hurricane, carrying away with resistless fury the centre and right of the army, and causing a scene of terror and confusion indescribable. A struggling multitude of men and horses, and teams; a cursing, shouting crowd, blocking up the roads; the roar of cannon and the yells of the

victorious enemy, made up one of the most terrific spectacles of war. Rosecrans' headquarters and himself were borne away in the flood, and he did not halt till he reached Chattanooga. Thomas, left alone, saved the army, and by his splendid courage and unparalleled fighting, earned the well:deserved title of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

There is a great difference of opinion about the order to Wood, and perhaps always will be. Whether Rosecrans meant to give it as he did, or unconsciously substituted Reynolds' name for some other officer, or, in the excitement of the moment, put it in a form different from what he intended, or misconceived for an instant the true position of things, we cannot say. It seems very improbable, however, that Wood would have made the extraordinary movement he did, without being unmistakably certain respecting the order. Altogether, it is unexplainable, for it is equally improbable that Rosecrans, with a full knowledge of the state of things, would have given such an order until Wood's place was filled by another division. At all events, the results were disastrous; and but for Thomas, would have been overwhelmingly so.

Rosecrans had now to fall back to Chattanooga, whither Bragg followed him, enclosing him from the river above, to Lookout Mountain on the river below, intercepting his communications, and well nigh starving his army. The Department at length relieved him from command, and put Thomas in his place, who, in turn, gave way to Grant.

This ended Rosecrans' military services in the field, though after a while he was put overthe Department of Missouri. Great dissatisfaction arising from some sources

with his conduct here, he was, before the war closed, relieved from this command also.

He has been accused of all sorts of bad habits, among others, of eating opium, which he indignantly denied. He felt, and we presume does still, that there was a determination on the part of a few to crush him, and reckoned Halleck as not among the least of his enemies. He was too honest, straightforward, and outspoken for Halleck, and too elevated in tone and purpose to suit the Secretary of War.

HIS CHARACTER.

Rosecrans, as a military leader, possessed high qualities, but they were counterbalanced by several defects. A man of quick and intense feelings, he lacked breadth of thought. Engrossed with his own plans, he seemed unable to conceive the probable moves of his adversary. Again, he seemed to be wanting in a proper appreciation of character in others—that sagacity which almost, by intuition, discerns the proper instruments for the work to be done. After the battle of Chickamauga, there was an attempt to impugn his courage, many asserting that his panic was equal to that of the rank and file, and that he fled in consternation to Chattanooga. This is absurd. He could no more stem the torrent that struck him than one could stop a bursting billow with a feather. His courage is indisputable. His fault, if any, is, that he exposes his person too recklessly in battle. No man who saw him ride through the rain of death at Murfreesboro —steady while all was tumult around him, would ever accuse him of lack of coolness or courage. He is a strong man amid the surging tide of battle, and riding along its

fiery edge, is the very impersonation of a hero. He is a pure and upright man, scorning meanness and trickery, and too outspoken in his feelings for his own advantage. A true patriot, a strong man on the battle-field, he has won an enduring fame, and "deserves well of his country."

CHAPTER XIX.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGEWICK.

HIS BIRTH AND NATIVITY—A FARMER'S BOY—ENTERS WEST POINT—SENT TO FLORIDA—STATIONED AT BUFFALO—AT NEW YORK—HIS GALLANTRY AND PROMOTION IN THE MEXICAN WAR—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS—SUPERSEDES STONE—HEROIC ACTION AT FAIR OAKS—HIS SERVICES ON THE PENINSULA—IS WOUNDED AT ANTIETAM—CAPTURES THE HEIGHTS OF FREDERICKSBURG—MARCH OF HIS CORPS TO GETTYSBURG—COMMANDS THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—LETTER TO GENERAL FRENCH—COMMANDS THE RIGHT WING OF GRANT'S ARMY—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—KILLED AT SPOTTSYLVANIA—HIS CHARACTER.

Like Thomas and McPherson, General Sedgewick seemed to have no enemies, and his elevation to rank and position created apparently no feelings of rivalry and jealousy. Such characters are rare in the world, and it is hard to write about them without incurring the charge of indiscriminate eulogy.

John Sedgewick was born in Cornwall, Conn., on the 13th of September, 1813, and hence saw the light when the country was resounding with arms. He was the son of Benjamin Sedgewick, and grandson of General John Sedgewick, a major in the revolutionary army. He had one brother and three sisters, of whom the brother and one sister survive him, and still live in Cornwall. Enjoying the advantages of a good common education, he grew up like any farmer lad, working on the old home-

stead, which had been in the family for generations. One of his ancestors was a general under Cromwell, so that he came honestly by his military tendencies. The family traditions evidently made an early impression on his mind, for even when a little boy, he would invariably reply, on being asked his name, "General John Sedgewick." This taste for the military profession never forsook him during the years he toiled on his father's farm, and he was often more busy with dreams of military glory when following the plow, or driving the team, than with the work before him. Yielding to the military bent of his mind, his friends obtained the appointment of cadet at West Point for him, and he entered that school at eighteen years of age. As a boy, he was distinguished for his influence over the minds of others; so that when he proposed to have anything done, no one seemed to doubt its propriety, or the certainty of its being accomplished. He carried this peculiarity with him to West Point, and had the unbounded confidence and respect of his class. He graduated in 1837, and was appointed second lieutenant in the Second Artillery, and sent to Florida, where he remained two years. Promoted to first lieutenant, he afterwards was stationed at Buffalo, and remained there during the excitement produced by the seizure of the steamer Caroline by the Canadian government. Subsequently he was removed to Fort Hamilton, and Governor's Island, New York.

His regiment formed a part of General Scott's army in the invasion of Mexico, and for his bravery at Contreras and Churubusco, he was brevetted captain. At Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and in the attack on the San Cosmo gate of the city, he led his company with a daring and skill that won for him the highest praise.

His conduct at Chapultepec was brought especially to the notice of the Government, and he was brevetted major. In 1849, he received his commission as captain, and in 1855, that of major in the First Cavalry.

On the breaking out of the war, in the spring of 1861, he was made colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and in August, after the battle of Bull Run, brigadier-general of volunteers in the Army of the Potomac. When Stone was arrested after the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff, he was appointed in his place.

In the advance from Yorktown, Sedgewick's division accompanied Franklin to West Point, and was the first to land and engage the enemy there. During the Chickahominy campaign, he commanded a division in Sumner's corps (the Second). When the enemy, taking advantage of the sudden flood in the river, which divided our forces, came down on Casey's division and crushed it, thus opening the battle of Fair Oaks, McClellan sent an urgent despatch to Sumner to cross over his corps to the rescue. Sedgewick, the "always ready," as General Scott termed him, was at once ordered forward with his division. But, as he approached the bridge by which he was to cross, an appalling sight met his gaze—a broad stream, or sea, swept fiercely down, with no sign of a bridge, save a narrow strip of timber, that, on a level with the water, lay midway in the flood, as though each end was anchored there; leaving the structure to float on the tide. That single dark line showed where the main channel was, though an even surface of water spread between the firm land and the end nearest him, while from the farthest end the level water stretched inland for a quarter of a mile. Sedgewick looked at the roaring flood in his calm, thoughtful way, and comprehended in that glance the

full danger of attempting to get his columns and artillery over. The angry river swept by with a deep, rushing sound, and the frail structure far out in the centre swayed and swung to the mighty current; toward which he must feel his way beneath the water, and then take his chances of having it give way under the weight of his columns, and precipitate all into the torrent below. But beyond, the rapid, heavy explosions of artillery, and the clouds of smoke, steadily advancing toward the river, told him that help must reach our forces struggling there against overwhelming odds, at all hazards, and "Forward" broke from his lips. The head of the column plunged boldly into the water, and with its eye fixed steadily on the distant bridge, pressed swiftly forward. The artillery carriages submerged nearly to the guns, floundered on in advance, and at last succeeded in reaching it. Almost lifted from its anchorage by the swollen stream, it rocked and trembled under the weight, but still retained its place. The infantry waded after, and the close-packed line of steel moved gleaming and swift above the gleaming water.

Reaching the farther end, they again entered the water and feeling their course along the submerged log-way beneath, pushed for the distant land. In the meantime Sedgewick and his staff dashed through to the front. But when the land was reached, it was found to be a quagmire, into which the artillery carriages sank up to their axles, and refused to go forward. Unhitching the teams from some of the guns and doubling them on others, the drivers lashed their horses to their utmost strength, yet it was with the utmost difficulty a single battery could be got to the front.

Sedgewick had hardly formed his line of battle, when

the enemy came down on him in a desperate charge. Hurled back, he again and again advanced, but each time was repulsed, as McClellan said, "With great loss by the steady fire of the infantry and the splendid practice of the battery."

The rest of Sumner's corps having, in the meantime, come up, the rebels were checked at all points, but the dead lay thickest in front of Sedgewick's division.

Night now came on, and the battle for the day was over. It had been a frightful Sabbath, and the miry, trampled earth was covered with the wreck of the fight—dead horses and disabled cannon and long lines of the dead lay everywhere, presenting a ghastly spectacle.

The next morning at day-dawn, Sedgewick was in the saddle, and quickly forming his line of battle, side by side with Richardson, closed fiercely on the foe, and pressed him back step by step, till beaten at all points, he at length took refuge behind his works, in front of Richmond.

Some idea may be got of the perilous nature of the crossing which Sedgewick made, by the following statement of McClellan. After the battle was over he attempted to get back to Sumner's headquarters by that bridge, but, he says, "I found the approach from the right bank for some four hundred yards submerged to the depth of several feet, and on reaching the place where the bridge had been, I found a great part of it carried away, so that I could not get my horse over, and was obliged to send him to Bottom's Bridge, six miles below, as the only practicable crossing."

In the retreat to James River, Sedgewick maintained his old renown at Allen's Farm, Savage's Station and Glendale. In the battle at the former place, he particu-

larly distinguished himself. At daylight on the morning of the battle, which was fought to keep back the enemy for one day, till the trains and leading columns could cross White Oak Swamp, Sumner, in command of his own and Heintzelman's and Franklin's corps, stood drawn up in line of battle, in no place more than three-quarters of a mile from the enemy, while in front of Sedgewick's line, the hostile ranks were not more than six hundred yards distant. But column after column was skilfully retired to the rear till a mile had been traversed.

While the enemy swarmed through the abandoned camp which had been set on fire, Sumner, destroying everything he could not carry, fell back to Savage's Station. Sedgewick, who, for some days, had been too sick to keep the saddle, and whose proper place was in the hospital, still rode at the head of his troops. Throwing off, by a strong effort of the will, his extreme lassitude, he fought like a lion here. Said one who saw him next morning: "Sedgewick, who had been sick for days, stemmed the torrent grimly. His first words were, 'B., that was Burns' fight. He showed himself a splendid soldier. Let the world know his merits. He deserves all you can say.' Sedgewick seldom praises men. But he is a gallant soldier himself, and he appreciates merit. I found General Burns stretched under a lofty pine, and his warriors were slumbering around him painfully. His eyes were hollow and blood-shot, his handsome features pale and thin, his beard and his clothing were clotted with blood, his face was bandaged, concealing a ragged and painful wound in his lower jaw. His voice was husky from his exhortations and battle-cries, and tremulous with emotion; when, grasping my hand, he said, with exquisite pathos, 'My friend, many of my poor fellows lie in those

forests. It is terrible to leave them there!'" During the battle Sedgewick was covered with dust by the explosion of a shell, but fortunately escaped injury. At Glendale he repulsed a furious charge of the enemy and held his position, and at Malvern Hill won imperishable renown with the other great commanders that there broke the rebel army into fragments.

He afterwards took part in the disastrous campaign of Pope.

ANTIETAM.

At Antietam Sedgewick's division was the first of Sumner's corps that came to the relief of Hooker. Arriving on the field as the latter was borne wounded to the rear, he marched steadily forward in three columns and reached the position assigned him just in time to receive the last order of Hooker for the whole line to advance. Under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery he repeated the order, "Forward," and moving swiftly through a piece of woods in his front, emerged into the corn-field which had been the scene of a desperate struggle all the morning, and deploying in line of battle, advanced boldly into the enemy's fire. With his quick eye, he saw he was making a dangerous movement, for there was a large space between him and the nearest supporting division, offering a tempting opportunity to the enemy to outflank him. Still his orders were to advance, and he did so, but at the same time directed the Thirty-Fourth New York regiment to move by the left flank, and, if possible, protect this ugly gap. But the terrible fire under which this manœuvre was executed was too much for its nerve, and it broke and fled. The rebels seeing their advantage,

immediately charged forward into the opening. Crawford, on the right, gave way, and his troops pouring through Sedgewick's advance brigade, threw it into disorder and it fell back on the second and third lines. Sedgewick's stout heart throbbed painfully at the sight; his calm, quiet demeanor fled, and he galloped, all on fire, amid the broken ranks to steady them. The shot fell like hail around him, yet he rode through it apparently unconscious of danger. A bullet pierced his leg, yet he gave no heed to the wound. Pale and bleeding, he spurred in front of his shattered lines vainly trying to reform them. Another bullet pierced his wrist, but he still clung to the saddle and still strove desperately to reform his broken columns. But the fire rained upon him was too awful, and, though the troops which he fondly hoped would never falter while his eye was upon them, now and then struggled manfully to bear up, yet the head of each formation melted away before it was completed. For an hour, though faint with the loss of blood, he continued to make superhuman efforts to arrest the disaster, but a last bullet through his shoulder was too much for even his iron frame and will to bear up against, and he was borne fainting from the field. His adjutant-general and relative, Major William Sedgewick, gallantly seconded his efforts, and was shot through the body, and, after days of lingering illness, died, and was carried back to rest amid his family in the quiet valley of Stockbridge.

General Sedgewick now returned home to his farm in Cornwall, to recruit his shattered health, and recover from his wounds. As soon as he was able to take the field again, he returned to the army, and when Hooker advanced over the Rappahannock to give Lee battle at Chancellorsville, was placed over the left wing, composed

of twenty or thirty thousand men, and directed to cross the river below, at Fredericksburg, and storm the heights before which Burnside had been repulsed. He thought, and justly, that Lee would leave a comparatively weak force there, as he would need all his troops to meet him at Chancellorsville.

Crossing a part of his force some two miles below the city without opposition, Sedgewick marched up to it, while the engineers threw pontoons across the river directly opposite, by which the balance effected a passage. The first object was to take the earthworks which lined a bluff, about a third of a mile from the city, where his old commander Sumner suffered so severely in the attempt of Burnside to carry the heights. Beneath this bluff was the famous stone wall that also figured conspicuously in that disastrous battle, between which and the city stretched a plain that must be crossed under a heavy fire, before either it or the earthworks could be stormed.

Under cover of the night, Sedgewick got his divisions well up, and on Sunday morning the order to advance was given. A heavy artillery fire was opened on the enemy, and then Newton's division charged over the plain, and reached the stone wall, but was compelled to fall back. The rebels rained shot and shell from the heights, but our artillery replied; and, under cover of its fire, the infantry advanced, and for six hours, or till eleven o'clock, the battle raged without cessation. Sedgewick now determined to storm the heights with the "Light Brigade." The latter, under cover of the hill, and some abandoned earthworths, moved along until it came directly in front of the most formidable position, known as the "slaughter pen," from the havoc made with our troops there a few months

before. Here, throwing aside their knapsacks and all clothing that could impede their movements, the men lay down till the order "forward" should be sounded. Supporting regiments were brought up, and at half-past eleven the brigade rose to its feet, and, while the town and hills around were lined with spectators, waiting to see it swept from the earth, with a loud and ringing cheer, bounded forward. On the double quick, like the shadow of a flying cloud, it crossed the plain for a quarter of a mile to the stone wall, under a storm of shot and shell; then over the wall with another shout the brave fellows dashed, and swarming up the green sides of the bluff, rushed over the embrasures of the guns, and scattered the rebels in wild confusion. Just as the clock in Fredericksburg slowly struck the hour of twelve, the regimental colors were flung out over the ramparts, and the famed heights of Fredericksburg were won. Sedgewick watched the assault with the liveliest emotion, and a smile such as heroes wear wreathed his face as he heard the cheers of victory ring down from the summit, to be echoed back by the watching, excited army below.

Two whole regiments were taken prisoners in this gallant charge, with the famous Washington artillery that Lee complimented so highly in the attack by Burnside.

Sedgewick was now in a position to coöperate with Hooker, and had the latter been equally successful, Lee's army would, in all probability, have been annihilated. Leaving a force to keep the heights, he at once moved out on the plank road in the direction of Chancellorsville. But Lee had beaten Hooker, and now sent a strong force to retake the captured works, so that Sedgewick had gone scarcely four miles, when he met the enemy. In the meantime, ano-

ther force had passed between him and Gibbon, who had been left to hold the heights. It was evident that matters had gone wrong with Hooker, or such an overwhelming force as now menaced him could never have been spared from the field of battle.

This was on Monday morning, and Sedgewick soon found himself pressed in front and flank, but he handled his troops so skilfully that, for a long time, he kept the enemy at bay, and at length, by a vigorous charge, drove him from the field. But he saw at once that, to save his army, or to reach Hooker at all, he must recross the river and march up the other side to the United States Ford. So, at midnight, the movement commenced, and as silently as possible he marched back toward the bridge. The enemy, however, was on the alert, and expecting this, had planted batteries that commanded the bridge. These at once opened, and shot and shell went hissing and blazing through the gloom. The column moved swiftly and steadily forward, and though now and then a shot struck it, making an ugly rent, and stretching many a poor fellow in death; and though the water was sent in spray over the bridge, it fortunately was not broken, and the opposite bank was reached in safety. A single shell exploding at the right time and place, would have imperilled the whole army.

Gibbon was also forced from the works on the heights, after a sharp fight, and recrossed the river to Falmouth.

Hooker attempted to cast blame on Sedgewick, for not co-operating with him after he had taken Fredericksburg heights, expressing the belief that if he had, the final result might have been different: but facts do not sustain his opinion. Sedgewick's co-operation was not based on

Hooker's defeat, but on his success. Each was to do his own part, and if both were successful, Lee's army would, in all probability, be ruined; but the failure of either could make it no better than a drawn battle.

In the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by Lee, that followed, Sedgewick commanded the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, under Hooker, and afterwards, under Meade. When the latter found that a battle must be fought at Gettysburg, he at once sent off swift riders to the different corps, to concentrate there with all speed. The despatch found General Sedgewick just gone into camp, after a long day's march. Making a few hasty enquiries, he at once comprehended the entire situation, and rousing up his tired soldiers at nine o'clock at night, put his columns in motion. It was a terrible march that hot July night, after a toilsome day, for they were kept at the quick marching step, except at short intervals of rest, all night long. A brief halt for breakfast, and again they were in motion. Soon the deep heavy vibrations from the far-off explosions of artillery, told him that the Army of the Potomac had closed with the enemy. That forenoon was one of intense excitement to him. A heavy battle was raging in the distance, and he was not there to bear a soldier's part in it, besides, the absence of his corps might be the turning weight in the scale. Toward noon, he knew by the firing that he was fast approaching the battle-field, and he urged his weary, foot-sore, staggering army to greater speed. At length, at two o'clock—having *marched thirty miles since nine the evening before*—the heads of his columns were seen coming up the road. It was an astonishing march; and shows with what implicit faith Meade could rely on his doing all that man can do. His exhausted corps was in

no condition to go into the fight, and Meade held it in reserve. Yet, he was so hard pressed at times, that he again and again called on it, and Sedgewick sent forward brigade after brigade, just in time to arrest the onsets of the enemy.

The morning after the battle was over, and it was found that Lee had retreated, Sedgewick was sent in pursuit. He pressed the retiring columns till he came to Fairfield Pass, where he halted, and reported to General Meade, that a small force at that place could keep at bay one of vastly superior numbers. This report induced Meade to abandon the direct pursuit, and follow the rebel army, east of the Cumberland mountains, and try to bring him to bay before he could cross the Potomac.

Afterwards, when Meade resolved to cross the Rappahannock, Sedgewick was conspicuous for his skill and bravery, capturing guns, prisoners, &c., at Rappahannock Ford.

While the army was in winter quarters that season, Meade was taken sick, and went to Philadelphia, to recruit his health, leaving Sedgewick in command of the Army of the Potomac. General French having been charged, by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, with being drunk in a battle the autumn previous, Sedgewick, who was also in the engagement, indignant at the slander, addressed a letter to the former, which was published, and is about the only thing of his published during the war. He never appeared in print over his own signature, and made no public speeches. But this slander of a brother officer so touched his sense of honor, that he broke through his habitual silence, and by his voluntary testimony, nailed the falsehood forever.

This is the letter:

HEADQUARTERS, SIXTH ARMY CORPS,
BRANDY STATION, Jan. 12, 1864.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I have seen in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, an article in relation to the operations in the late advance to Mine Run which is grossly unjust, not only to you, but to the general commanding the Army of the Potomac. I do not recall the exact terms of the article in question, but it charged in substance, that you were too much under the influence of liquor during the battle of Locust Grove, to understand the position of affairs; and it purported to be based on a conversation had with Major-General Meade. While I am confident that no such conversation could have occurred, I nevertheless feel bound to place in your possession my emphatic testimony as to the utter falsity of the charge. I had ample opportunities of observing you during that engagement. I had been directed to support your advance, and joined you in person at the commencement of the action, and was with you for some time after its close. During all this time I saw nothing in your manner, or management of affairs, to give ground for the suspicion that you were in the slightest degree under the influence of liquor. On the contrary, the dispositions made by you, of your own troops, and of such of mine as were placed at your disposal, and your own personal bearing during the action, were such as to enable me to speak with absolute certainty on the accusation to which I have referred, and to pronounce it wantonly false in every particular.

I am, very truly,
JOHN SEDGEWICK, Major-General.

Major-General French, Commanding Third Corps.

This set that charge to rest, for the single testimony of John Sedgewick would outweigh throughout the army, the statement of every correspondent in the land. A thorough gentleman as well as soldier, his word was never doubted.

When Grant commenced his great campaign against Richmond the following May, Sedgewick still commanded the Sixth Corps, constituting the right wing. The mighty army moved upon the Rapidan, crossing in two places without opposition—Warren and Hancock at Ely's, and Sedgewick at Germania Fords.

Lee's plan was to fall on these several portions before

they could be concentrated on the farther side, and his first grand attack was on Sedgewick, who crossed last, and lay near the river. He came on with tremendous force, and a terrific fight followed, which was a fit opening to the fearful final struggle of the rebellion. Sedgewick's corps had been trained for just such work as this, and it met and hurled back the mighty columns of the enemy as the shore heaves back the billows. The fighting was kept up till nine o'clock at night, when the weary troops rested on their arms. The next morning the army was in line of battle, and Lee advanced with his entire force against it. On the right, A. P. Hill came on with the shout of victory, but was met and steadily hurled back by Sedgewick.

Baffled at every point, Lee was finally compelled to retreat, and marched rapidly for Spottsylvania Court House. It was here that Sedgewick fell. He rode out to superintend the mounting of some cannon, and though there was no skirmishing at the time, the sharpshooters were busy, and every now and then the sharp "*whist*," or ringing sound of a bullet passing near, made the cannoniers wince and dodge. One near him ducking as a bullet swept by, Sedgewick laughed at him, saying, "Pooh, man, you can't hit an elephant at that distance." The next moment, a ball struck him in the eye, passing directly into his brain. The blood gushed from his nostrils; "he smiled serenely, and fell dead in the arms of his assistant adjutant-general." He fell as he would like to have fallen, not wounded and mangled, but suddenly, and on the field. With him departed the might of more than ten thousand men; and Grant felt that one of his strongest props had given way, and mourned his death sincerely. The arrival of his body in Washington

filled the city with sadness, for not only had a strong man fallen, but one universally beloved.

His body was carried to his old boyhood's home, where the name had been a household word for a century, and he was laid to rest in the sweet spring time, amid the fields where he had roamed in childhood. The rural inhabitants gathered from far and near, till six hundred wagons crowded around the old homestead. With tears and prayers they laid him in his grave, murmuring mournfully:

> "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
> No sound can awake him to glory again."

Said one who knew him for years: "A nobler and more generous man never lived—a truer patriot and more perfect soldier; devoted to his profession, most at home in the field, conversant with men, and controlling them with a surplus of moral force, strict yet popular, brave to a fault, he is an immense loss to the army. Let the country do Sedgewick's memory honor, for no nobler son has laid down his life for her."

General Sedgewick was a man of rare character. In the field, his judgment was clear, cool, and correct; in the high tide of battle, he was a rock, that nothing could unseat. Not seeking advancement, he arose, like McPherson and Thomas, by his merits alone. Every commander of the Army of the Potomac leaned heavily upon him, showing that it contained no greater division and corps leader. In this position he was always kept, though he was eminently qualified for a separate command. His mind was cast in a large mould, and he was capable of great combinations, while his thoroughly soldierly qualities

prevented him from trying any rash experiments. If he had any fault, he was too brave for a leader, for he did not hesitate to expose himself like a common soldier. He was a man of few words; yet, the few he did utter, went farther than many spoken by others. Like Thomas, he made no harangues to his troops, yet his quiet approbation was worth more to them than the highest eulogies from any other source. He had the high sense of honor of an ancient knight, and so unsullied did he maintain it, that no slander of enemies or rivals ever assailed it. In an army that passed through such strange vicissitudes, and suffered such terrible misfortunes, that scarcely a leading general in it can be named that at one time or another was not subject to censure, he stood unassailed; so that men ceased to feel any anxiety respecting results in that part of the field where Sedgewick commanded. There was a magnetic power in his presence, inviting, nay, compelling confidence. Though a strict disciplinarian, he nevertheless was dearly loved by his soldiers, and as soldiers always do, they showed it by giving him a familiar appellation, and he was known throughout the corps as "*Uncle John.*"

In personal appearance, he was about the medium height, with dark hair, a dark, calm, almost solemn eye, indicating great repose of character, and great reserve power. Simple in his habits, and a soldier in his tastes, he preferred to have his headquarters in his tent, rather than in a house. We never shall forget the last time we saw him in his tent, pitched in the woods of Virginia, with no appearance of his rank about him. Sitting with his young adjutant-general, who fell at Antietam, he conversed with all the simplicity he would have done had he been a farmer in his old homestead.

A great general, a true patriot, and a noble man, he goes to swell the list of extraordinary military chieftains which this war has developed, and then taken from us. He was never married, and died without a will, leaving a brother and sister to mourn around his grave, placed near the spot where they played together in childhood.

Peace to his ashes.

CHAPTER XX.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

GENERALS FROM CIVIL LIFE—LOGAN'S BIRTH AND NATIVITY AND EARLY EDUCATION—SERVES IN THE MEXICAN WAR—STUDIES LAW—HIS POLITICAL LIFE—VIEWS ON BEING A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS IN 1860—FIGHTS IN THE RANKS AT BULL RUN—RAISES A REGIMENT AND IS MADE COLONEL — GALLANTRY AT BELMONT — FORT HENRY — DESPERATELY WOUNDED AT FORT DONELSON—UNDER GRANT—HIS CAREER DURING THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN—TAKES THE STUMP FOR THE ADMINISTRATION—PLACED OVER SHERMAN'S CORPS IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—BATTLE BEFORE ATLANTA—HIS COURSE IN THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1864—JOINS SHERMAN AT SAVANNAH—HIS CHARACTER AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

It is singular that a war, calling into being an army of such vast magnitude as ours, and composed almost entirely of the militia of the country, and officered by civilians, should have produced scarcely an able general from civil life. When the highest position is open to every one, it is always expected that a fair proportion of those not entitled to it by birth or education should attain to it by merit alone. Some of Bonaparte's greatest marshals rose from the ranks, the most unpromising place for a man to show any of the qualities that make a general, except the common one of personal courage, yet in this war, scores have been placed, at the start, where their abilities could have fair play, and yet only here and there

one has proved equal to the responsibilities placed upon him. What is more extraordinary still, the training furnished by active service in the field, better, one would think, than any theoretical education, has scarcely in a single instance, done any good—on the contrary, the general, instead of growing up to his position, has actually deteriorated all through his process of training.

Circumstances, usually, make men—call out the great minds needed at that particular juncture. This is an old truth and has been verified in our case during this war; but what seems strange is, that they have not brought to the surface more great leaders from civil life. Our distinguished generals have risen to eminence on the firm foundation of early education, and not by mere force of genius.

There is, however, one remarkable exception. John A. Logan never received a military education, yet he has obtained a place among the first generals produced by the war. Stepping from the halls of Congress into the ranks, he rose to the command of an army by military ability and success alone.

He was born in Murphysboro, Jackson county, Illinois, on the 9th of February, 1826, and hence was but thirty-five years of age when the war broke out. His father was an Irishman by birth, and emigrated to this country, like so many others, to better his fortune. He married a native of Tennessee, and John Alexander was the first child of a family of eleven. Living in a new and sparsely settled country, where common schools were unknown, John's early education was sadly neglected. When the war broke out with Mexico he was twenty years of age, and being naturally of a military bent, he, like many other young men, volunteered and

was elected lieutenant in the First Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

In 1848 he returned to his native State, and entered on the study of law, into which he threw his whole soul, as he did into everything he undertook. With the enthusiasm and quickness of the race from which he sprung on his father's side, he made more rapid progress than most young men who had enjoyed greatly superior advantages. In 1849 he was elected Clerk of his native County, which position he held for a year, and then went to Louisville to finish his law studies. In 1851 he was licensed to practise, and returning home, entered into business with his uncle, Alexander M. Jenkins. A ready, enthusiastic speaker, he took an active part in politics, and soon became very popular with the Democrats of the county; so much so, that he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the Judicial district in which he lived. The following autumn he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1855 he married a Miss Mary S. Cunningham, of Shawneetown, and the next year was appointed Presidential Elector from his district. In 1858 he was elected to Congress on the Democratic ticket, and in 1860 again became a candidate, though he said that if he thought Mr. Lincoln would be elected he would not run, as he did not desire to spend another such winter in Congress as the last. "But," said he, "*If he is elected, I will shoulder my musket and have him inaugurated!*" He was again returned to Congress and took part in the momentous deliberations of the session of 1861. On one occasion, when speaking of secession, he said "the men of the West will hew their way to the Gulf." He was in Washington when the news of the fall of Sumter shook the nation with sudden excitement, fear and rage, and there also when the capital

was cut off from the North by the mob at Baltimore—and with beating heart, saw the gathering of tens of thousands of soldiers on the banks of the Potomac. When McDowell took up his march for the fatal battle-field of Bull Run, he could no longer control his excited feelings, and leaving his seat in Congress, started off after the army, and overtaking Colonel Richardson's regiment, seized a musket and marching onward in the ranks, fought like a lion on that hot July day, being one of the last to leave the disastrous field.

In August he returned home to Marion, where he then resided, and so roused the people of the vicinity by his eloquence, that in two weeks a regiment (the Thirty-First) was raised, of which he was made Colonel. In less than two months he led it into battle under McClernand, at Belmont. Intensely excited, he raised the courage of his troops to the highest pitch by his eloquent appeals and gallant bearing, and in one of the charges had his horse shot under him. After the rebel camp was captured, the garrison on the other side of the river in Columbus, sent a strong force across in our rear to cut the army off from its boats, some distance up stream. McClernand, therefore, gave the order to retreat, and in reply to a question from Logan as to what he should do, said: "Cut your way out; order your flag to the front." Inspired by an order so congenial to his feelings, Logan dashed along his line shouting, "Men, we are to cut our way out," and ordering the flag to be moved to the front, he marched straight back on the enemy, and through his lines to the boats.

From that time on, by the side of either Grant or Sherman, he was ever found, to the close of the war. With the former he went through the campaigns up the

Cumberland and Tennessee, and after the evacuation of Fort Henry followed after the enemy with two hundred cavalry, capturing eight pieces of artillery. In the investment of Fort Donelson he was with McClernand's division of three brigades, which formed the right wing that rested on the river above the works, and which on that cold Saturday morning received the onset of more than half the rebel army. The fighting here was terrific, and our men, though nobly struggling to hold their ground, were steadily borne back. Logan's regiment, overwhelmed by a desperate assault, was thrown into confusion, the sight of which drove him half frantic, and he galloped amid the broken ranks, rallying them by his stirring appeals, and furnishing them an example of bravery by his own reckless exposure of his person. In the midst of his gallant efforts a bullet entered his left arm near the shoulder. He, however, still kept the saddle and rode amid the fire with the blood streaming down his side. Soon after he was struck in the thigh twice, yet he still continued to harangue his men; "stand firm," he shouted, though he began to feel a deadly sickness at his heart from loss of blood. He could hardly retain his seat in the saddle, yet refused to dismount until the arrival of reinforcements. He then allowed himself to be carried from the field.

Before his wounds were healed he was attacked with disease, which came near ending his career. But as soon as he was able to be moved he was taken home, where he rapidly recovered, and in April reported himself to Grant at Pittsburg Landing. In the meantime he had been promoted Brigadier-General, to date from March 5th.

In the movement against Corinth by Halleck, he commanded a brigade, and afterward till the latter part

of June, took charge of the railroad between Jackson and Columbus. As soon as it was in running order he assumed command of the forces in the latter place.

In preparing for the next fall's political campaign, the democrats of his district wished him to run again for Congress. He refused, however, to be a candidate, saying that he had no politics now but attachment to the Union, and that it was his settled resolution to serve his country on the field of battle till its integrity was restored. "No," said he, "I am to-day a soldier of the Republic, so to remain changeless and immutable, until her last and weakest enemy has expired and passed away. I have entered the field to die, if need be, for this government, and never expect to return to peaceful pursuits until this war of preservation has become a fact established. Whatever means it may be necessary to adopt, whatever local interest it may affect or destroy, is no longer an affair of mine. If any locality or section suffers or is wronged in the prosecution of the war, I am sorry for it; but I say it must not be heeded now, for we are at war for the preservation of the Union. Let the evil be rectified when the present breach has been cemented forever."

In Grant's winter campaign in 1862 and 1863, in northern Mississippi, Logan commanded a division. Promoted to the rank of Major-General, he was now assigned to the command of the Third Division of McPherson's Seventeenth Army Corps.

In the grand campaign against Vicksburg that followed, Logan bore a conspicuous part. At Port Gibson he came up to the battle-field just in time to secure victory to the Thirteenth Corps. In the march on Raymond, his division led the advance, and opened the battle, and after some sharp fighting, forced the enemy to fall

back to a very strong position in rear of a creek. This, Logan was ordered to charge, and a desperate struggle followed. In the contest, two regiments had advanced too far from their support, and came near being cut off by a sudden dash of the enemy; one of them suffering severely. In the height of the disaster, McPherson and his staff rode on the field. Logan, seeing his line about to be crushed, and thinking defeat certain, burst into tears, but McPherson speaking a few words to him, he wheeled, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed amid the confused ranks, and rallying them by his voice and presence, rode to their head and bade them follow. With a cheer they sprang forward, and fell with such sudden, unexpected fury on the astonished rebels, that they were driven back in confusion. Reinforcements now coming up, the whole line advanced, and the strong position was carried.

The battle of Raymond, which "Grant called one of the hardest small battles of the war," was won by Logan's division alone. The numbers on both sides were probably about equal; but the rebels had greatly the advantage in position. An eye-witness says, "General Logan was, as usual, full of zeal, and intoxicated with enthusiasm. His horse was shot twice. If you ever hear that Logan is defeated, make up your mind that he and most of his men have been sacrificed. He has stricken the word 'retreat' from his military lexicon."

In the battle of Champion's Hill, Hovey, who had manfully contended against superior numbers for a long time, was at length forced back half a mile, when, receiving reinforcements, he was just commencing a forward movement again, as he saw the bayonets of Logan's division swiftly advancing to his help.

In the midst of the fight, an officer rode up to Logan to enquire how the battle was going. "Tell General Grant," he replied, "that my division can't be whipped by all the rebels this side of h—l. We are going ahead, and won't stop till we get orders."

In the same battle, the Twenty-fourth Iowa, called the "Methodist regiment," because the colonel and several of the captains were Methodist preachers, and a majority of the soldiers Methodist professors of religion, greatly distinguished itself—fighting with the same enthusiasm they would sing at a camp-meeting. The major being wounded, limped from the field to go to the rear. In doing so, he encountered a stalwart rebel, whom he captured, and mounting his back, made him carry him to the provost-marshal's headquarters, where he delivered him up. That night, the Methodist regiment, though it had been sadly depleted, held a religious meeting, and made the woods resound with their stirring hymns.

During the siege of Vicksburg that followed, McPherson's corps held the centre of our line, and Logan the centre of the corps, near where Grant had his headquarters. After the explosion of the mine under the main fort, he made the desperate assault that followed, and which came so near succeeding. On the surrender of the place, his division was given the post of honor; leading the advance of the column of occupation, while he was put in command of the place. A medal of honor was voted him by the renowned corps of McPherson, inscribed with the names of the battles in which he had taken part.

But now, for awhile, he left the military for the political field. Though a prominent democrat, he warmly espoused the cause of the government; declaring that

the salvation of the country depended on giving it a hearty support. Such a champion from the ranks of the opposition was not to be allowed to remain idle, and he was sent through the North to make stump speeches for the administration. A capital speaker, bold, fluent, and enthusiastic, he carried great influence with him.

When Grant was made Lieutenant-General, and Sherman took his place as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi, Logan took Sherman's place as commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps. Assuming command in November, he, during the winter, made preparations for the Georgia campaign, which was to open in the spring.

When Sherman, on the 1st of May, moved out of Chattanooga, and made his first great flank movement to Resaca, by McPherson, Logan led the advance, and took part in the battle that followed, as he also did in that of Kenesaw Mountain.

In the desperate assault of Hood, at Atlanta, upon McPherson, he fought as he never fought before. All the forenoon of that memorable 22d of July, his clarion voice rang over the clamor of battle, steadying his men, and holding them to their desperate work. Again and again the massive columns of the enemy came fiercely on, and, scoffing at death, moved madly up to the muzzles of his guns. A portion actually got in his works, when Logan fought them from the outside. The last message that McPherson sent on earth was to Logan. Just before he entered the woods where he fell, he despatched a member of his staff to him, directing him to throw a brigade across a gap between his own corps and the Sixteenth, and then meet him at Smith's headquarters beyond. Alas, that meeting never took place.

When his death was announced to Logan, at one o'clock, he immediately, as senior officer, assumed temporary command, and roused into higher excitement by the sudden responsibility thrown upon him, and the death of his beloved commander, rode furiously along the lines, shouting, "McPherson and revenge!" The soldiers took it up, and, with tears in their eyes, yet deadly hate in their hearts, exceeded in daring and desperation their gallant conduct of the forenoon. Under the inspiration of Logan's eye, and voice, and bearing, and borne onward by the fearful slogan, "McPherson and revenge!" they charged with resistless fury on the foe, and, like stout mowers in the harvest, laid fearful swaths of dead men where they moved. Logan officially reported the enemy's dead in his front at three thousand two hundred and forty, of which number his own soldiers buried over two thousand—and that their total loss would be nearly twelve thousand. Eighteen stand of colors, and five thousand small arms were left in his hands.

Logan showed in this battle that he could handle a large army with consummate skill, and added greatly to his well-earned reputation.

Howard was now placed over the Army of the Tennessee in the place of McPherson, when Hood made another desperate assault upon it. It had been put in motion to get on the railroad at East Point, and Hood, aware of it, came out of Atlanta, and after a heavy artillery fire, advanced in parallel lines directly against Logan's corps, expecting, as Sherman said, "to catch that flank in air." Logan watched the magnificent approach of the columns with dilating eye, and when near enough, he opened on them such a destructive fire that the ranks broke and fled. But they were "rallied again,

and as often as six times at some points," but the few rebel officers and men that reached our lines of rail-piles were either killed or hauled over as prisoners. The struggle lasted four hours, but at last the rebels gave way, with a loss of six thousand.

After the evacuation of Atlanta, Logan came home to stump the Western States for Lincoln. A leading democrat, a gallant soldier, a successful general, and a popular orator, he was a powerful auxiliary to the Administration, and was kept hard at work in the political field, while the corps that he loved was preparing, under another leader, for a campaign more extraordinary even than the last. With the natural intensity of his character, he threw himself as enthusiastically into this political campaign as he had always done into a military one. His course naturally created great excitement in the ranks of his former political friends, and in many quarters he was fiercely denounced; but believing, as he did, that the policy which the Administration had adopted was the only safe one for the country, he did not care.

Mr. Lincoln's election being secured, his attention was naturally turned again to the military field, and joining Sherman's army, at Savannah, he resumed the command of his old corps, and at the head of it, made that wonderful campaign through the Carolinas. After the capitulation of Johnston, he marched his men across the country to Alexandria, and rode at their head in the subsequent grand review at Washington.

Howard being appointed at this time chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, Logan took his place, as commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

As a civilian, devoting himself suddenly to military life, Logan took the only true course. A Democrat, and

a leading one too, he could easily, as a supporter of the Government, at a time when politics made generals, have arisen at a single bound to a high command. But he did not desire this; from the hall of Congress he stepped into the ranks, and shouldering his musket, and tramping on foot beside the humblest soldier, did a yeoman's part in the first great battle for the life of the republic. Such a man deserves rank, and if he lives is sure to get it. A friend thus speaks of him: "The character of Logan may be summed up in a few words. He has a large mind, stored with liberal views. He has a heart open to acts of the rarest generosity. He never intentionally injured a man in his life. He is a forgiving enemy, only implacable when basely wronged. He is the idol of his soldiers. He talks to them, and mingles with them, and shakes hands with them. Physically, he is one of the finest looking officers in the army. A deep and fierce black eye, heavy black moustache, black hair, and very dark complexion give him a terrible look when aroused. Broad shoulders, well set on a muscular frame, give him the appearance of a man of great power. He wears usually a broad-brimmed black felt hat, plain major-general's coat, and blue pantaloons stuck in his boots. He has not the prim appearance of a military dandy; in fact, he looks like the citizen-soldier all over. Judging from appearances, one would suppose that he left home in a hurry to attend to some business which he had not quite finished. Mounted, and in battle, there are few in the army who so nearly realize the idea of a great warrior. To see Logan in a fight is magnificent."

General Logan is evidently to be judged after the Irish, rather than the English type. Such excitement, dash, and impetuosity as he exhibits, would usually be

joined in an Englishman with rashness, want of forethought and steadiness; but his mental powers, instead of being overwhelmed or dissipated by enthusiasm, are simply roused to intenser, clearer action. Logical and keen-sighted, his blows are well planned, although they fall wild and furious—and he is at the same time one of the most impetuous, yet safest of men. Rising from civil life to the command of an army, he has met the increased responsibilities and duties of each upward step in his progress with complete satisfaction. Making no blunders, he has had no court-martials, and indulging in no petty ambition, avoided all quarrels, and stands to-day one of the best types of the citizen soldier. Educated to public speaking, and much of the time before the public, he yet has made no foolish speeches. Applauded everywhere for his gallantry, he nevertheless has had nothing to say for himself, but always speaks of his country. In an address made since the close of the war in New York city, he showed that he was as much of a statesman as a soldier, and that it would be well for the country if he could be transferred from the field to the cabinet. There is a breadth and largeness in his views, which one looks for in vain among the narrow, weak, and short-sighted politicians of the day. Being only about forty years of age, he is in the prime of life, and has a wide field of usefulness before him. With his fearlessness, eloquence, and freedom from the trammels of party, he could do much toward shaping the policy of the country, and it is to be hoped that he will devote himself wholly to this work now of such vital importance. "Black Jack," as his soldiers familiarly called him, from his swarthy complexion, will be remembered long after this generation has passed away.

CHAPTER XXI.

MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

HIS ANCESTRY AND NATIVITY—GRADUATES AT WEST POINT—SENT TO MEXICO—FIGHT WITH INDIANS—QUARTERMASTER OF THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION—RESIGNS—ESTABLISHES A MANUFACTORY OF THE BURNSIDE RIFLE—HIS FAILURE—GOES WEST — OBTAINS EMPLOYMENT IN THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD—COLONEL OF A RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—THE EXPEDITION TO ROANOKE—CAPTURES NEWBERN—RECALLED TO AID M'CLELLAN—HIS FAILURE AT ANTIETAM—SUPERSEDES M'CLELLAN—BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—RESIGNS HIS COMMAND—SENT TO OHIO—HIS ADMINISTRATION OF AFFAIRS—CAPTURES KNOXVILLE—BESIEGED BY LONGSTREET—GOES EAST—AUTHORIZED TO RAISE FIFTY THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS—THE RESERVE OF GRANT'S ARMY—HIS GREAT SERVICES IN THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN—THE MINE AT PETERSBURG—RETIRES FROM THE ARMY—HIS CHARACTER.

Ambrose Everett Burnside is of Scotch descent, his grandparents having emigrated from Scotland and settled in South Carolina, where his father was born. The latter removed to Liberty, Union county, Indiana, where the future general saw the light on the 23d of May, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1847, and was commissioned second lieutenant in the Third Artillery and ordered to Mexico, but the war was virtually over before he reached the scene of action. He was then stationed at Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island, but in 1849 was ordered to New Mexico to join Bragg's battery. The country,

however, proving impracticable for artillery, the command was reorganized as cavalry, a kind of force much better suited to operate against the mounted Indian tribes, and Burnside was put in charge of a squadron, with which he had a sharp fight with the Apaches, routing them completely. His gallant conduct on this occasion received the highest praise. Made Quarter-master of the Boundary Commission, under John K. Bartlett, he accompanied it in 1850--'51 and fulfilled his duties with zeal and ability. From the copper mines of New Mexico he was sent as the bearer of despatches to Washington, and in the following December was promoted to first lieutenant.

Having, while in New Mexico, invented a breech-loading rifle, which still bears his name, he resigned his commission for the purpose of devoting himself to its manufacture. An arrangement being made with the Secretary of War for a large number, he erected, at a great expense, buildings with which to commence operations—but the Secretary refusing to take the guns, they were brought to a sudden close. The money for the erection of the buildings had been borrowed on the strength of the contract with the government, and this being repudiated, there was no demand for the rifle at all commensurate with the outlay for its manufacture, and he saw himself ruined before he had fairly got started. Giving up everything to his creditors, he went to New York, sold his sword in Chatham street for what he could get, and started West to find employment. Seeking out his old comrade, McClellan, who graduated in the next class before him, and who was now Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, he obtained the position of cashier in the Company on a salary of $2,000 a year. But he was soon promoted to Treasurer with an increased

salary, and transferred to New York, where he continued to reside till the breaking out of the war. At the first call to arms he threw up his lucrative office, hastened to Rhode Island, and was made Colonel of the First Rhode Island Volunteers. Only four days after the President's proclamation was issued, a detachment of one hundred and fifty of his regiment, with a light battery of six guns, was on its way to Washington.

In the battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade under Hunter, who executed the flank movement to the right. Cool and courageous in the fight, he was highly complimented by McDowell, and soon after made Brigadier-General of Volunteers and called to Washington to assist McClellan in reorganizing the army. Before the latter was ready to move with the Army of the Potomac, he planned an expedition into Roanoke Sound and placed Burnside at the head of it. Being the second expedition sent off by our government, it created the intensest excitement, which was increased by the coming on of bad weather soon after it put to sea. It sailed from Hampton Roads in January, and consisted of twenty-three gunboats and transports, carrying 15,000 men. This imposing fleet was scattered at the very entrance to the Sound —the "City of New York" foundered on the bar, the gunboat "Zouave" sunk at her anchorage, one transport was blown out to sea, one went down on the bar, while still another, loaded with a hundred and twenty-three horses, was wrecked and only seventeen out of the whole number succeeded in swimming to shore through the surf. Burnside, though filled with distress at the catastrophe that had overtaken him, was not discouraged. Trusting in that God who rules the storm, he went earnestly to work to repair his disasters. Though swept by successive

storms, he, at length, on the 5th of February, set sail for Roanoke Island. On reaching its southern extremity, on which the rebels had erected formidable works, Goldsborough, the naval commander, prepared for battle and the signal was run up: "This day our country expects every man to do his duty." The bombardment was kept up all day till four o'clock, when the transports, loaded with the troops, hove in sight. Burnside now resolved to effect a landing and carry the works by storm. Six thousand were safely got ashore that evening, and, without blankets or tents, passed the long, wintry night in a drenching storm. The next morning, in two columns, under the command of Generals Foster and Reno, moving on each flank of the fort, the army advanced to the attack, carrying it in one gallant charge. A part of the garrison fled along the island, but were followed and captured. Three thousand prisoners and thirty guns, besides stores, ammunition, etc., fell into our hands. A portion of the fleet advanced to Elizabeth City, whither the rebel vessels had fled, and captured it with all the steamers that had taken refuge there.

Burnside followed up his victory, and soon had control of the entire coast down to Newbern, against which he prepared next to move. Having completed his preparations, he set sail the following month, March, for the Neuse, and ascending it some thirty miles, came to anchor for the night. Flooded by the gentle moonlight that silvered the tranquil waters of the stream, over which, in different directions, music from the band floated, the fleet rode quietly at anchor till morning. The debarkation then commenced, and the troops were landed without meeting any opposition, and began their march toward Newbern, while the fleet moved parallel with it,

shelling the woods in front. It was a stormy day, yet the troops marched fifteen miles, and by a little after dark came near the enemy's works, which were some three miles below the city. These were very strong, and well manned, yet Burnside advanced boldly against them—but after a contest of four hours, finding that his artillery produced but little effect, he ordered a general assault. With a cheer, the men dashed over the ramparts, sweeping them like an inundation. Leaving their arms and blankets strewed along the road, the rebels fled toward Newbern, burning the bridges behind them. Between sixty and seventy cannon were found in the various works, and fell into our hands. It was a great victory, and at once raised Burnside to a high place in the popular estimation ; and four days after it he was made major-general.

He now sent a detachment to occupy Beaufort, and invested Fort Macon, which commands the approach to it. After immense labor—dragging his guns by hand, and placing them in battery under the most adverse circumstances, and getting up floating batteries, he was at length able to open fire with such effect that it was soon reduced to ruins, and forced to surrender.

Burnside had now accomplished all that McClellan had given him to do, and he rested quietly until the movements of the latter against Richmond were fully developed. When it was found that a retreat from the Chickahominy to the James River was inevitable, McClellan ordered him to reinforce him with the greater part of his army. He at once took his force to Newport News, but McClellan soon after being commanded to withdraw from the Peninsula, he was ordered to Fredericksburg by the Secretary of War, and took up his posi-

tion there, where he remained until the close of Pope's campaign.

The invasion of Maryland soon after by Lee, sending consternation into the Cabinet, and compelling it to place McClellan once more at the head of the army, brought Burnside again into the field. Moving up the Potomac with the abused, defeated, but still grand and noble "Army of the Potomac," he took part in the battle of South Mountain; and in the great decisive fight that followed at Antietam, was given by McClellan the command of the left wing. Hooker had command of the right, and was ordered to cross the stream some distance above, and come down on the rebel left wing, and force it so heavily that Lee would be compelled to weaken his right, to keep it from being crushed. When this was done, Burnside was to move rapidly across the stone bridge in his front, ascend the opposite heights, and by one resistless charge turn this flank of the rebel army; and, if possible, keep on till he got in the rear at Sharpsburg, and thus secure complete victory. Hooker performed his part of the programme, but Burnside failed in the movement assigned him. Whether obstacles intervened that were not anticipated, or whether he imagined those that did not exist, or whether he chose to follow his own judgment as to the time when he should move, does not appear. At all events, he seriously disappointed and offended McClellan, who attributed the failure to utterly overthrow Lee to his persistent and repeated disobedience of orders.

During the following autumn, he was put in McClellan's place, as commander of the Army of the Potomac. He did not wish to take this position, declaring that he was not fit for it, and that McClellan should be kept there. The position, however, being forced upon

him, he felt that something decisive was expected of him, and he suddenly transferred the army from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, intending to get in Lee's rear, and compel him to a decisive battle. But when he got in front of the place, the pontoons, which he had directed to be forwarded from Washington, had not arrived, and he was compelled to sit idly down on the banks of the Rappahannock, while Lee marched down the other side, and occupied the heights of Fredericksburg. Burnside, his original plan having entirely miscarried, now resolved to attack Lee in his entrenchments. This was plainly the most hazardous and desperate course that could be adopted, hence he concluded it would be the last one Lee would expect him to take. On the contrary, believing that an attempt would be made to cross either above or below him, and turn one of his flanks, he would naturally weaken his centre to protect them.

In carrying out his plans, therefore, Burnside resolved to throw Franklin with the left wing over the river, three miles below Fredericksburg, as though he designed to attack from that quarter, and then suddenly push his army up the heights in front in one tremendous assault.

Finding it impossible to lay his pontoons opposite the city, on account of the sharpshooters that filled the houses, he bombarded it, playing on it all day with one hundred and seventy guns.

At length he succeeded in laying his pontoons, when the army marched over into the place. Franklin was also across below, and Saturday morning the grand advance was made. The artillery, from the farther side, opened, under the cover of which the columns began to ascend the slope toward the rebel entrenchments. The hostile batteries at once began to play with awful havoc

on our uncovered ranks; the heights trembled under the shock, and lay wrapped in one vast shroud of white smoke, out of which arose the incessant crash of musketry, as our brave troops tried in vain to breast the awful storm. It could be hardly called a battle—it was a frightful massacre, for our men stood and were shot down like bullocks in the field. Many a brave officer was thankful when night came, and put an end to the useless slaughter. Twenty thousand men had fallen, and yet not a foothold of any kind had been gained—no progress whatever made toward success. The next day was a gloomy Sabbath for the army as it lay in Fredericksburg. On Monday night Burnside ordered a retreat, and the defeated army once more marched into its encampment at Falmouth.

This battle was severely criticized and loudly condemned both in and out of the army, and caused an unpleasant state of feeling between Burnside and some of his corps commanders.

Next month (January) he made another attempt to cross the Rappahannock near the spot where Hooker subsequently effected a passage, but before the movement was complete, a heavy rain-storm set in which turned the whole country into a sea of mud, and it was abandoned. Mortified at his failures, annoyed by the criticisms on his conduct, and indignant at the behaviour of some of his commanders, Burnside now resigned his command, and Hooker was put in his place.

He was next put in command of the Department of the Ohio, and took up his headquarters at Cincinnati, where, in June, he issued an order in which he declared his intention to put a stop to all open expressions of hostility to the Government. He soon awakened a storm

of opposition, and Vallandigham defying him, he had him arrested and tried by court-martial. This made matters worse, and the Democratic press loaded him with obloquy, when he issued another order, prohibiting the circulation of *The Chicago Times* and *The New York World* in his Department. But instead of allaying the excitement he increased it tenfold, and it was seriously feared that there would be a collision between the citizens and soldiers, and another civil war be inaugurated right there in his midst. The President, alarmed at this state of things, revoked the order in respect to *The Chicago Times.*

In August, Burnside put Kentucky under martial law, on the ground that the State was being invaded by disloyal persons for the purpose of overawing the elections.

In the meantime he set on foot an expedition into East Tennessee, for the purpose of seizing Knoxville and co-operating with Rosecrans operating against Chattanooga. Having organized it with great success, he suddenly moved on Knoxville in the latter part of the month, and entered it without firing a shot. So skilful and rapid had been his movements, that the rebels fled in the utmost panic, while a force two thousand strong at Cumberland Gap was cut off, and surrendered with fourteen pieces of artillery. This was an unexpected blow to the Confederacy, and Davis openly declared that he would have East Tennessee back again, cost what it would.

The loyal Tennesseans, who had suffered for their fidelity to the government, patiently waiting to see once more the old flag among them, were overjoyed. Cooking everything they had, they gave it to the soldiers freely and without price. "Women stood by the roadside with

pails of water, and displayed Union flags. The wonder was where all the stars and stripes came from. Knoxville was radiant with flags. At a point on the road from Kingston to Knoxville, sixty women and girls stood by the roadside waving Union flags, shouting 'Hurrah for the Union.' Old ladies rushed out of their houses and wanted to see General Burnside and shake hands with him, and cried, 'Welcome, welcome, General Burnside, welcome to East Tennessee!'" A public meeting was called, and addressed by Burnside, and joy and gladness reigned on every side.

He now began to move south to co-operate with Rosecrans at Chattanooga, but before he reached him, the battle of Chickamauga took place, which suddenly brought him to a halt, for Bragg deeming himself strong enough to take care of Rosecrans with a part of his force, had despatched Longstreet to reconquer Knoxville.

A part of Burnside's army lay at Loudon, on the road toward Chattanooga in October, when the approach of the rebel force caused him to order its evacuation, and the troops fell back to Lenoir's, where he joined them. He then advanced back on Loudon, and gave the enemy battle, driving him some two miles; but hearing that the main rebel force was rapidly coming up again, retired on Lenoir's, losing some of his trains, as the animals were needed to drag the artillery. Still falling back on Knoxville, he was overtaken at Campbell's Station and forced to give battle. With his inferior numbers, he held the enemy in check till nightfall, when the retreat was resumed. The rebels followed on, hoping to turn the retreat into a rout; but the troops were handled with such skill by their brigade commanders, that every

effort was repulsed; and after maintaining a running fight for two miles, they gave it up as a hopeless task.

The army reached Knoxville at daylight on the 17th of November, and Longstreet, advancing, laid regular siege to the place.

Grant having assumed command at Chattanooga, became very anxious about Burnside. Only two days before, he telegraphed him, "I do not know how to impress on you the necessity of holding on to East Tennessee, in strong enough terms;" and again, "I can hardly conceive the necessity of retreating from East Tennessee. If I did at all, it would be after losing most of the army," &c. Still Burnside's condition was a perilous one, and if he retreated at all it must be at once, for if he could not be relieved in a short time, his army would be compelled to surrender from mere want of provisions. He had fortified the place strongly and might resist any assault; but the question of food was a vital one.

The brilliant and successful attack on Missionary Ridge followed, and Grant despatched Sherman to his relief. In the meantime, Longstreet had made a desperate assault on Knoxville with his whole army, but was beaten back with severe loss. Sitting down before it in regular siege again, he determined to starve out Burnside; but alarmed by the near approach of Sherman, he broke up his camp, and moving round the place, took up his line of march for Virginia. Burnside pushed on after him, and though partial engagements followed, he could not force him to a general battle.

Soon after, he turned over his command to Foster, and returned East. Obtaining permission to increase his old corps, the Ninth, to fifty thousand men, he called for volunteers. It was thought, at the time, that some im-

portant independent expedition was contemplated, but it turned out that the corps, composed in part of colored troops, was to act as a reserve force to Grant, in his march from the Rapidan to Richmond. It was stationed at Manassas when the movement commenced, and, after the first day's battle in the Wilderness, made a long, grand march to the help of Grant, and turned an almost defeat into a victory. Burnside bore his part nobly in the series of battles and marches that followed, till the army sat down before Petersburg. All attempts to take this place by assault failing, Burnside resolved to run a mine under one of the principal forts of the enemy, blow it up, and in the confusion that followed, rush in, and thus get control of the hostile lines. For more than a month the work was conducted so secretly—all the earth excavated being carried away in buckets and boxes—that the enemy could get no clue to what was going on. At length it was finished, and filled with barrels of gunpowder. At the appointed time, the assaulting columns were formed—one of which was composed of colored soldiers—and the train to the mine fired. A dull, heavy sound followed, issuing out of the bowels of the earth; the hill heaved a moment, as if in mortal agony, and then opened with an earthquake sound, and down went fort and garrison into the yawning gulf. A scene of indescribable terror and confusion followed; but, owing to some delay in the assaulting columns, the rebels had time to recover from their surprise, and closing in upon our disordered troops, mowed them down without mercy, and took many prisoners. Thus, after a month's ceaseless labor, what was meant to be an engine of destruction to the enemy, was made one to ourselves. Burnside was literally "hoisted by his own petard." This disastrous failure called forth

a storm of accusation, and an investigation took place, which only confused the matter still more. Burnside, however, under the severe strictures made upon him, asked to be relieved from command, and retired to Rhode Island. This closed his military services. In the end, he resigned his commission, and left the army.

Burnside's career has been a varied one, and perhaps his successes and failures illustrate more fairly than it can be done in any other way, the great qualities and the defects of his military character. The expeditions against Roanoke and Newbern were skilfully planned, and admirably carried out, and showed his great capacity; while his attack on Fredericksburg exhibited a disregard or ignorance of some of the most firmly established rules of military science. So his administration in Ohio revealed a want of sagacity and true apprehension of his duties, and the proper mode of performing them, while his expedition into East Tennessee developed again that skilfulness in planning, and energy and promptness in execution, which first gave him his reputation. He is an able commander, notwithstanding the reverses he has met with, and altogether a noble man, and a true patriot. His moral excellence no one questions, and in this respect he will always be a model soldier. Of fine personal presence, his bold, open look reveals the truth and integrity of his heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

HIS NATIVITY AND BIRTH—FROM DRIVING A WATER-CART PASSES TO WEST POINT—HIS BELLIGERENT CHARACTER—NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING DISGRACED—HIS EARLY SERVICES—PERSONAL HEROISM—SENT WEST—HIS LIFE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY—QUARTERMASTER UNDER CURTIS—IS ARRESTED—MADE CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY—GALLANT FIGHT NEAR BOONEVILLE—PROMOTED—SERVES UNDER BUELL AND ROSECRANS—FIGHTS DESPERATELY AT MURFREESBORO'—AT CHICKAMAUGA—ASSAULTS MISSIONARY RIDGE—PLACED OVER THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—HIS RAIDS ON RAILROADS—PUT IN COMMAND OF SHENANDOAH VALLEY—BATTLES WITH EARLY—LAYS WASTE THE COUNTRY—BATTLE OF MIDDLETOWN—HIS GALLANT CONDUCT—RAID TO LYNCHBURG AND RICHMOND—JOINS GRANT—COMMENCES THE LAST GREAT MOVEMENT—BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS—PURSUIT OF LEE—HEAVY CAPTURES—THE END—HIS CHARACTER.

SHERIDAN was born in Perry County, Ohio, and is one of the many examples of men of humble origin rising to fame in a republic. His parents were but plain Irish people, and having given him such an education as the common schools of the State furnished, set him to work at an early age to help earn a livelihood. Being of such humble origin, little is known of his boyhood. He seemed to be destined to no higher occupation than that of day-laborer, for at seventeen we find him driving a water-cart through the streets of Zanesville. From the water-cart he went with one long step to West Point Academy. An older brother had some local political influence; and



Phil. H. Sheridan

somehow or other, Phil, as he was called, had attracted the notice of the Congressman from that district, which just then, 1848, had the privilege of sending a cadet to the national military school, and he got him appointed. This was a sudden transformation for the Irish lad, and his ignorance and awkward manners were a great provocation to the older cadets to harass him. He graduated June, 1853, and hence was twenty-two when he finished his military studies. In the same class were McPherson, Schofield, Hill, and the rebel Hood. He had a hard time of it, however, during the five years he was completing his military education. Being always a quick-tempered boy, and though fond of a frolic, yet often wounding the feelings of others by his reckless conduct, he naturally, at West Point, got involved in perpetual quarrels. He was good-natured, yet always ready for a fight—indeed, the bump of combativeness must have been developed in his head in such a remarkable degree at this time, that a cast of it would have been invaluable to a phrenologist. He was a bright scholar—showing the same energy in his studies that he did in his combats —yet the "black marks" he received for his pranks, and tricks, and fights, preponderated so frightfully over the good ones that he obtained for his scholarly attainments, that he could barely retain his place in the Academy. It was often a serious question with the faculty whether he ought not to be dismissed at once. Sheridan was aware of this, but the danger of disgrace could not drive the "spirit of deviltry" out of him. Toward the close of the term, however, he aroused himself, and, by exercising a strong control over his temper, reduced somewhat the number of his monthly fights, and won the sympathy of some of his teachers, who, seeing his struggles, overlooked

many of his slips, so that when the day came for the class to graduate, he was found to lack just *five points* of the number that would exclude him from the honor of graduation. It was true, as he has often said since, that he "got through with the skin of his teeth." He ran a narrow chance of not being a major-general in the army. There being no vacancy, he received the appointment of only *brevet second*-lieutenant in the First Infantry, and was sent to Texas. Here he took his first practical lessons in war from the Comanche Indians, and was actively engaged against them for two years. He was stationed at Fort Duncan, around which the Indians constantly prowled. One day Sheridan was a short distance from the entrance, outside, with two soldiers, when a band of Apaches suddenly appeared between them and the fort. The soldiers had their guns, but Sheridan was without arms, and for a moment was undecided what to do. But just then he saw the Apache chief dismount from his mustang, and creep stealthily toward the soldiers a little distance off, to make sure of his prey. In an instant his resolution was taken; and with a leap and a bound, he darted toward the mustang, that stood unfastened where the chief had left him. The Indian was so occupied with the soldiers before him, and Sheridan's movements were so quick, that the latter was astride of the mustang before his purpose was even detected. Putting the fiery little beast to the top of its speed, he sprang on a wild gallop into the fort, shouting that the Indians were upon them. Dashing up to his own quarters, he called for his pistols without dismounting. Seizing them, he wheeled and rushed out of the fort at the same headlong speed with which he had entered it. While the alarmed garrison was mounting in hot haste to follow, he reached

the spot where the soldiers were endeavoring to hold the savages at bay; and riding boldly up to the chief, shot him dead. Turning to the other Indians, he was charging down on them, just as the soldiers arrived; when together they dashed amid the savages and rode them down without mercy, killing nearly the whole of them. Soon after, he was made second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, and sent to join his regiment in Oregon. While waiting for recruits, however, he for two months had charge of Fort Wood, New York.

Having arrived in the new State, he took command of an escort for Lieut. Williamson's exploring expedition, sent along the coast from Columbia River to San Francisco for the purpose of laying out a route for a railroad between the two points. Williamson, in his report, gave him high praise. In the same autumn he accompanied Major Raines (afterwards the rebel general) in an expedition against the Yokima Indians. At the Cascades of Columbia he had a fight with them, in which he behaved with such gallantry that he was noticed in general orders. This was in the spring of '56, and he was, a few weeks afterwards, put in command of the Yokima reservation, and selected a site for a military post in the Seletz Valley. His treatment of the Indians and negotiations with them were so prudent and judicious, that he settled the difficulties between them and the whites, and was complimented by Scott for his conduct.

In 1857 he built a post at Yamhill, Washington Territory, and from that time till the breaking out of the rebellion was actively engaged with the Indians in the mountain ranges. These three years of hardship and toil, and often of suffering, made his naturally compact frame firm as iron. The perils, also, which he encounter

ed, and the risks he ran, were a good preparatory school for the daring rôle he was destined to play in the coming war. Sometimes for days he would toil through these dreary mountain ranges, with no food but the grasshoppers he caught, and once for two weeks carried his entire provisions for the whole time wrapped up in a blanket strapped upon his shoulders.

At the breaking out of the war, the Southern officers began to resign in great numbers, which left vacancies for those lower in grade faster than a battle, and Sheridan was promoted in the winter of 1861 to first lieutenant, and ordered east. The regular army being soon afterward increased, he was made Captain in the 13th, and ordered to join it in Jefferson barracks, Missouri, where it was stationed. Speaking of his promotion at this time, he jokingly remarked, that "he was sixty-fourth captain on the list, and with the chances of war thought he might soon be a major." He had not yet dreamed of *major-general.* In fact, no one who knew him anticipated any such elevation, for while his energy, determination, and valor were well known, he had not the reputation of possessing a head for extensive combinations, or, indeed, for strategy of any kind. But he was entering on a war in which quick, resolute action, and indomitable energy and courage, would be needed as much as well-laid plans.

Soon after his arrival in Jefferson, he was made president of the board appointed to audit the claims growing out of Fremont's administration. This duty being accomplished, he was made chief quartermaster and commissary of the army, assembling for an expedition into Southwestern Missouri, with orders to report to General Curtis. With his limited experience, he could, of course,

have but little idea of the magnitude of the preparations necessary to maintain an army even of the size of that of Curtis. Still, whatever he did was thoroughly done, and he established depots at Springfield and Rolla, and organized trains and transportation; but one whose rations for days had been the grasshoppers he caught, and whose provision train for two weeks consisted of a blanket rolled up on his shoulders, could not be expected to fall in with the views entertained at the outset of the war, that every regiment should have a train big enough for a whole corps; and he remonstrated against the exorbitant requisitions made on him. Of course he was bitterly denounced by some, but he was resolute, and remorselessly cut down the regimental trains.

He remained at Springfield superintending the gathering and forwarding of supplies, etc., while Curtis was struggling over the broken country towards Pea Ridge. After the battle there, the latter was in pressing need of horses—the long marches and severe cold having thinned off his animals sadly. He could not advance without them, and so he ordered the quartermaster to seize them wherever they could be found, and send them on at once, giving the owners vouchers for them. Sheridan, who had been exasperated by the depredations of some of our troops, and no notice taken of his complaint, seemed to look on this order as compelling him to do something very similar himself, and in a letter referring to both, used language more distinguished for strength of expression than for propriety, saying, contemptuously, that he was not a "jayhawker." Curtis at once ordered him to be placed under arrest, with directions to report at St. Louis.

In the meantime Halleck had been sent to take command in the West, and in March, 1862, he made Sheri-

dan Chief Quartermaster of the Western Department, with the rank of major.

But being in pressing need of good cavalry officers, he released him from his duties and made him captain of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and sent him to join the expedition under Colonel Elliott, the object of which was to destroy the Mobile and Ohio Railroad at Booneville, thirty miles south of Corinth. He returned just in time to take part in the pursuit of the retreating army of Bragg, after its evacuation of Corinth.

In June he was placed in command of a cavalry brigade, and ordered to take position at Booneville, twenty miles in advance of the army, to cover its front and look after the rebels hovering in that vicinity. Arriving at the place, he pitched his camp on the edge of a swamp to protect his rear, but he had been in it scarcely three days before the rebel General Chalmers, who had been informed of his movements, moved upon it with a force numbering five or six thousand men. Sheridan advanced to meet him with his single brigade, but seeing how fearfully he was outnumbered, after a little skirmishing, fell back to his camp. But he saw clearly that he could not remain here long, for the enemy in a short time could completely surround him, and he resorted to his old Indian tactics to extricate himself. Detaching ninety men, he sent them on a detour of four miles to the rebel rear with directions, at a given time, to fall on the enemy, while he, at the same moment, would charge in front. Everything, of course, depended on the movement being a surprise, for the least preparation would be sufficient to repel the attack of that mere squad of ninety men. The enemy, fortunately, did not detect it, and these ninety men armed with carbines, revolvers, and sabres, arrived in the enemy's

rear without being discovered, and announced their presence by a simultaneous volley. The next moment swinging their weapons to their backs, they drew their sabres, and the bugles pealing the charge, they came down with the shout of a host. At the same time Sheridan ordered his bugles to sound, and charging furiously in turn on the ranks thrown suddenly into disorder by this unexpected attack in rear, routed the whole army, which fled in wild terror over the fields. Throwing away arms, knapsacks, coats and everything that could impede their flight, they kept on for twenty miles, hotly pursued by Sheridan, who was never known to give a fleeing foe a moment's breathing space.

Grant, in reporting this brilliant affair to the War Department, recommended his promotion, and he was made Brigadier-General, to date from July 1st, the day of the battle.

He remained at this post two months, when he was sent with other troops to reinforce Buell, then on his way to Nashville and Louisville to repel the invasion of Bragg. Buell assigned him to the command of the Third Division of the Army till he reached Louisville, when he was placed over the Eleventh Division.

When Rosecrans superseded Buell, and moved on Murfreesboro, Sheridan was given the command of one of the divisions of McCook's Corps, constituting the right wing of the army, and in the battle that followed showed his great qualities as a fighting general. The overwhelming attack of the rebels on the extreme right of McCook's division, struck Johnson first, and rolled his shattered division in wild tumult over the field. The shouting victorious rebels keeping on their headlong way, next fell on Davis, who was also caught unprepared, and

sweeping him from their path, then bore down like an inundation on the last division of the right wing, commanded by Sheridan. *He* was not taken by surprise, and here for the first time the enemy was brought to a halt. As the dense battalions moving *en échelon* pressed upon his batteries, he mowed them down with a terrible fire. Hurled back, they again advanced with increased numbers and louder shouts, but could not start that rock-fast division from the spot where Sheridan had planted it. But at length the assaulting columns following up the broken divisions, swarmed around both his flank and rear, and he was compelled to change front, till he fought on two sides of a square at the same time. The sudden peril which now confronted him and the whole army, aroused all the lion of his nature, and forgetful of his own life he galloped amid the desolating fire, calling on his troops with a torrent of oaths and appeals to stand firm; and they did stand, and thus gave Rosecrans time to bring over the divisions from the left to stay the reverse tide of battle. When a regiment reported out of ammunition, he ordered it to maintain its position with the bayonet. Never did a general hold his troops to a hopeless contest with greater bravery than he; for his division of a little over six thousand men was literally butchered by the overwhelming masses of troops that gathered seemingly in endless number on every side of him. Had he yielded at first, like the two other divisions, that army before noon would have been a herd of fugitives seeking safety in headlong flight.

Three of his brigade commanders and other subordinate officers fell one after another, till seventy-two were stretched on the field, and nearly a third of his division gone. But though the division was being so rapidly

annihilated, it fought on till it had no more ammunition to fight with, and then slowly and sullenly fell back, not in panic or even disorder, but with shouldered arms, like men not yet half beaten. Negley, who had been pushed forward into the thicket to cover his retreat, said: "I knew at once it was hell in there before I got in; but I was convinced of it when I saw Phil. Sheridan, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, damning and swearing as if he were the devil incarnate, or had a fresh indulgence from Father Tracy every five minutes."*

As they emerged through those dark cedars, Sheridan rode up to Rosecrans, and pointing back to his mutilated division, said: "Here they are, General, all that is left of us; our cartridge-boxes contain nothing, and our guns are empty." With compact ranks he fell steadily back for a mile and halted, when, ammunition arriving, he wheeled, and again presented the same iron front to the foe. He said that although his single division had to resist alone the whole rebel attack, "had my ammunition held out, I would not have fallen back, although *such were my orders if hard pressed.*" Rosecrans, feeling that his reputation had been saved by Sheridan's firmness, said in his report: "General Sheridan is a model officer, and possesses in an eminent degree qualities that promise for him a brilliant and useful career in the profession of arms. * * * The constancy and steadfastness of his troops enabled the reserve to reach the right of our army in time to turn the tide of battle, and changed a threatened rout into a victory. He has fairly won promotion." This was high praise and worthily bestowed. The public dazzled by the victory, did not fully appreciate Sheridan's sublime action on this terrible day; but the

* Tracy was Rosecrans' Roman Catholic chaplain.

Government did, and raised him to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers.

In the next summer, when Rosecrans advanced on Chattanooga, Sheridan was assigned the duty of driving the rebels out of Liberty Gap. Taking a conspicuous part in all the movements before that place, he again at the battle of Chickamauga suffered from the misfortunes and failures of others. When the army was cut in two, and the right and centre overthrown, he was necessarily borne back with the excited and maddened throng. It was useless for him alone to attempt to make a stand, but he did, and it was pitiful to see so brave a heart clutch with such a despairing effort at victory. He rode amid his disordered ranks, the impersonation of high daring, and appealed and swore by turns; but he might as well have attempted to arrest a whirlwind, or roll back the tide of the ocean, and he was swept away with the headlong mass that crowded and cursed and struggled in the choked-up road leading to Chattanooga.

When Grant finally took command, and assaulted the enemy in their strong position on Missionary Ridge, Sheridan was foremost in the fight. He had felt keenly the breaking of his division at Chickamauga, and, riding in the advance, he called in thunder tones to his men, "Show the Fourth Corps that the men of the old Twentieth are still alive and can fight. Remember Chickamauga!" Ever in the front, and always coolest in the moment of the greatest peril, he took a flask from one of his aids, filled the pewter cup, and raising his cap to the rebel battery, mockingly said, "How are you, Mr. Bragg?" never checking for a moment the speed of his advance. Six guns responded to the defiant act, and the cup was shivered by a bullet while in the act of being

pressed to his lips. Coolly remarking, "That's —— ungenerous," he spurred forward. On the summit his horse was shot under him, and no other being at hand, he sprang on one of the captured guns and swinging his sword over his head, poured a torrent of oaths and invectives after the flying rebels that he could not pursue.

After the pursuit was over he was sent with Sherman on the long and weary march to raise the siege of Knoxville and relieve Burnside, and then returned to Chattanooga and went into winter quarters.

When Grant was made Lieutenant-General, Sheridan was assigned to the command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and at once entered on its organization and training for active service. At the commencement of the campaign in May, 1864, he protected the flanks of Meade's army, and with a select body of troops started on an expedition to the rear of Lee to cut off his communications and supplies, in the conduct of which he showed that, as a cavalry officer, he had no superior in the army.

On the 8th of June, he went on another expedition, crossing the country from the Rappahannock to the White House, and then joined Grant's army south of the James River. For the next thirty days he was employed in cutting the railroad to the south and southwest of Petersburg. The skill, daring, energy and success of all his movements showed him to be fitted for a more responsible position.

Ewell and Early, for the purpose of drawing Grant's forces from Richmond, were now sent with a heavy force into the Shenandoah Valley, and crossing the Potomac, seized Hagerstown and Fredericksburg, burnt Chambersburg, threatened Washington and Baltimore, and then

re-crossed into Virginia loaded with plunder. Grant, determined that nothing should loosen his hold on the rebel capital, immediately consolidated the four military departments of the Susquehanna, Washington, Monongahela and West Virginia, into one, and put Sheridan over it. He was now, for the first time, placed in an independent command, where he could have a fair field for his great military abilities. To keep Early from falling back on Richmond, he hung threateningly along his front —now advancing, and when threatened in turn falling back on Harper's Ferry, for his forces were not yet all up and he did not wish to risk a battle till they were. Seeing his hesitation, Early concluded that he was afraid of him, and, therefore, determined boldly to cross over again into Maryland. Sheridan, watching his opportunity, by a skillful manœuvre, succeeded, after a sharp fight, in getting between the rebel army and their proper line of retreat, through the gaps of the Blue Ridge to Richmond. Having obtained this advantage, he determined to strike quick and hard, and force it back toward the southwest. Carrying out his purpose, he, three days after, suddenly fell on Early, and after a stubborn fight of several hours, routed him with great slaughter and sent him "whirling through Winchester." Pressing up his advantage, he hung relentlessly on the rebel rear for thirty miles, until they finally rallied behind their intrenchments at Fisher's Hill. Promptly bringing up his weary troops in front of this strong position he prepared to finish what he had so successfully begun. The Eighth Corps was sent around the left of the enemy to attack in rear, the Nineteenth, on the other hand, was moved out upon the right flank, while the Sixth made a feint attack on the centre. The three Corps closing simultaneously on the rebels threw them

into utter confusion, and breaking at the centre, they let the right corps in between, which dashed the two wings from its sides as a strong ship the waves. Overwhelmed and disorganized, they broke in utter rout, followed fast by our shouting, victorious troops. In the meantime, Averill's Cavalry had been sent on to the base of the South Mountain, to fall on them as they fled. This gallant, energetic commander took up the pursuit, and continued it till the rebels were driven beyond Port Republic, and, broken into irrecoverable fragments, took refuge in the Mountains, having in six days lost nearly ten thousand men, besides a great number of guns, ammunition, stores, &c. It was a brilliant victory, and filled the land with praises of Sheridan. He was at once made Brigadier-General in the regular army, in the place of McPherson, who was killed at Atlanta.

Sheridan now laid waste the Valley of the Shenandoah, burning as he said, a "thousand barns, to prevent the hay and forage from falling into the hands of the enemy." This is the only stain on his fair fame. The destruction of private property is a violation of the rules of civilized warfare, of which Grant, Sherman and Thomas would never have been guilty. His excuse was, that if he had not destroyed it, it would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and helped to sustain him. This was doubtless true, but there are some things to be done and to be left undone without regard to consequences. The rules of civilized warfare are not based on logic but humanity. The old barbarians used the same logic in carrying on their wars, and killed the children because they said if they did not, they would grow up to be men and heroes to fight them; and they killed the mothers because if left alive they would beget warriors. So far

as the logic of the thing is concerned, the barbarians have the best of it, for they carried it out to its legitimate conclusions. The question is not one for argument—it is decided by the rules of civilized warfare, which a man is, if possible, more bound to obey than he is written laws.

On his return from the raid he was attacked in the rear by the rebel General Rosser, with a large body of cavalry, when facing about he finished him with one tremendous blow, keeping him "on the jump," for twenty-six miles.

In the meantime, Early had been reinforced, and burning for revenge, advanced stealthily against Sheridan, and attacked him at Cedar Creek. The latter, aware of his movements, after amusing him awhile with a sharp artillery fire, suddenly fell upon him in one of his impetuous onsets, and sent him again in headlong rout up the Valley.

This was on the 12th of October, and Sheridan thinking the enemy was too severely punished to molest him for the present, left the army on a short visit to Washington.

THE VICTORY AT MIDDLETOWN.

The army at this time was posted on three moderate hills, extending for three miles across the country, each one a little back of the other.

The first and foremost one, some four or five miles north of Fisher's Hill, was held by the army of West Virginia under Crook; the second, half a mile to the rear of it, by the Nineteenth Corps, under Emory, the turnpike running between them. The third and last,

still farther back, was occupied by the Sixth Corps, with Torbert's superb cavalry covering its right.

Early, who had the tenacity of Sheridan, having been reinforced by twelve thousand men, and hearing that the latter was in Washington, determined on a bold and hazardous night attack on this position. He knew our position was impregnable in front, and a flank attack gave him the only chance of success; so having matured his plans, he set out at midnight in five columns—marching toward the left where Crook was posted, while his light artillery and cavalry were sent to the right to make a feint against the Sixth Corps. There was a dense fog at the time, wrapping everything in impenetrable darkness; but Early knew the ground thoroughly, and with trusty guides was in no danger of being misled. He ordered all the men to leave their canteens behind, lest their clanking against the shanks of the bayonets should be heard by our pickets and give the alarm. His march was to be noiseless, and he directed that all the orders should be given in a low tone, for although the movement must be made with an army of between twenty and thirty thousand men, it must be with the stealthiness of an Indian on his war-path; discovery would be fatal, and he knew it. The whole enterprise was hazardous beyond expression. He, however, moved off toward our left, unperceived, though about two o'clock in the morning, some of the pickets on duty reported that they heard a heavy muffled tramp and rustling through the underbrush, as though a multitude was moving along the front. This information caused some precautions to be taken, but no reconnoissance was sent out. The truth is, a serious attack by Early was not dreamed of, and the main army slumbered on wholly unsuspicious of danger.

All this time the steady columns were sweeping on through the gloom, now pushing through the dripping trees, and now fording a stream—skirting our position for miles, till at length, an hour before daybreak, the rebel troops, shivering with cold, stood within six hundred yards of our camps. Just as the dim light began to brighten up the fog to the eastward, our bugles rang out and the drums beat, for Crook had ordered the day before, a reconnoissance to be sent out at daylight toward the supposed distant camp of the enemy. The next moment there arose a yell from ten thousand throats, rending the thick mist like lightning, followed by a deafening crash of musketry. It broke on that camp like a sudden thunder-clap at noonday from a cloudless sky. In an instant all was commotion; the roll of drums, fierce bugle calls, and the shouts of officers were heard on every side; but before any line of battle could be formed the shouting, yelling foe was upon them. Up and over the hill they went in one wild torrent—a bloody struggle of five minutes at the breastworks, a brief massacre, and then the gallant army of Western Virginia became a herd of fugitives, rolling tumultuously back toward the hill on which the Nineteenth Corps lay, a half mile in the rear. A few regiments wheeled and tried to make a stand, but you might as well have attempted to stop a bursting billow with a wand. The Nineteenth Corps made a longer struggle, and in some instances the combatants became commingled and fought with clubbed muskets; but the rebels sweeping down along the pike, got in its rear, and it too was hurled back to help swell the wreck. The only hope now was with the "bloody Sixth," which had had time to take position and confront the victorious enemy. A new line was formed, and the enemy met so



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

firmly, that he halted in his furious, overwhelming onset, and began to advance cautiously, and feel his way with artillery. Besides, many of the troops were plundering the camps, and could not be urged forward. Had Wright known this, he possibly might here have fought a successful battle; but the turnpike was in possession of the enemy, which so threatened his communications, that the whole army was ordered to fall back toward Winchester.

Five terrible hours had now passed, and the prospect looked black enough for that noble army. But at this critical moment, Sheridan was seen tearing along the road at headlong speed—his mettled horse flecked with foam, and he swinging his cap over his head, and shouting to the bewildered fugitives that crowded the highway, "Face the other way, boys. We are going back to our camps. We are going to lick them out of their boots." He had slept at Winchester that night, on his return from Washington, and roused by the heavy firing that told him the army was in a fierce battle without its leader, had leaped to the saddle, and spurred madly forward. The wounded along the roadside raised a feeble shout at the sight—the fugitives wheeled back at the call, and moved with kindling eyes to the front. As soon as he reached the army, he ordered it to face about, form line, and advance to the position it had just left. Then for two hours he rode backwards and forwards along the front, now looking over the ground, and now encouraging the men. "Boys," said he, "if I had been here this never should have happened. I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them. We are going to lick them out of their boots." Shouts and cheers

followed him, and a new life was infused into the army. Discouragement and fear were now gone, and though they had eaten nothing since the night before, the brave fellows were ready for another fight. At length, the rebel army was seen moving steadily along the brilliant autumnal woods, advancing against the Nineteenth Corps, and Sheridan sent word to Emory to be ready for it. It came confidently on till within close range, and then the line opened with a swift, deadly volley. A crash and roar, and then a lull—and when the smoke slowly lifted in the clear air, no enemy was in sight. Emory immediately despatched an aid to Sheridan with the news that the enemy was repulsed. "That's good, that's good," laughed Sheridan. "Thank God for that. Now, then, tell General Emory if they attack him again to go after them, and follow them up, and to sock it into them, and to give them the devil." And with almost every word, bringing his right hand down into the palm of his left with a sharp blow, he continued, "We'll get the tightest twist on them yet you ever saw—we'll have all those camps and cannon back again." Having completed his preparations, he, at half-past three, gave the order for the whole line to advance. The bugles rang out, the drums rolled, and the line rose from where it had been lying, and, not with shouts and yells, but solemnly and firmly, moved through the woods in their front, and out into the open fields beyond. The rebels saw the solid advance, and sent shot and shell crashing through the ranks—"the next moment came a prolonged roar of musketry, mingled with the long-drawn yell of our charge; then the artillery ceased—the musketry died into spattering bursts, and over all the yell triumphant. Everything on the first line, the stone walls, the advanced crest, the tangled

wood, the half-finished breastworks had been carried." The lull in the tempest, however, was short—the rebels opened with their artillery from a new position, while Sheridan dashed excitedly along the front, and swiftly reorganized the line for a second charge. He trusted this work to no subordinate; he gave all his orders to corps, division, and brigade commanders in person. His face wore a confident smile, while in his short, energetic sentences he told the soldiers that they had them now—that the rebels would be "licked out of their boots." Soon, everything being ready, he ordered the second charge. Through thickets, over ridges and stone walls, shouting and yelling, the enthusiastic soldiers went like troops just brought into action, instead of those which, without a morsel of food, had fought and marched since daylight in the morning. As one of Sheridan's staff officers followed up the first division, and watched the yelling, running, panting soldiers not firing a shot, but simply dashing along with parched, open mouths, he exclaimed: "Those men are doing all that flesh and blood can." This second line was also carried with a rush, and the enemy forced down into the Middletown Meadows, where the cavalry could act. The bugles now rang out, and the just before victorious, but now overwhelmed and astonished enemy fled in wild confusion up the Valley. Through and beyond our camps which they had swept like a whirlwind in the morning, they went pell-mell, leaving behind the artillery they had captured, and most of their own—and scattering small arms, clothing, and everything that impeded their flight in the way. The tired infantry soon gave up the pursuit, but the cavalry kept on, driving them through Strasburg, past Fisher's Hill, and next morning on to Woodstock, sixteen miles distant,

in utter confusion. Forty-nine cannon, fifty wagons, sixty-five ambulances, sixteen hundred small arms, and fifteen hundred prisoners were the fruits of this splendid victory. Our loss was also heavy, being nearly four thousand, for the rebels succeeded in carrying off over two thousand prisoners.

The field over which this sanguinary, tumultuous fight raged presented a sickening spectacle—the dead and wounded were everywhere, strewed among dismounted guns, wrecked caissons, shivered and bent muskets, and horses that seemed innumerable, so thickly was the earth dotted with them.

The autumn twilight was deepening when our army reached their old camps, into which they filed, in the same position they had occupied at daybreak on that eventful morning; but with sadly diminished numbers. Here, tired out, they lay down among the dead and wounded to rest. "They had lost everything but what they bore on their backs or in their hands; their shelter-tents, knapsacks, canteens, and haversacks had been plundered by the rebels, and they slept that night as they had fought that day, without food." The officers at headquarters were as supperless as the soldiers, for all their baggage and rations had been sent on to Winchester during the day. Still, gaiety reigned there; for although the earth around them was cumbered with the dead and wounded, their great and unexpected victory awakened the wildest enthusiasm, which was kept at fever height by couriers dashing in every few minutes from the pursuing cavalry, announcing the capture of guns, flags, and prisoners.

This battle exhibits all the strong points in Sheridan's character, and is altogether one of the most remarkable

which was fought during the war. Marengo was lost to Napoleon, but won again by the arrival of Desaix with his column. Shiloh was lost to Grant, but won again by the timely arrival of Buell with his trained battalions; but this battle, after it was lost was won by the arrival of Sheridan alone, with no reinforcements. By the power of his single presence and voice, he called back the fugitives, whom the drawn swords of the cavalry could not arrest, reorganized the shattered army, dissipated despair, and breathed in its place enthusiasm and confidence, so that though greatly weakened in men and by the loss of fifty pieces of artillery, he was able not merely to make a successful stand, but to resume a furious offensive. To rally the broken army on that disastrous field, to breathe into it, half-starved and exhausted as it was, a spirit that enabled it to assault its victorious enemy behind his defences, and drive him in utter rout, showed the very highest qualities of a military commander, and fully justified the high praise of the lieutenant-general, who said: "It stamps Sheridan what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals." Soon after he was made major-general in the regular army, to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of General McClellan.

Early was now permanently disabled, and Davis, not being able to send him any more reinforcements, was compelled to abandon the Valley of the Shenandoah.

In six weeks the Sixth Corps returned to the army before Richmond, while Sheridan began to organize a cavalry force for his great contemplated raid along the James River, between Lynchburg and Richmond. Having got everything ready, he started late in February, (1865), with fifteen thousand men, splendidly mounted, and pushing up the valley, seized Staunton, and near Waynes-

boro routed the remnant of Early's army, capturing thirteen hundred prisoners, and very nearly the general himself, who had to take to the woods to escape. Thence marching southeasterly, be began the destruction of the Lynchburg and Virginia Central Railroad, and the James River Canal. The former for thirty miles, and the latter for more than half that distance were completely broken up. These were the main channels of supply to the rebel army, and hence their destruction was a source of great uneasiness and suffering. Could he have crossed the river and destroyed the railroads on the other side, and swept round to the south of Petersburg and joined Grant's army there, it is very doubtful if Lee could have maintained himself in Richmond. But the enemy destroyed the bridges, so that he had to keep down the north bank of the stream toward the rebel capital. The announcement of his approach caused the wildest consternation, and a strong column was sent out to arrest his movements. But bearing off to the left, Sheridan eluded his adversary, and arrived safely at the White House. After resting here awhile, he, on the 27th of March, safely crossed the James River on a pontoon bridge, and joined Grant's army. Two days after, with a force of 9,000 men, he moved off toward Dinwiddie Court House, taking the first step in that great movement which was to give us Petersburg, Richmond, and Lee's entire army. The orders of Grant at first were to make a raid on the Southside railroad, and then join Sherman, or act as circumstances might direct. He now changed his mind, and directed him to co-operate with the movements of his army. The rain falling in torrents made the roads almost impassable; yet Sheridan pushed on, and the next day encountered the enemy near Five Forks; but after a stub-

born fight, was compelled to fall back to Dinwiddie Court House, where he threw up a breast-work of rails. Here at midnight the Fifth Corps joined him, and feeling strong enough to resume the offensive, he at daybreak advanced, and drove the enemy back to their entrenchments at Five Forks. He now ordered a combined attack on the position with both infantry and cavalry—the former to swing round upon the rebel flank, their vollies of musketry to be the signal for the cavalry to charge on the right. In speaking of this brilliant movement, he says: "The Fifth Corps, on reaching the White Oak road, made a left wheel, and burst on the enemy's left flank and rear like a tornado, and pushed rapidly on, orders having been given that if the enemy was routed, there should be no halt to reform broken lines. As stated before, the firing of the Fifth Corps was the signal to General Merritt to assault, which was promptly responded to, and the works of the enemy were soon carried at several points by our brave cavalrymen. The enemy were driven from their strong line of works, and completely routed, the Fifth Corps doubling up their left flank in confusion, and the cavalry of General Merritt dashing on to the White Oak road, capturing their artillery and turning it upon them, and riding into their broken ranks, so demoralized them, that they made no serious stand after their line was carried, but took to flight in disorder. Between 5,000 and 6,000 prisoners fell into our hands, and the fugitives were driven westward, and were pursued until long after dark by Merritt's and McKenzie's cavalry, for a distance of six miles."

Thinking that Warren did not sustain him with sufficient vigor, he suddenly removed him from the command of the corps, and gave it to Griffin.

By this victory he separated the portion of the rebel force stationed there from the main army, and at once wheeled west, on the flank of the enemy's works before Petersburg. These being assailed by Meade's army in front, at the same time, and carried, necessitated the evacuation of the place, which in turn compelled that of Richmond itself, and the hasty retreat of Lee toward Danville.

The great object now was to cut him off from that point, and Sheridan pushed on to Burkesville, the junction of the railroads, getting there first. The Second and Sixth Corps were sent on to his support, and a fight ensued with Ewell, near Amelia Court House, in which he and a large number of generals and ten thousand prisoners were taken.

Sheridan now pushed the enemy with terrible energy. Learning, on the 8th, that at Appomattox Depot, twenty-eight miles distant, there were four trains loaded with supplies for Lee, he sent a force rapidly forward and seized them, with twenty-five pieces of artillery, and a large park of wagons, and scattered the rebel cavalry like chaff from his path. He says: "The fighting continued till after dark, and the enemy being driven to Appomattox Court House, I at once notified the Lieutenant-General, and sent word to Generals Ord and Gibbon, of the Army of the James, and General Griffin, commanding the Fifth Corps, who were in the rear, that, if they pressed on, there was now no means of escape for the enemy, who had reached 'the last ditch.' During the night, although we knew that the remnant of Lee's army was in our front, we held fast with the cavalry to what we had gained, and ran the captured trains back along the railroad to a point where they would be protected by our infantry that was coming up. The Twenty-fourth and

Fifth Corps, and one division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, arrived about daylight on the 9th at Appomattox Depot.

"After consulting with General Ord, who was in command of these corps, I rode to the front, near Appomattox Court House, and just as the enemy in heavy force was attacking the cavalry with the intention of breaking through our lines, I directed the cavalry, which was dismounted, to fall back, gradually resisting the enemy, so as to give time for the infantry to form its lines and march to the attack, and when this was done, to move off to the right flank and mount. This was done, and the enemy discontinued his attack as soon as he caught sight of our infantry. I moved briskly around the left of the enemy's line of battle, which was falling back rapidly (heavily pressed by the advance of the infantry), and was about to charge the trains and the confused masses of the enemy, when a white flag was presented to General Custer, who had the advance, and who sent the information to me at once that the enemy desired to surrender."

Sheridan, in these last movements, added greatly to his well-earned fame, and exhibited in a remarkable degree that sleuthhound tenacity with which he always hangs on his quarry. In this respect he resembles Grant. Tough as iron himself, he needs neither food nor rest, and seems to think his horses and men are like him. Intent only on striking the enemy, delay from whatever cause exasperates him, and to keep pace with his eagerness an army would need to have wings.

In person, Sheridan is not very prepossessing. Short, not more than five feet six inches in height, he presents somewhat a diminutive appearance, and is known among his soldiers as "Little Phil." He is, however, stoutly

built, and his body being longer in proportion than his lower limbs, he appears taller on horseback than on foot. Broad-chested, compact and firm, with no superfluous flesh on his body, he seems made for endurance. He has a broad but not high forehead, showing the fighter rather than the thinker; clear, dark, and kindly eyes, and a somewhat elongated head, covered with a full crop of close curling, dark hair. Neat in his person, and quiet, unassuming, and modest in his demeanor, he gives, in his general appearance, no indication of the thunderbolt he is in battle. There his modesty disappears, and one forgets that he ever had an unassuming manner—for he rises at once to the greatness and responsibility of the occasion, and moves and speaks with an energy and an air of command that inspires awe. In private intercourse, he is genial, frank, and universally liked. His mind does not seem formed for great combinations, but to plan and execute a single task. His tenacity is wonderful; and reckless of danger himself, he inspires his troops with courage, where another commander would totally fail. Like Grant and Thomas, he is a rock on the fiercely contested field, but, unlike them, he is a rock inherent with fire, and sending off sparks on every side. His action is vehement, and his fiery words are wrenched from him in short syllables, and not always in choice language. In this latter respect he could very much improve, and occupying the high and responsible position he does, doubtless will. A firmer prop on a great and doubtful battle-field a commander need not desire, and never will find; for what man can do, he will accomplish. His troops are proud of him, for though he is a strict disciplinarian, he cares tenderly for their wants, while his name sheds a glory over their achievements. In ordinary times he

would have lived and died without being distinguished for anything but indomitable energy in performing any duty assigned him. Circumstances have developed his great military qualities, and placed him in the front rank of commanders. Still, he has nowhere exhibited any remarkable strategical ability; but his power of execution is marvellous. He seems to think that a reserve body of troops in battle is entirely useless, for he invariably brings his entire force into the action at the outset. Napolean practised these tactics in some of his first battles; still the system is a hazardous one, and it will not do to act on it universally. Sheridan is a natural fighter, and in the smoke and turmoil of a heavy conflict is in his element. This belligerent spirit was born in him, and is so strong that he cannot stay long in headquarters to give general directions. The smoke and thunder of battle arouses it to such a pitch, that after awhile he draws his sword, and with an oath, declaring he cannot stand that, puts spurs to his horse, and dashes to the front. He now commands in Texas.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN McALLISTER SCHOFIELD.

HIS BIRTH AND NATIVITY—GRADUATES AT WEST POINT—INSTRUCTOR AT THE ACADEMY—ELECTED PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE—APPOINTED MAJOR—COMMANDS THE MILITIA OF MISSOURI—COMMANDS THE ARMY OF THE FRONTIER—ASSESSES DISLOYAL PEOPLE—COMMANDS THE MISSOURI DEPARTMENT—COMMANDS ONE OF THE THREE ARMIES OF SHERMAN IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—LEFT TO TAKE CARE OF HOOD—BATTLE OF FRANKLIN — BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—ORDERED EAST TO NEWBERN — BATTLE OF KINSTON—ENTERS GOLDSBORO—HIS CHARACTER.

JOHN MCALLISTER SCHOFIELD was born in Chautauque County, New York State, September 29th, 1831, and hence is still a comparatively young man. When he was twelve years of age his father removed to Illinois, from which State he was sent to West Point, where he graduated in 1853, at the age of twenty-two. Brevetted second lieutenant in the Second Artillery, he was stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, and afterward at Fort Cassin, Florida. At the end of two years, he was ordered to West Point as Instructor in Natural Philosophy, where he remained five years, or till the year before the breaking out of the war.

In the meantime (having been appointed first lieutenant) he received an invitation to become Professor of Natural Philosophy in Washington University, St. Louis,

Missouri, and asked leave of absence to accept it. His request being granted, he entered on his duties, in the performance of which the war found him. The War Department at once ordered him to muster into service the Missouri troops, and he did so, while, at the same time, he was made Major of the First Missouri Volunteers. In May he was promoted to captain in the regular army.

After the battle of Booneville he joined General Lyon as assistant adjutant-general and chief of his staff, and in this capacity rode beside him in the fiercely fought battle of Wilson's Creek. When Lyon was first wounded he turned to Schofield and said, "The day is lost." "No," replied the latter. "General, let us try once more." They did try once more, and the gallant Lyon, charging at the head of a regiment, fell dead from his dappled gray. Young Schofield himself had a narrow escape, for a bullet took away a portion of his whiskers.

In November he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the militia of Missouri, authorized by the War Department to be raised for service during the war. He waged a relentless warfare against the guerillas, killing some of the leaders and scattering the bands in every direction.

When Halleck took command of the army, after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, four-fifths of the State was placed under Schofield, and in June following, the whole State. In August, he issued an order assessing $500,000 upon secessionists and rebel sympathizers in St. Louis county, the money to be appropriated in clothing, arming and subsisting the militia of the State, and such of their families as might be left destitute.

In October he was placed over the Army of the Frontier, composed of the troops of Missouri and Arkansas, and,

taking the field, soon drove the rebel forces out of the State into the valley of Arkansas, defeating Hindman near Pea Ridge, and pursuing him over the Boston Mountain.

In February, 1864, Schofield relieved Foster at Knoxville, and continued in command of that important post until the following spring. When Sherman organized the Atlanta campaign, he put him over that division of his force called the "Army of the Ohio," numbering 13,559 men, with twenty-eight guns. He now had a fair opportunity to show his great qualities as a military leader—and in the long marches, difficult manœuvres and fierce fighting that followed, handled his army with a skill and success that at once arrested the attention of Sherman. At Kenesaw Mountain, around Atlanta, in that wonderful movement by which the army was swung upon the Macon Road, Schofield moved his troops with a precision and ability that elicited the highest applause. So highly did he estimate his capacity, that when he afterwards determined on his Georgia campaign and sent Thomas to Nashville to gather up an army with which to take care of Hood, he placed Schofield in command of all the forces in the field opposed to the rebel General, consisting of the Fourth and Twenty-fourth Corps. This was a responsible and hazardous position, for Hood outnumbered him heavily; yet, his business was to retard the march of the latter northward as much as possible, and so give Thomas, at Nashville, time to gather in his troops. The rebel commander, on hearing that Sherman had fallen back to Atlanta, at once resolved to push forward to Nashville; so, about the 20th of November, he crossed the Tennessee and marched straight for Pulaski. Schofield, skirmishing as he retired, fell back

across Duck River, where he made a stand, not intending to fight a decisive battle there, but to delay Hood's movements. The latter, however, pressed him so closely, that he had time only to destroy the railroad bridge, and set fire to his own pontoon bridge, leaving the wreck in the hands of the enemy, and march swiftly for Franklin, eighteen miles from Nashville, in order to get first across the Harpeth River. If he succeeded, he was comparatively safe, for he could then fall back, without danger, to the works around Nashville. But if Hood reached it first, his army would be cut off, and the city, with its vast stores, probably fall into the hands of the half-starved, ragged army of the rebels. Schofield's immense train crippled him sadly, and at one time it was doubtful if he could save his artillery and army both. Hood, knowing how much was at stake, made desperate efforts to reach Harpeth River first, and it was a life and death race between the two armies, but Schofield won it nobly. Once over the river, he resolved to strike the enemy one blow before he took shelter in the works before Nashville, and, rapidly gathering up his forces, threw up breastworks and awaited his approach.

At four o'clock, on the last day of November, Hood made an overwhelming attack on the centre of Schofield's position, which at first was successful, and Wagner, who commanded here, was driven back and lost two guns. He, however, rallied his men and, charging back, retook his guns, and captured a whole rebel brigade. From that time on until dark, the enemy, though they came on with a desperation and disregard of death that were marvellous, were mowed down by grape and canister, almost in battalions. More heroic valor was never exhibited by any troops than was shown here by the rebels.

Laid in frightful swaths in front of Schofield's breastworks, yet they came on in new lines, determined to win the victory. They advanced their flags to the very crests of our works, yet could not carry them. Like wreaths of mist the gray lines melted away, until six thousand men lay stretched on the open ground in front of the entrenchments.

Throughout this terrible battle Schofield bore himself grandly. Cool and steady, he was everywhere present, holding his men to the shock with invincible firmness. He could bring but a portion of his army into the fight, as he had to detail a large force to guard his trains, which made him very inferior to the enemy, but he not only held his position, but inflicted a loss on him six times as great as he himself suffered. Although the decisive battle was yet to be fought, he, nevertheless, taught the rebel general a bitter lesson, relieved him of nearly a quarter of his army and thirteen major and brigadier-generals, and gave Thomas more time, which he needed sadly.

When night put an end to the contest, he continued his retreat to Nashville, having lost in all only about one thousand men.

In the subsequent battle of Nashville, that occurred some two weeks later, Schofield commanded the Twenty-third Corps, and, on the first day, acted mostly as a reserve, though just at evening he swung out on the right of Smith, who had been rolling up Hood's left, and got his men well to work before night put a stop to the conflict. The next day, Thomas would not let his infantry advance on the new position that Hood had taken up, until he heard from his cavalry, which he had sent in a wide circuit to the rebel rear. At four o'clock in the afternoon a prolonged fire of rifles and carbines announced

its arrival at the desired point. The decisive moment had at last come, and Thomas, in his imperturbable way, turning to his aids, said, "Now tell Generals Schofield and Smith to advance." Away they dashed on a wild gallop, but they came too late, for these two generals no sooner heard the fire in the rebel rear than they ordered a general assault. With levelled bayonets and high-ringing cheers they moved swiftly on the rebel position, and though swept by a most murderous fire, never faltered for a moment. For a short time it was frightful work. "The hills shook, the earth trembled, and the whole field was like the sulphurous and gaping mouth of hell," for the whole rebel line was a sheet of fire, and "ablaze with the musketry and roar of cannon," but in half an hour it was over, and the whole rebel army in full retreat.

This great decisive battle disposed of the last rebel army in the Valley of the Mississippi, east of that river, so that little was left for Thomas' army to do, and Sherman ordered Schofield east to assist him. By the able management of Gov. Parsons, his whole corps was brought to the Potomac in mid-winter in fourteen days, a distance of some 1,500 miles, without the loss of a man or animal.

He was immediately transferred to Wilmington, and afterwards to Newbern, to coöperate with Sherman in his march through the Carolinas. Furnished with every means of completing the railroads as he advanced, he, in March, pushed inland to meet his old commander at Goldsboro'. On the 10th, when near Kinston, the rebels made a sudden attack upon him, capturing two or three small guns, and a line of skirmishers. Elated with this success, they came down with great fury on his entrenchments, and endeavored, by an overwhelming onset, to pierce his centre.

Repulsed, they came on again and again, but finally retreated, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands, besides several hundred prisoners. They made another stand at Kinston, but, outgeneraled by Schofield, again retreated, when the latter occupied it. He now kept on up the river, and in the latter part of the month entered Goldsboro', a day or two before Sherman, and within a few hours of the time appointed by the latter. It is said that when the soldiers who had traversed Georgia and the Carolinas saw again their old comrades of the West, with whom they had parted six months before, an exciting scene followed, and cheer after cheer rent the air.

The surrender of Lee, followed by that of Johnston soon after, closed the war, and in the division of the country into military departments, Schofield was assigned to that of North Carolina, where he now is.

HIS CHARACTER.

Schofield is one of the most promising generals in the army—having shown great capacity in the field, and those sterling qualities on which a permanent reputation is built. With great forecast and sagacity, he will never commit blunders, while his cool self-possession, and quick eye in battle, make him a dangerous antagonist.

Major Nichols, an aid of Sherman, says, "General Schofield is a gentleman of fine address and elegant manners. There is nothing of the plausible sycophant either in his words or actions. He listens well, talks but little, and appears to reflect and carefully weigh both what he hears and says. At the first view of his round, well-developed head, his resolute mouth, and calm, reflective eyes, one is impressed with the idea that he is in the presence of a

statesman, rather than a soldier. Perhaps Schofield partakes of the character of both. His brilliant military history proves him to be a superior soldier. He possesses not only will and purpose, but he is perfectly versed in that technical knowledge of his profession, without which will is almost valueless. While he may not be gifted with that dash and spirit which characterize other commanders, he has a calm assurance, and sober judgment, which are never disturbed, even in the hour of repulse and disaster, and which is quick to seize the moment when success wrung from doubt carries the victory."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

HIS ANCESTRY—NATIVITY—EARLY OCCUPATION—ENTERS WEST POINT—SERVES AGAINST THE INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA—SENT TO TEXAS—WOUNDED IN A FIGHT WITH THE CAMANCHES—RETURNS HOME—IS APPOINTED PROFESSOR AT WEST POINT—MADE COLONEL OF AN OHIO REGIMENT—SERVES UNDER BUELL—GALLANTRY AT SHILOH—PURSUES BRAGG THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS—HIS GALLANT CONDUCT IN THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO—HOLDS THE TENNESSEE RIVER—AT CHICKAMAUGA—SEIZES BROWN'S FERRY—A NIGHT SCENE—GALLANT CHARGE UP MISSIONARY RIDGE—SENT TO RELIEVE KNOXVILLE—ATLANTA AND GEORGIA CAMPAIGNS—STORMING OF FORT M'ALLISTER—TAKES PART IN THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS—HIS CHARACTER.

It is a curious fact, that scarcely a great general in this war can trace his descent from any of the distinguished officers of the Revolution. The country is full of their descendants in a more or less direct line, and many of them are found in the army; yet the great leaders have almost uniformly been new men. General Hazen, however, is an exception to this rule, for his great grandfather was the first brigadier-general commissioned in the Federal army of the Revolution, and as the companion of Ethan Allen and Putnam, bore a noble part in that great struggle. His son married a descendant of "old Put," so that the present General Hazen on both sides, has a patriotic ancestry. True to his noble lineage, the

father of the subject of this sketch has had his three sons and a grandson, all that were capable of bearing arms, in the recent Union army.

William B. Hazen was born in Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, in 1833, and was one of a family of six, three sons and three daughters. His father being a farmer, he was reared to the same occupation, and receiving only a limited education, passed his early years in hard labor on the farm. But on becoming of age, he determined to get a place in the military school at West Point; but his application and efforts to obtain admission were fruitless for a long time, so that when he finally succeeded, he was within two weeks of the age that would have forever excluded him. Entering in 1851, he graduated in 1855, and was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry. Two months later, he was made second lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry while on his way to join his regiment then serving in Oregon and California, and which he found at Fort Inge, on the head waters of the Sacramento. The war with the Indians had already commenced, and the very next day after his arrival, he marched with his company to Fort Lane, Rouge river, where the fighting was most serious. This was in October, 1856, and he kept the field till the next April, taking his first lessons in the profession he was destined to adorn. He then was transferred to the Eighth Infantry, in Texas, and sent against the Camanches, who were committing depredations in the western part of the State. It required great skill and sagacity to operate successfully against these wily ferocious savages, but he pressed them from point to point, forcing them to five separate engagements, in the last of which (December, 1859,) he was badly wounded. The

ball passed through his left hand, and entering the right side, finally lodged in the muscles of his back, where it yet remains, or was there as late as the battle of Stone River.

His little band bore him tenderly back over the desolate region where he fell; but it was eight days before they reached a settlement. Here he lay for many weeks a helpless invalid, undergoing repeated surgical operations in the vain endeavor to find and extract the bullet. He was not able to be moved till the next February, 1860, when he started for the North. Before he left, the people held a public meeting in San Antonio, at which highly complimentary resolutions were passed, and an elegant sword presented him as a token of their appreciation of the great services he had rendered the frontier inhabitants.

Still suffering from his wound after he reached home, he asked and obtained a year's leave of absence, with permission to travel in Europe. In the meantime, he was brevetted first lieutenant, for meritorious services. At the expiration of his furlough he reported himself and applied for service, although he still carried his arm in a sling. In February, just before the inauguration of President Lincoln, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Infantry Tactics at West Point. In April, he was promoted to first lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, and soon after made captain. The loud call of his country for men, and the wide field which had opened for distinction in his profession, made his duties at West Point irksome to him, and he applied for active employment. His application was refused, and he was compelled to sit still and see his old companions rising to rank and renown around him. But when the call for 300,000 troops was

made, men of influence in Ohio took up his case, determined to have him an officer in the army of volunteers, which the State was raising. They succeeded in getting his release from West Point, and he was made Colonel of the Forty-First Regiment of Volunteers, then organizing at Cleveland. When he joined it in the middle of September, its ranks were not half full; but by his energy, he soon had it ready for the field. Gallipolis, on the Ohio, being threatened by the rebels from Western Virginia, he was ordered thither; but in December, he took his command to Louisville, where Buell was organizing his army. Being a rigid disciplinarian himself, Buell soon discovered the merits of Hazen, whose severe, thorough drill had already made his battalion a model one, and he placed him in command of the Nineteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio—Nelson's division. He moved with Buell to Nashville, and thence across the country to Pittsburg Landing, arriving on the evening of the first day's disastrous fight, and was hurried across the river and put in line of battle. His skirmishers opened the engagement next morning, and when the battle became general, he led his brigade in a charge so fierce and resistless that he drove the first line of the enemy back on the second, and forcing this also back, captured a battery. Nearly one third of his entire command was struck down in this brilliant charge.

He continued to serve as brigade commander during all the subsequent operations against Corinth, and afterwards with Buell, in his movements in Northern Mississippi, Alabama, and Kentucky. In the pursuit of Bragg, out of the latter State, he led the advance of Crittenden's corps, and for eight days pushed the rebel rear guard unremittingly, and finally drove it through the passes of the

mountains. When Rosecrans superseded Buell he still retained his command, serving as brigadier, though still only a colonel.

At the battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, he greatly distinguished himself. His brigade, of Palmer's division, was posted on the extreme left, and held its position all that terrible day, serving as a pivot, on which the army swung disorderly back before the fierce onsets of the enemy. At last the storm, which carried everything with it, struck this division also. It was a moment of extreme peril—"Clouds of soldiers breaking from the woods across the open fields to the right and rear, artillery, with the horses goaded to a run, flying from the rapidly-pursuing foe," was the spectacle presented to his view; while the rebels, in double lines, were seen moving steadily down in front. Hazen's brigade now showed the effect of thorough discipline. "Down upon Palmer's division came the rebels like an avalanche—Croft, in the wood to the right of the pike is overpowered, leaving hundreds on the field, and exposing the right of Hazen's brigade." Sending off in hot haste for help—saying, that assistance must be given at once or his brigade would be sacrificed; as the position must not and would not be given up while a man remained to hold it, for if that was lost, all was lost, he turned to one regiment that was out of ammunition, and ordered it to fix bayonets; another, that had no bayonets, to club their guns, and hold their ground at all hazard. The brave fellows replied with loud cheers, and boldly confronted the enemy. Then, galloping off to bring up the Ninth Indiana, he led them on the double quick through the desolating fire. A cannon shot in full sweep crashed through the ranks, making a fearful rent; but they closed up without check-

ing step. The Forty-First Ohio now retired, as though on parade, cheering, and at the same time crying for cartridges. Ammunition at length arrived, with reinforcements from Grove's brigade, when bracing up his lines, Hazen stood firm as a rock. Again and again the rebels, determined to carry this last position at all hazard, came down in overwhelming numbers. But the concentrated fire that smote them was too hot and awful for flesh and blood to stand, and the last time they entered it, all but one regiment halted and recoiled. This kept breasting it with the loftiest daring, and pushed on till within a hundred and fifty yards of the line. At last, with "every mounted officer and half of its men shot down, it threw itself flat upon the ground, unable to advance, and not daring to retreat in line." Hazen, who was constantly at the point of greatest danger, had his horse shot under him, while a bullet bruised his shoulder, yet still rode amid his brigade, a tower of strength.

After a long lull in the battle, Bragg, enraged to see victory slipping from his grasp, determined to make one more effort to dislodge Hazen. The latter, speaking of this, says, "About four o'clock the enemy again advanced upon my front in two lines. The battle had hushed, and the dreadful splendor of this advance can only be conceived, as all description must fall vastly short. His right was even with my left, and his left was lost in the distance. He advanced steadily, as it seemed to certain victory. I sent back all my remaining staff successively to ask for support, and braced up my own lines as perfectly as possible." Calm and stern, he watched the steady, firm approach, waiting till the enemy was in close range, when the order to fire ran along the line. One unbroken sheet of flame—one crashing volley followed, and

when the smoke lifted the advancing columns were wheeling off to the right. This virtually ended the battle, and that night his immortal brigade lay down upon the crimson field where it had fought, "the only brigade in the army that was not driven from its position."

The next day, when Hardee made the desperate attempt to turn our left flank, Hazen was sent across the river to the aid of Grove.

In recommending him for promotion, Rosecrans said, "Col. W. B. Hazen has been intrusted with the responsibility of commanding a brigade, perhaps as long as any officer in the service of similar rank. At Shiloh he displayed marked ability. At Stone River he proved himself a brave and able soldier by the courage and skill he displayed in forming and sheltering his troops, and in organizing and fighting all the material around him, in order to hold his important position." He did not receive his commission, however, till April, though President Lincoln sent in his name three different times for promotion. *Acting* as brigadier for a whole year—engaged in two great battles in which he distinguished himself, still the Senate, though making brigadiers by the wholesale of men who were never in a fight, refused to give him the rank which he was required to hold. A few western politicians, flaming with patriotism of their own manufacture, were operating against him, filling Washington with slanders while he "was watching on the distant lines."

On the 2d of April, he headed an expedition against Woodbury, surprised a rebel camp there, and dispersed the whole force, capturing the entire baggage-train, camp-equipage, and twenty-five prisoners. "Hazen's brigade" now became notorious throughout Tennessee as invincible.

Afterwards, when Rosecrans determined to flank Chattanooga, by crossing the Tennessee below Lookout Mountain, he placed about 7,000 troops under Hazen, with directions to watch all the crossings, and make the enemy believe that a large army was still on the north bank of the river. This force Hazen scattered along a distance of seventy miles, and yet so skilfully did he manage it, now by appearing with strong columns simultaneously at different fords, and now by the arrangement of his camp-fires, the beating of calls, and handling of his artillery, that the enemy was completely deceived, until the main army was far to the south of him.

At the battle of Chickamauga, he rendered great service by placing, in a critical moment, a heavy battery that checked the advance of the enemy.

When Grant took command at Chattanooga, and determined to seize Brown's Ferry, nine miles below, by the bend of the river, in order to shorten his land transportation, and thus obtain supplies to the army, for which it was suffering, and at the same time secure a base for future operations, he selected Hazen and his brigade for the hazardous enterprise. The south shore of the river was so thoroughly defended, that any attempt to throw a force across by pontoon bridges was impracticable. It was therefore determined to float fifty pontoon boats, with twenty-five men and one officer in each, making in all twelve hundred and fifty men, down the stream by night, and effect a landing on the bank, and hold it till a force of some four thousand men, concealed on the opposite shore, could be ferried over. The force would then be sufficiently strong to maintain itself till a pontoon bridge could be laid, over which reinforcements to any required amount could be sent.

On the morning of the 25th of October, Hazen was informed by the chief engineer of the army of the duty to which he had been assigned, and the manner in which it was to be performed. That whole day he spent in organizing his parties, and seeing that each boat was put in charge of an officer that he could rely upon with the most implicit confidence. The next morning he went down the north shore to a point opposite where the landing was to be effected, and critically examined the locality. To the left of the ferry house were two hills, which it was necessary he should occupy, on which there was a rebel picket post, and also one in the hollow between them. Having finished his examination, he arranged his plan of operations, attending to everything personally, as the enterprise was to be a hazardous one. Each boat load of twenty-five men was to carry two axes, making in all a hundred; and, as soon as the crest of those hills at the ferry was reached, skirmishers were to be thrown out, and the hundred axes at once set to work felling trees to make an abattis. He also selected points on the north bank of the river, where, at the proper time, signal fires were to be kindled, to guide him in effecting a landing. The fifty boats, made of "rough boards roughly nailed together," were divided into four distinct commands, over which tried and distinguished officers were placed, who, after being fully instructed in the duties they were expected to perform, were taken down opposite the ferry; and the points of landing, and the position of the enemy, etc., all pointed out to them. These in turn, just before night, called together the leaders of the separate squads, and instructed them in the parts they were expected to take, and how each was to act in the confusion that must, to a greater or less extent, exist in the gloom and dark-

ness of night, when an attack was to be momentarily expected.

Everything at last being arranged, the troops were sent to their tents to get an early sleep. At midnight they were awakened and marched to the landing, and stowed away in the boats. All at length being loaded, at three o'clock the silent little fleet pushed off into the stream, and catching the current, drifted downward in the gloom. It was necessary that the utmost silence should be preserved; for, if the enemy got wind of the movement in time, it would be frustrated. Hazen, therefore, with great gratification, saw that the force of the current alone, without the use of oars, would take him to the desired point of landing in time, and consequently passed the order that oars should be dispensed with—and the boats without a sound floated rapidly down the river. After going three miles, they came under the guns of the rebel pickets; but by keeping in the deep shadow of the opposite shore, and maintaining a profound silence, they were not discovered, and the hostile sentinels slumbered on unconscious of danger, whilst this first step in the overthrow of their army was being taken. There was no moon, and the waters rippling by, gave no token of what was going on out on the dark bosom of the stream. The boats passed undiscovered, not only down to opposite the place of landing, but the advance ones had actually taken to their oars and crossed over, and were within ten feet of the shore before any alarm was given. Seeing several black masses rapidly approaching the shore, the picket on duty hailed, and receiving no answer, fired a volley and sent back the alarm. Hazen, now that secrecy was at an end, shouted out his orders, and the boats were impelled by the strong oarsmen swiftly to the shore. So rapid

was the debarkation, and so perfectly did each party perform its separate duties, even in the pitchy darkness, that the signal fires were scarcely lighted on the opposite bank, before the entire command was drawn up in line of battle. The advance was made with equal rapidity and exactness, so that Hazen was in position, his skirmish line out, and the axes ringing in the woods, before the reinforcement of the enemy—only a little way over the hill—could arrive to drive him back. A stubborn fight commenced; but the boats had no sooner disgorged their loads, than they were rowed swiftly across the river to take on board the rest of the brigade that stood waiting, and which quickly crossing, drove the enemy back. A thousand rebel infantry with three pieces of artillery, and a force of cavalry, were stationed here, which was sufficiently strong to have prevented any landing, had the enemy been prepared for it. By noon a pontoon bridge spanned the Tennessee at this point, over which artillery and troops were soon thundering, and in a short time Hooker had a firm grasp on Lookout Valley.

The delicate enterprise had been well executed, and Grant showed his sagacity in selecting Hazen's brigade to perform it. Its drill was perfect, and hence it was certain that Hazen's plans would move like clock-work, and what he ordered would be performed without fail. This gloomy night-ride down the Tennessee, whose farther shore was lined with the enemy—the successful landing under the blaze of signal-fires and volleys of the alarmed foe—the formation of the lines in the darkness, —the heavy strokes of the axe, and the falling of trees, before the gray twilight streaked the east, made up a thrilling and picturesque scene, and gave an increased individuality and renown to "Hazen's brigade."

In the great battle that occurred a few weeks after, this brigade was in Wood's division, which charged up the heights of Mission Ridge. From where it struck the base to the top it was three quarters of a mile, and very steep, and swept by at least fifty cannon. In the face of this terrible fire, Hazen toiled up the rugged ascent, the brigade stopping but twice to rest the whole distance. It was slow work, and the men took it coolly till they got within almost a hundred yards of the rebel works, when the shout "Chickamauga" ran along the lines, and then, with one fierce yell, they cleared, at a bound, embankments, ditches, everything. The division in its last charge got broken into squads, and Hazen, putting himself at the head of one of only a few hundred men, swept along the ridge in front of Sheridan's division, making a wide breach in the rebel line, which never closed again. His appearance at the head of this gallant little band, as he led it along the heights, was gallant in the extreme.

As a part of Granger's corps, he accompanied Sherman, in its long march to relieve Knoxville, and remained in East Tennessee till the spring.

When Sherman assumed the command of the army, and organized it for his Atlanta campaign, Hazen was placed over a division of the Fifteenth Corps under Logan, in the Army of the Tennessee. This, it is known, executed most of the flanking movements, and fought several heavy battles. We cannot follow him through all this long march to Atlanta, and afterwards through Georgia, nor speak of his gallant fight near Dallas. Always reliable, he was never called on in vain, and never failed to do what was assigned him, and to the entire satisfaction of his commander.

In August, he was placed over the second division of

the Fifteenth Army Corps before Atlanta, and bore his part in the movements that resulted in the evacuation of the place.

In the reorganization of the army for the Georgia campaign, Hazen was retained with his division, numbering between 4,000 and 5,000 men, for Sherman had observed his conduct and knew he could rely on him in any emergency. But in the long march through Georgia nothing occurred requiring any special service of importance from him till Savannah was reached, when Sherman, seeing that he must open communication with our fleet in order to bring up siege guns, ammunition, supplies, &c., determined to capture Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee and commanding its waters. Twice it had been bombarded by our ironclads, but no impression could be made on it seaward, and he must, therefore, take it by a land force, and Hazen was selected for the difficult enterprise. On the afternoon of the 12th he sent for the latter and told him what he wanted him to do. In a half an hour the division was in motion, and by night reached King's Bridge, ten miles distant from the fort, and encamped. The next morning he continued his march to within a mile of the place, capturing a single horseman, the only picket out. He now selected nine regiments for the assault, leaving the rest of the division in bivouack at the place of Mr. Middleton. The nine regiments were then taken to within six hundred yards of the fort, which stood on the right bank of the Ogeechee, just where the firm land and sea marsh join, and deployed in a thin line, extending from the river on the left to the sea marsh on the right. For more than a third of a mile there stretched between him and the fort an open space, planted thick with torpedoes and swept by the fire of heavy guns.

Across this, in open day, his columns must be carried, not to reach the fort, but a wide thick abattis, through which they would be compelled to struggle, all the while swept by a desolating fire. When this obstruction was passed, then came a deep ditch, along the bottom of which was driven strong, high palisades. This being overcome, then there would come the ramparts and the hand-to-hand fight upon them.

The marsh on the right was soft and crossed by bayous, so that it was late in the afternoon before the line in that direction could get in position. Hazen, in the meantime, sent, under cover, some sharpshooters to within two hundred yards of the fort, to clear the parapet of the gunners.

The long delay in getting the line forward on the right, filled Hazen with a good deal of solicitude, as well as Sherman with anxiety, as he stood on the top of a rice mill, three miles off, and beheld the sun stooping to the western horizon and no advance made. Hazen saw his signal flying, "*The fort must be taken to-night at all hazards*," and knew that both he and Howard were watching him through their glasses. He was to fight right under the eyes of both his commanders, his every motion watched by one at least whose praises would be heard the world over. He had stood in many positions of trust and peril, but never in one before where he felt such a tremendous responsibility resting upon him. His countenance was grave and stern, but set with a resolution fixed as fate. At length, with every nerve strung to the highest tension by the long suspense, he saw his line in position, when he called the nearest bugler to him, and ordered him to sound the "Attention." The long drawn notes rose and fell along the waiting line, and floated sweetly over the

sunset waves, making every heart beat with a quicker pulsation. "Sound it again," he cried; and again the well known blast pealed over the plain, causing each hand to clutch the musket with a tighter clasp. "Sound it again," said Hazen, and for the third time, the soft echoes, whose language was well understood by friend and foe alike, trembled along the evening air and swept around the listening garrison. "Now," exclaimed Hazen, "*sound the Forward.*" The sharp, rapid notes broke in startling peals along the excited line, thrilling it like an electrical current, and in an instant it bounded forward on the double quick, and without a moment's wavering swept onward. Torpedoes hid in the sand and exploding to the tread, tore many a poor fellow into atoms, and shells burst in their midst; but nothing could arrest that determined charge, and at length they reached the abattis. Pulling this apart, climbing over and floundering through it, piled thick with brave men, they at length clear it, and plunge into the ditch. Seizing the strong palisades planted here, they wrench them out by main force, heeding the fiery hail that smote their heads no more than if they had been rain-drops. Making a gap, they pour through with shouts of defiance, and climb the parapet. A desperate hand-to-hand fight follows; but those excited, maddened troops know that Sherman is watching them, and ten times their number could not now stop them, and leaping within the works, they trample the garrison under their feet. Oh, what a shout went up from those bloody ramparts then! while a smile such as heroes wear, lit up the face of Hazen. He had conquered, the army was safe, and Savannah ours.

Though the rebels fought desperately, it was all over in a few minutes. Captain Clinch, a son of old General

Clinch, and brother-in-law of Gen. Robert Anderson, commanding a light battery, refused to surrender. Two bullets pierced him, yet he still clung to his guns; three times he was bayonetted, and though bleeding at every pore, still refused to surrender, and was finally knocked senseless with the butt-end of a musket.

Just at dark, Sherman strode into the Fort, his face aglow with enthusiasm, and seizing Hazen by the hand, overwhelmed him with praises. Well he might, for on him had rested in all probability, the task of determining whether that campaign should be a success or a failure.

Hazen accompanied the right wing in its march through the Carolinas, and after the surrender of Johnston, led his division across the country to Washington, and took part in the grand review in the National Capital

HIS CHARACTER.

General Hazen is somewhat above the medium height, strongly built, and has a fine open manly face, which inspires confidence, yet wearing withal a resolute expression, indicative of his unconquerable firmness. In looking on him the most common observer would say, "there is a rock-fast man, on whom a commander may lean in perfect security." He is a severe disciplinarian, and though remorseless to those who wilfully neglect their duty, is kind and gentle to those who faithfully endeavor to perform it. With the manner of a refined and accomplished gentleman in social life, on the field of battle he becomes the stern, abrupt and relentless warrior. With an alertness that baffles every effort of the enemy to take him by surprise, he has that "*coup d'œil*" of a battle-field that enables him to seize every advantage which its

varying fortunes may offer. Rapid as lightning in thought and action, he nevertheless has the firmness of the most impassible nature. His fame is secure, and he has the consolation of knowing that he has fairly won it, not only by his own great services, but in spite of plotting foes and hypocritical politicians, who for years kept him from the double stars of a Major-General, but which after the gallant storming of Fort McAllister, could no longer be withheld from him.

In May he was put over the Fifteenth Corps.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL.

HIS NATIVITY—EDUCATED IN THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT CARLSRUHE—MADE ADJUTANT-GENERAL—JOINS THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT—MADE MINISTER OF WAR—A MASTERLY RETREAT—COMPELLED TO FLEE TO SWITZERLAND—DRIVEN FROM THE COUNTRY AND COMES TO THE UNITED STATES—KEEPS SCHOOL IN NEW YORK—REMOVES TO MISSOURI—MADE COLONEL OF VOLUNTEERS—SERVES UNDER LYON—BATTLE OF CARTHAGE—A SKILLFUL RETREAT—DEFEATED AT WILSON'S CREEK—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL—HIS GALLANTRY AT PEA RIDGE—DISSATISFIED WITH HALLECK AND RESIGNS—PUBLIC MEETING IN HIS BEHALF—MADE MAJOR-GENERAL AND STATIONED AT HARPER'S FERRY—SUPERSEDES FREMONT—SERVES THROUGH POPE'S CAMPAIGN—PLACED OVER THE ELEVENTH CORPS—GIVEN COMMAND OF THE SHENANDOAH DEPARTMENT BY GRANT—DEFEATED BY BRECKENRIDGE—SUPERSEDED BY HUNTER—STATIONED AT HARPER'S FERRY—RESIGNS—BECOMES EDITOR OF A GERMAN PAPER IN BALTIMORE.

General Sigel's principal battles were fought under other commanders than Grant and Sherman, yet as he had an independent command in the great campaign of the former against Richmond, he is entitled to a place amid his generals. Franz Sigel is a native of Germany, being born at Zinsheim, Baden, November 18th, 1824. He studied his profession in the military school at Carlsruhe, and such was his standing and reputation, that even in that country of severe military education, he was made Adjutant-General at the early age of twenty-three.

He was now on the high road to preferment and distinction, but fired with the republican sentiments that lay at the bottom of the revolution of 1848, he resigned his commission, and threw himself heart and soul into the German struggle. His sacrifices, devotion and ability, made him at once a prominent leader, and the revolutionary government of Baden having determined to send an army into Hesse Darmstadt, to protect the liberals there, he was placed at the head of it. But when he was about to march, he was superseded by Mieroslawski. Soon after being made Minister of War, he joined the army, and had the mortification of seeing it beaten by the Prince of Prussia, at Waghausel and Ettlingen. He at once put himself at its head, and by a masterly retreat placed it in the Fortress of Rastadt. Leaving it as he thought secure, he went alone into the lake district of Baden, to gather and concentrate another body of revolutionary troops that were scattered through that region. But while he was gone, the Prince of Prussia invested Rastadt—the provisional government took to flight, and the incipient revolution collapsed. Disheartened and disappointed, his ardent aspirations for the liberty of his countrymen all dashed, he withdrew, a voluntary exile, into Switzerland, crossing the frontier the 11th of July, 1848. Being considered a dangerous man on account of his influence and strong republican principles, he was expelled from the country, and in 1850, came to the United States.

Dr. Rudolph Dulon had a school at this time in Market street, New York, and Sigel secured a place in it as teacher of mathematics, and eventually married his daughter. In the fall of 1858, he removed to St. Louis, where he continued the business of teaching. When the

war broke out he volunteered, and was made Colonel of the Third Missouri regiment. He served under the gallant Lyon, and took part in the bold movement which resulted in the capture of Camp Jackson. During the summer he was sent to the southwest part of the State to look after Price and Jackson—arriving in Springfield the latter part of June. Hearing that they had formed a junction, he marched forward, and on the morning of the 6th of July, came upon them encamped in the open prairie a few miles beyond Carthage, and though vastly inferior in numbers, at once gave battle.

After a sharp artillery conflict he saw that the enemy was about to cut off his trains, some three miles in his rear, and he ordered a retreat. The rebels, however, got around him, and he was compelled to fight his way back to Carthage, and through it. The cool and skillful manner in which he handled his troops, and though surrounded by a force five times as great as his own, brought off his train, elevated him at once to a high place in the estimation of the people, and his name became a rallying cry for the Germans.

In his next battle, the following month, he was not so fortunate. At Wilson's Creek, where Lyon fell, he was sent by the latter a circuitous route to reach the enemy's rear and fall on them at the same time the main army attacked in front. But mistaking the rebels for Lyon's troops, he was utterly routed, losing nearly half of his two thousand men and five of his six guns.

On August 22d he received the appointment of Brigadier-General—his commission dating back to May 17th.

Fremont, who had just been put over the Department, gave him the command of a division in his grand army, that, in October, marched to the southwest in search of

Price. Halleck superseded Fremont in the next February and gave him also the command of a division in the army of Curtis, who at once pursued the enemy. As soon as the latter heard that Van Dorn and McCulloch had joined Price and were preparing to give him battle, he immediately began to concentrate his troops, which had been scattered in various directions, to capture rebel bands. Sigel, at the time, was at Bentonville with about one thousand five hundred men, and in order to join him, had to cut his way through the enemy, which he did in most gallant style.

Curtis had taken position on Pea Ridge, and the next morning stood drawn up in line of battle, awaiting the enemy. Hearing that the main force was coming from the westward, he sent out Sigel with his division to meet him. Advancing for three miles, the latter came upon a portion of the rebel army, and pushed it with such determination that it at length fell back for three miles. In the meantime, however, the main army had been well nigh overwhelmed, and when night came, Curtis surveyed his position with gloomy forebodings. The enemy had actually gained his rear, cutting off his retreat, thus compelling him to change front, and form an entirely new line of battle. Sigel, however, was buoyant and confident, promising victory the next day. The German camp rang that night with the songs of the "Fatherland," and, like their brave leader, the soldiers seemed to feel no solicitude for the morrow. The morning dawned murky and red, for the smoke of the conflict the day before had settled down over the field, through which the sun shone with a lurid light. The battle soon opened, and for two hours a heavy cannonade shook the heights. In the meantime, Sigel, by a skillful movement. had suc-

ceeded in turning the enemy's flank, and now came rushing down on him like a torrent. The whole line at once advanced in front with loud cheers, and the rebel host turned and fled. Sigel immediately took up the pursuit, and the roar of his artillery rapidly died away in the distance, as he drove the enemy before him. Over fallen trees, across fields and through the woods, the discomfited, panic-stricken rebels floundered in utter dismay—Sigel's guns incessantly playing on their rear, and the shouts of his men sending increased dismay through their broken ranks. Had the country been open, so that his cavalry could have acted, nothing but the fragments of that army would have escaped.

Sigel's conduct in this battle increased his fame greatly, and it was predicted that he would rank with the most distinguished generals of the war. He, however, could not get along under Halleck, and after suffering for a time his ill-treatment, and unable to obtain any redress, he resigned. This created a storm of indignation among the Germans, throughout the country, and a public meeting was called in New York, to express dissatisfaction with the course pursued towards him, in which resolutions were adopted, and a committee appointed to lay them before the President. The latter replied that Halleck had never sent him Sigel's resignation, nor any official despatch in regard to the difficulties between them. Moreover, he promised to see that his wrongs were redressed, and the next summer made him major-general, and placed him in command at Harper's Ferry. Shortly after, when Fremont refused to serve under Pope, he was given command of his division, and took part in the disastrous campaign that followed.

On August 29th, he fought the battle of Groveton alone, till two o'clock in the afternoon. The next day, also, his division fought gallantly, and then retired with the rest of the army to the fortifications around Washington.

On September 14th, he was placed in command of the Eleventh Corps, and in November, when the army suddenly marched from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, occupied the gaps of the Blue Ridge. He afterwards withdrew toward Washington, and established his headquarters at Fairfax Court-House.

In the winter, when the Secretary of War made his annual report, he presented, with some other letters, one from General Pope to Halleck, in which Sigel was declared unfit to command. This was an insidious thrust of his old enemy, and Sigel, indignant at the implication, demanded a court of inquiry.

When Grant organized his army for his campaign against Richmond, he gave Sigel a separate command, and placed him in the Valley of the Shenandoah to protect his flank, and in the event of Lee's retreating, to advance up and threaten Lynchburg. In carrying out this plan he was met near Newmarket by Breckenridge, who at once gave him battle. Overpowered and defeated, he recrossed the Shenandoah, with the loss of five guns and nearly seven hundred men. He said that in consequence of the long line and trains that had to be guarded, he could bring into the field but six regiments, besides the cavalry and artillery, and so fell back to Strasburg. The Government, dissatisfied with his conduct, relieved him of the command, and put Hunter in his place.

Sigel was now stationed at Harper's Ferry; but in

the invasion of Early, during the summer, he evacuated the place and occupied Maryland Heights, on the opposite shore. This ended his military career; and he eventually resigned his commission, and established himself in Baltimore, as the editor of a German paper, called "*The Wrecker.*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED HOWE TERRY.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION—COUNTY CLERK—VISITS EUROPE—COMMANDS A REGIMENT IN THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN—OCCUPIES THE FORT ON HILTON HEAD AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY DUPONT—ASSISTS GILLMORE IN THE CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI—MADE BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND SENT TO FLORIDA—EXPEDITION TO POCOTALIGO—JOINS GILLMORE ON MORRIS ISLAND IN THE SIEGE OF WAGNER AND SUMTER—HIS SERVICES UNDER BUTLER AT DRURY'S BLUFF—ENGAGED IN VARIOUS ACTIONS AROUND PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND—SELECTED TO CAPTURE FORT FISHER—CAPTURE OF THE PLACE—OCCUPIES WILMINGTON—OPENS COMMUNICATION WITH SHERMAN—MARCHES TO GOLDSBORO—HIS PRESENT COMMAND AND RANK.

The hero of Fort Fisher is one of the few civilians that have risen to distinction in the army. He was born in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10th, 1827, and receiving his education at Yale College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1848. In 1854, he became Clerk of the County of New Haven, and held the office till June, 1860, when he resigned to travel in Europe. He returned the following winter, to find the country heaving with the throes of civil war.

On the first call of the President for 75,000 volunteers, he offered his services to the Governor of the State, and was made colonel of the Second Connecticut

Regiment. Repairing to Washington, he was placed under Keyes in the battle of Bull Run, who, in his report, speaks of his coolness and gallantry, and the assistance he rendered him.

When the three months' army disbanded, he raised another regiment (the Seventh) which enlisted for three years. Being attached to the Southern Expedition, under T. W. Sherman, he was appointed by him to occupy the captured fort on Hilton Head. During the winter he was stationed at Tybee Island, and for the great services he rendered Gillmore in the herculean labor of planting his batteries before Fort Pulaski, was given the honor of occupying the fort after its surrender. The next spring he was made brigadier-general, and during the summer had command of the ports and forts on the Atlantic Coast of Florida. He was afterwards placed under Mitchell, who selected his and Brannan's brigades to destroy the railroads and railroad bridges on the Charleston and Savannah line, near Pocotaligo and Coosahatchie. The expedition was only partially successful, but there was some heavy fighting, in which Terry led his brigade with a courage and heroism that have always distinguished him.

He was in command at James Island, in the fight there of July 16, 1863, and afterwards joined Gillmore on Morris Island, and assisted in the siege of Fort Wagner and Sumter through the summer and part of the autumn.

The next spring, just before Grant began his great campaign, his division, as a part of Gillmore's Tenth Corps, was placed under Butler, and took part in the battle of Drury's Bluff, in which he distinguished himself greatly. He commanded on the Bermuda line all

through the summer, and in September lay before Petersburg.

We cannot go into a detailed account of the services he rendered during this long siege; but in the action of New Market Heights, the last of September, and at New Market Roads the fore part of October, and a few days after on the Darbytown Road, he exhibited such marked ability that he attracted the particular attention of Grant. So, in the action of Charles City Road in the latter part of October, he showed that his long training in the Southern Department had developed him into a finished military leader. The energy, skill, coolness, and tact he exhibited in these engagements marked him out as the proper man, in Grant's estimation, to do what Butler had reported to be impracticable, viz., to capture Fort Fisher, which commanded the approach to Wilmington. Taking with him the same troops that composed Butler's Expedition, slightly increased in numbers, he set sail for the Cape Fear River, and effected a landing on the sea-beach, about five miles north of the fort, on the 12th day of January. Making a defensible line here, he, on the 14th, laid out a second line, and pushed a reconnoissance to within five hundred yards of the fort. All this time Porter was pounding away on it from his ships, enveloping it in a terrific fire—the heavy shell and shot falling in it for three days without intermission.

The fleet attacked in three divisions—the first, led by the "Brooklyn," numbered one hundred and sixteen guns; the second, by the "Minnesota," one hundred and seventy-six guns; and the third, composed of gunboats, with one hundred and twenty-three guns—in all over four hundred guns, and some of them of the largest calibre. Never before was a single fort subjected to such a

fire; and under it, guns were dismounted, embrasures blown open, and traverses disappeared, with marvellous rapidity. So terrific was this storm of fire that the fort soon ceased to reply, and silent and grim, stood and took the beating.

The third day, Sunday, was fixed for the assault, which Terry arranged should be made by three deployed brigades, following one another about three hundred yards apart, each to make its last final rush for the west end on the land side, starting from a rough rifle-pit about three hundred yards distant. It was a beautiful Sabbath, and the sun shone calmly down on the busy preparations going on all the forenoon, and on the tossing clouds of smoke that incessantly rolled up from the water. Three o'clock was fixed upon for the assault, and for three hours previous the fleet poured in a concentric fire upon the fort, so rapid and terrible, that it seemed as if, when the smoke lifted, nothing but a heap of ruins would remain—but the earth parapets twenty-five feet thick remained apparently firm as ever. These were twenty feet high and surrounded by a strong palisade. Nearly two hundred yards in advance of this was strung a line of torpedoes eighty feet apart—each containing a hundred pounds of powder and connected by three sets of wires. Fortunately, the shot from the fleet had cut the sets leading to those that lay in the path of the assaulting columns, or perhaps a different result would have followed. But these being rendered harmless, and the palisades pretty well crushed by the same fire, the assaulting columns had nearly a clean sweep to the ramparts, though in some places the palisades had to be cut away and beaten down with heavy timbers.

Everything being ready, the signal was given, and the

brigades bounded forward. Reaching the works, the men began to scale them, while at the same time an assault by the sailors on the water side was being made. The moment our shouting troops mounted the ramparts a most terrific hand-to-hand fight followed. But soon from the top floated our flag, and beside it the blue flag of Terry. Still the fort was far from being won. The high ramparts had swallowed up the combatants, yet from out the interior arose muffled shouts and curses, and incessant vollies of musketry, showing that the work of death was going on within. Winning their bloody way from traverse to traverse, our troops fought their way steadily forward in spite of all opposition. Darkness at length wrapped sea and land; yet still the desperate struggle went on, and death held high carnival in the crowded passages. All this time the ponderous shells of the fleet were exploding in the farther end—and between the canopy of fire without and the raging hell within, that fort presented a strange spectacle in the gloom of that Sabbath evening.

The garrison, though fighting bravely, were driven back step by step, leaving the record of their struggle in the rows of dead men that lay pale and ghastly in the uncertain gleams of light. At length, at half-past nine o'clock, there came up from out its bosom a loud, long cheer, and then Terry's signal torches flamed from the summit, announcing to Porter that the place was won. Rockets were at once sent up from the flag-ship, and as they streamed through the sky, announced to the fleet the glorious news, and cheers from the ships and cheers from the fort replied till the midnight air flamed and trembled above with light and joy.

It was a great victory, but its triumph was dashed the

next morning by the sudden blowing-up of the main magazine in the fort, by which nearly two hundred of the brave men who had so nobly faced death the night before were killed or maimed.

The garrison, when driven from the fort, retreated down the peninsula to the cover of some works near the inlet, but, farther resistance being useless, surrendered. Five hundred were found dead in the fort and two thousand were taken prisoners.

It seems astonishing that such an impregnable fortress as this, with a garrison of twenty-five hundred men, could be taken. The parapets were twenty feet high, with traverses ten or twelve feet thick, and ten feet high, rising above them. Between each pair of traverses guns were placed, while fifty feet in front of the outer slope ran a loop-holed palisade. These traverses were bomb-proofed, and on the middle one two field pieces were so placed as to sweep the curtain. Comstock, who was the Engineer-in-Chief of the expedition, says, "That in thirty bomb-proofs and magazines and their passages there were fourteen thousand five hundred feet of floor space, not including the main magazine that was blown up, and whose dimensions were unknown."

No wonder that we lost nearly a thousand men in carrying such a formidable stronghold. Both Terry and his troops deserve immortal honor: the former for the skilful manner in which he planned the assault, and the latter for their unparalleled heroism, not only in dashing against such an impregnable work, but for fighting nearly seven hours in darkness and uncertainty, till victory was won. This great success took the country by surprise; for, with the return of Butler, it was supposed the attempt to capture the place was abandoned. It was also

felt to be a heavy blow to the Confederacy, for Wilmington was the chief port of blockade runners, by which a vast amount of cotton went out, and war material, and food, and clothing came in.

Still, for ourselves, we confess that the assault, made at the time it was, needs more explanation than we can furnish. Grant knew, when Sherman left Atlanta, that Goldsboro' was his objective point—he knew, also, that he was then about starting from Savannah for it, and that before he reached Fayetteville, Wilmington, lying a hundred miles to the southeast, would be evacuated. The enemy could no more hold this place with Sherman marching on Fayetteville, than it could hold Charleston when he was marching on Columbia. In short, Wilmington must have fallen of itself if Sherman's march was not arrested.

Finding Fort Fisher gone, the rebels blew up Fort Caswell, and retreated to Wilmington.

In the meantime, Schofield with a large force, took command here, and the next month, in conjunction with Porter, moved against Fort Anderson, just below Wilmington. The rebel commander, however, did not wait to be attacked, but evacuated it and retreated north, followed by Schofield and Terry, and the city, with all its treasures, fell into our hands.

Schofield now transferring his force to Newbern, so as to coöperate up the Neuse with Sherman as he advanced toward Goldsboro', Terry remained at Wilmington to open communication with him at Fayetteville.

When Sherman finally left the latter place and moved on Bentonville, Terry followed after, taking up Howard's trains that he had left in his hurry to aid Slocum, and reached Cox's Bridge, tenmiles above Goldsboro', about

the time Schofield reached the place; thus holding the Neuse River.

Terry was made major-general of volunteers, and brigadier-general in the army, on the 15th of January, directly after the capture of Fort Fisher. He is now brevet major-general in the army, and commands the Virginia department, with headquarters at Richmond.

Of the few civilians that have reached high positions in the army, he is the most prominent; and it is very evident that he has at last got into the profession for which nature designed him. His military qualities are of the very highest order, and he exhibits a remarkable union of dash and daring, with calm thought, and deliberate action. He has never yet had an opportunity to exhibit his military excellence fully—having, for most of his career, acted in a subordinate capacity; but that he is a man of extraordinary capacity, is evident from the fact that, of all the leaders in the grand Army of the Potomac, Grant selected him for one of the most desperate and hazardous enterprises of the war.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN ALEXANDER McCLERNAND.

HIS NATIVITY AND EARLY LIFE—STUDIES LAW—VOLUNTEERS TO FIGHT THE INDIANS—EMBARKS IN TRADE—ESTABLISHES A DEMOCRATIC PAPER, AND OPENS A LAW OFFICE—ENTERS ON A POLITICAL LIFE—RESIGNS HIS SEAT IN CONGRESS, AND RAISES A BRIGADE—HIS GALLANTRY AT BELMONT—CAIRO EXPEDITION—BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON—BRAVERY AT SHILOH—PLACED OVER SHERMAN—CAPTURES ARKANSAS POST—LEADS THE ADVANCE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF VICKSBURG—HIS GREAT SERVICES—ASSAULT OF VICKSBURG—HIS ORDER AND LETTER TO GOVERNOR YATES—IS REMOVED BY GRANT—HIS CHARACTER.

Up to the siege of Vicksburg no general in the army had been a steadier companion or more intimate friend of Grant than McClernand. They started together in their military career—fought side by side, and entertained the highest regard for each other.

John Alexander McClernand was born in Breckenridge Co., Kentucky, May 30, 1812. But his father dying when he was only four years old, his mother removed to Shawneetown, Ill., where the son worked on a farm. Feeling himself, however, capable of reaching a higher position than this, he, at the age of seventeen, commenced the study of law, and in 1832 was admitted to the bar. But instead of entering on his profession, carried away by his military spirit, he volunteered in the

war against the Sacs and Foxes. His health being poor, he, on his return, embarked in trade; but soon becoming dissatisfied with this, he established a paper called the "*Shawneetown Democrat*," and, at the same time, resumed the practice of the law.

The next year, 1836, he was elected to the legislature of the State, in which he served also in 1840 and 1842. The year following he was elected to Congress from his district, and his first speech in the Hall of Representatives was upon the bill to remit the fine imposed upon General Jackson by Judge Hall of New Orleans. In 1846 and 1848 he was again elected. In 1858 he acted as chairman of the committee on resolutions in the Democratic State Convention, called to sustain Senator Douglas in his course on the Lecompton bill. In 1860 he was the third time returned to Congress, and served through that stormy period till the breaking out of the war, when he resigned, and, with Logan and Foulke, both members of Congress, returned to Illinois and raised the McClernand brigade, of which he took command. In the battle of Belmont he behaved with great gallantry, and had a horse shot under him. Just as the victorious troops were rushing forward among the rebel tents, he heard firing down by the river, and, galloping thither, found a company closely engaged with a detachment of the enemy. The firing was very hot, and as McClernand rode into it, his head was grazed by a ball, his horse wounded in the shoulder and his housings torn in several places.

At length, when he found the camp cleared of the enemy, he called for three cheers for the Union, which were given with a will.

When it was discovered that the enemy had crossed a large force between our troops and their transports up

the river, thereby rendering a retreat necessary, McClernand immediately ordered Colonel Logan to advance his flag to the front, and be prepared to cut his way through. In the fight that followed, his horse received another shot. His bearing in this, his first battle, was gallant and chivalric, and Grant, in his despatch, says, "General McClernand (who, by the way, acted with great coolness and courage throughout, and proved that he is a soldier as well as statesman,) and myself each had our horses shot under us."

In a subsequent expedition, made in midwinter toward Columbus, McClernand marched his troops seventy-five miles over a detestable country, carrying out his orders faithfully.

He served under Grant in the expedition against Forts Henry and Donelson, and in the investment of the latter place commanded the right wing, composed of three brigades, that rested on the river, above the works. It was on him that the grand assault was made by the enemy, when he endeavored to cut his way through our lines. Forced back by overwhelming numbers, he desperately contested every inch of ground, while he sent off for reinforcements, and finally succeeded in driving back the enemy to his entrenchments. That evening, he advanced his lines over the blood-stained snow, and stood ready to assault the works early in the morning, when he received the news that the place had surrendered.

At Pittsburg Landing, previous to the battle, he, with Sherman and Prentiss, held the advance line, and hence caught the first burst of the storm on that fearful Sabbath morning. He lay a little in the rear of Sherman, and hence had time to prepare for the onset, that swept everything before it. As the latter began to fall back, he sent up

reinforcements to him, by which he himself was so weakened that, when attacked in turn, he was compelled to change front, under a heavy fire. By so doing, though he had gone into action at seven o'clock, he was able to hold the Corinth road till ten. But at length being outflanked and overpowered, he was compelled to fall back, which he did slowly and in good order; ever and anon turning and charging on the enemy, with a fury that arrested his progress. Thus, charging, retreating, halting, and bleeding, he continued to fall back till he reached Hurlbut, in the rear. Rallying here, he with his right swept round and drove the enemy for a considerable distance; but, with the rest of the army, he was finally borne hopelessly towards the Tennessee.

The next day he led his exhausted troops gallantly into the fight, and four times regained and lost again the ground in his front, and bore himself nobly throughout, fairly winning over again the double star of major-general, which he had received the month before.

He was with Halleck, in the operations that resulted in the evacuation of Corinth, and afterward continued to serve under Grant.

In the following winter Grant made his first demonstration against Vickburg, by sending Sherman to assault it. On its failure he ordered McClernand to take command of the army, who divided it into two corps, placing one under Sherman and the other under General Morgan, the hero of Cumberland Gap. On the 4th of January he sailed on an expedition against Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, as it was called, which formed the key to the extensive country drained by the Arkansas River. Reaching the mouth of the White River on the 8th, he moved the transports up it to the cut-off, and for the pur-

pose of deceiving the enemy, landed his troops the next evening on the left bank of the river, three miles below the fort. The country was entirely new to him, and he spent the following morning in reconnoitring. Sherman was finally sent with his corps to make a detour, for the purpose of investing the upper side of the fort, who, marching inland, crossed a swamp a quarter of a mile wide, and then ascertained that the works could not be approached in that direction, but by a circuit so wide that it would practically leave him out in the designed assault. Reporting his position to McClernand, the latter crossed the swamp, and, ascertaining the exact state of things, recalled him, and sent him up the river to join the other forces. Admiral Porter, with a squadron of gunboats, accompanied the expedition, and he now directed him to open fire on the rebel works in order to distract the attention of the garrison, while the army was getting into position. Porter moved up at once, and soon the swamps and forests that bordered the Arkansas River echoed with the thunder of his guns, which kept up a terrific fire till the wintry night closed over the landscape. It had been a day of constant marching to the troops, and night found the place still not completely invested. It was cold and chilly, and the troops lay down in the darkness without fire or tents, to get such rest as they could, while all night long the rapid strokes of the axe inland told that the rebels were busy felling trees to obstruct their advance.

The next morning dawned bright and pleasant, and by half-past ten, McClernand had his army in position, ready to advance, and sent word to Porter to open fire. At one o'clock the gunboats moved boldly up and rained such a horrible tempest on the fort, that the guns on the

river side were soon nearly all silenced, the casemates tumbled in, and wreck and ruin spread around. On the land side, the cannonading and musketry grew more furious every hour, while closer and closer drew the long lines of infantry, preparing, when the order "forward!" should be given, to leap over abbatis, ditch, ramparts and all. The sun was hanging just above the western horizon, and the wintry Sabbath was drawing rapidly to a close, and McClernand was just ready to give the order to advance to the assault, when a white flag rose above the works. The uproar of the guns suddenly ceased, and in its place there went up deafening cheers, that, rolling down the line, were caught up by the transports and sent back, till, for miles, the woods and banks echoed with shouts.

Our loss in this attack was about a thousand, while McClernand reported five thousand prisoners captured, with seventeen pieces of cannon, and three thousand stand of arms, besides ammunition, shot and shell, and animals, and war material in great quantities.

This victory, coming on the heels of Sherman's defeat before Vicksburg, was hailed with delight, and McClernand was quoted as an instance of a great General rising from the ranks of civil life.

A few weeks after, Grant commenced his great and decisive campaign against Vicksburg, and McClernand moved down the Mississippi to take part in it. The force under him consisted of four divisions of the Thirteenth Army Corps. After the various fruitless attempts by canals and inland waters to get in the rear of Vicksburg, Grant determined, as a last resort, to march his army below it on the western shore, and McClernand's corps took the advance. As a first step he sent forward Osterhaus to capture Richmond, the capital of Madison Parish,

Louisiana. By ten o'clock he had reached the bayou in front of the place, and at once opened fire upon it. In the meantime, boats had been brought along in wagons, which were quickly hauled out and launched. A part of the cavalry at once dismounted and, springing in, paddled themselves across with the butts of their muskets. The other portion plunged into the water, and swimming their horses over, mounted, with loud cheers, the opposite bank, when the terrified rebels fled in every direction.

During that night McClernand built a bridge with his pioneer corps, under Captain Patterson, two hundred feet long, made entirely of the logs taken from the adjacent houses. The columns marched over, but the difficulties of the route had but just commenced. "Old roads had to be repaired, new ones made, boats constructed for the transportation of men and supplies, twenty miles of levee sleeplessly guarded day and night, and every possible precaution taken to prevent the rising flood from breaking through the levee and engulfing us." The rebel cavalry were also hovering around, but, being at last driven across the Bayou Vidal, McClernand, on the 4th of April, embarked in a skiff, and, accompanied by Osterhaus and his staff, rowed down to within half a mile of Carthage and the Mississippi River. Fired upon by the enemy, the skiff was brought to a halt, but not until he ascertained that the levee had been cut, and the water, in three currents, was pouring through, flooding all the country. Capturing a flat-boat, he mounted it with two howitzers, and, embarking a party, sent it down to drive the enemy out of Carthage, which they succeeded in doing. But Carthage had to be abandoned, for want of the means of transportation, and a lower point for crossing the river reached.

In this march, McClernand constructed nearly two thousand feet of bridging out of material created, for the most part, on the occasion—completing, in three days and nights, the great military road across the Peninsula, from the Mississippi River to a point forty miles below Vicksburg.

When Porter moved to the attack on Grand Gulf, McClernand embarked a part of his force to occupy it the moment the enemy was driven out. But the place could not be taken, and so he disembarked his troops, and continued his march inland, to a point opposite Bruinsburg. Crossing the river here, he halted only long enough to distribute three days' rations, when he took up his march for the bluffs, three miles back. Reaching these at sunset, he determined to make a forced march that night to Port Gibson. A little after midnight he came upon the enemy—their presence and position being announced by the blaze of their artillery, lighting up the strange landscape. Reaching the front at daylight, McClernand immediately prepared for battle, and advanced up the two roads that forked off here—both leading to Port Gibson. The conflict raged along these roads all day, but at night the enemy retreated, and at daylight next morning McClernand's advance entered Port Gibson. To him belongs the honor of this first victory on the eastern shore of the Mississippi.

For thirteen days McClernand now steadily marched inland; a part of the time engaged with the enemy, and all the time without tents or regular teams, and with but six days' rations—being compelled to get the rest of his supplies from the country through which he was moving.

At the battle of Champion Hill, Hovey's division of his corps covered itself with glory. From this point,

McClernand took the advance in the march toward Vicksburg.

In the grand assault on the place, on the 22d, his corps bore a conspicuous part. Early in the morning, he opened with his artillery, numbering about forty pieces, and kept up a rapid, effective fire, until five minutes before ten o'clock, when the bugle sounded the "forward." His columns then moved in dead silence, with fixed bayonets, to the assault, and "within fifteen minutes Lowber's and Lendrum's brigades had carried the ditch, slope, and bastion of a fort." Reporting his success to Grant, he said that he was within the rebel works, and needed reinforcements. The assault, which had been abandoned, was renewed on his representations, by which, Grant declared he sustained his greatest loss. This offended McClernand, and not long after he issued a congratulatory order, in which he recounted the services of his corps in the long marches and battles from Milliken's Bend to Vicksburg. Immediately after, Grant removed him from the command of his corps, and put Ord in his place. We suspect, however, his removal was not owing, as reported, so much to the order, as to a letter which McClernand wrote to Governor Yates in his own vindication, in which he not only censured others, but claimed that if he had been properly reinforced Vicksburg might have been captured.

This ended McClernand's services in the field, and caused a disruption of the friendship between him and Grant, much to be regretted.

Occupying the first rank among those major-generals who had been appointed from civil life, McClernand had shown an aptitude for command possessed by few. Nervous and excitable, yet cool and steady, he handled his troops with great skill and success, and bade fair to stand

in the first rank of commanders. The high opinion which Grant had of him is seen in his putting Sherman under him, after the repulse of the latter before Vicksburg, in 1863. Without any military education, he rose by the force of his own talents to one of the most prominent positions in the country. A life-long Democrat, he was stoutly opposed throughout the war to the confiscation and emancipation policy of the administration; but bravely drew his sword, and freely offered his life for the defence of his country.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

HAVELOCK OF THE ARMY—HIS BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION—AT WEST POINT—SENT TO FLORIDA—HIS CONVERSION—JOINS THE METHODIST CHURCH—APPOINTED INSTRUCTOR AT WEST POINT—SUPERINTENDENT OF SABBATH SCHOOL—ESTABLISHES A PRAYER MEETING AND BIBLE CLASS—RESIGNS AND IS APPOINTED COLONEL OF A MAINE REGIMENT—COMMANDS A BRIGADE AT BULL RUN—MADE BRIGADIER—LOSES AN ARM AT FAIR OAKS—GALLANTRY AT ANTIETAM—HIS DEFEAT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—HIS GREAT SERVICES AT GETTYSBURG—SENT WEST TO REINFORCE ROSECRANS — LOOKOUT VALLEY — MISSION RIDGE — SERVES UNDER HOOKER IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—SUCCEEDS MCPHERSON IN THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—COMMANDS THE RIGHT WING IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN AND THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS—PLACED OVER THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU—HIS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER—ABILITIES AS A GENERAL—ANECDOTES OF HIM.

As in the terrible revolt in India, the English army had its Havelock, so we in our frightful revolution have had our Howard. Although there always have been many officers of various grades in our navy or army who were Christians, yet neither is considered as favorable to the highest development of Christian character. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how a man so truly devotional as Havelock, could love the profession of arms. It seems equally strange that one engrossed with military duties, and surrounded with associations of camp life, should ex-

hibit the Christian graces far more brightly than most men whose occupations necessarily keep them constantly under religious influences. But whether on the march or battle-field, or surrounded by gay and reckless officers, Howard has so maintained his Christian character, that he is known throughout the army and nation as the "Christian soldier."

He was born in Leeds, Maine, November 8th, 1830, so that he was barely thirty years of age when the war broke out, and hence is still a young man. He received a liberal education, having graduated at Bowdoin College, when but twenty years of age. From college he went directly to West Point, where he graduated in 1854, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, and sent to Florida. Here he became a changed man, and renouncing the world, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and from that time meekly "took up his cross and followed Him." He was baptized by Rev. Mr. Lyons, a Methodist clergyman, and joined the Methodist Church, on probation. The same year he was made first lieutenant, and was appointed Instructor of Mathematics at West Point, where he remained till the breaking out of the war. Here he became distinguished, not only for the able and faithful performance of his duties, but for his interest in religious affairs. He was superintendent of a Sabbath-school, and had cadet prayer-meetings twice a week, and also a Bible-class of soldiers and citizens. He has two younger brothers—one of whom is a clergyman, and the other, though now a colonel in the army, designs to be one. There must have been remarkable home influences, to give such a religious bias to a whole family of boys.

In June, 1861, he resigned his commission to take command of the Third Maine Volunteers. The regiment

was composed of hardy men—some of them stalwart lumbermen from the back-woods; and they felt a little uneasy at being commanded by a West Point officer. But they were quite confounded when, after making them an address, the young man took off his hat and led them in prayer. A swearing colonel, most could understand; but a praying one was a novelty they did not expect to see. He, however, worked his way into their affections rapidly, for they soon found he was not a canting fanatic; but a true, noble, conscientious, and thorough officer.

In the battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade, and bore himself so gallantly, that in September he was made brigadier-general, and assigned a brigade in the Army of the Potomac. He accompanied it to the Peninsula, and at the battle of Fair Oaks had his right arm carried away by a cannon shot. His brigade belonged to Richardson's division, that came across the flooded Chickahominy to the rescue of the hard-pressed army. In the opening of the second day's fight his brigade was put in front, and he held it steadily within half musket shot of the hostile line. It was deadly work; and he saw that he could keep his men to it only by great personal efforts and daring. Riding, therefore, backward and forward along the lines, with the bullets screaming around him, he roused them by stirring appeals, and the reckless exposure of his own person. He knew that it would be a miracle if he escaped, yet he determined that the brigade should stand firm while he stood. His staff closed around him; but soon one, then another fell—his own brother being struck down by his side—yet he still kept riding through the fire. At last, however, a cannon ball, in full sweep, carried away his arm. It is said that he shook the mutilated, bleeding stump in front of his

brigade, and urged them to stand firm, and behave like men. As he was borne pale and bleeding from the field, he passed the one-armed Kearney, and jokingly said: "General, we will hereafter buy gloves together."

This took him from the field during the rest of the Peninsular campaign, but in September, when McClellan organized his Maryland campaign, he was again in the saddle. Being in Sedgewick's division, he was in the terrible battle fought by Hooker on the right, and nobly sustained the reputation he had won for steady courage, and chivalrous daring. When Sedgewick was borne wounded to the rear, he assumed command of the division.

On the 1st of April, 1863, he was placed over the Eleventh Corps, which, in the battle of Chancellorsville, was placed on the extreme right, and facing three ways, to prevent a flank attack. All through Friday night he heard a confused sound in the woods south and west of him—the rumbling of wagons, ceaseless strokes of the axe, and the hum of human voices, but did not dream the rebel army was cutting its way to his right flank. In the afternoon of the next day, he received orders from Hooker to reinforce Sickles with a brigade. He immediately led it over in person. Riding back to headquarters, he had just dismounted, when two cannon shot to the right, followed almost instantly by a tremendous crash of musketry, accompanied with terrific yells, told him that the enemy were attacking his right. Springing to the saddle, he galloped to the spot, but came too late, for the First German Brigade had already given way, followed by the shouting, infuriated foe. He endeavored to check the panic, but in an instant it was communicated to other brigades, and the confused, broken mass, came tearing over the field in wild terror. He threw himself in their

front, and ordered, threatened, and begged them to stop and face the enemy, but he talked to deaf men: the whole division was borne away like a loosened torrent, leaving him almost alone. The agony of a life-time was compressed into his brave heart in that terrible moment. Two divisions on the left still held their ground, and he galloped to them, and for a few moments made a show of resistance; but it was only for a moment, and away went the whole corps in a wild, uncontrollable panic. Through the troops in the rear, through the crowd of teamsters, ambulances, wagons, and artillery, they broke—Jackson's veterans, like a roaring flood, thundering at their heels. Howard was overwhelmed at the spectacle: he had never expected to see Bull Run over again, but here it was. Utterly helpless to stay the torrent, he was borne away with it. If, by giving up his life, he could have arrested that awful disorder, he would have poured it out like water; but the whirlwind that swept past him was beyond human control. The sun now stooping behind the western woods, and the coming on of darkness, added increased gloom and terror to the scene. For a moment it seemed that the whole army must go to swift destruction with the broken right wing; but Sickles, and Berry, and Whipple, came to the rescue, and the maddened torrent was stopped.

That was the saddest night of Howard's life; but rousing himself to the magnitude of the task before him, he, by almost superhuman exertions, succeeded before morning in reorganizing his corps, so that it was again put in line of battle on the extreme left; in fact, he rallied a portion before midnight, and led them forward to the support of Berry.

On Monday and Tuesday, the enemy tried his lines

several times, but without effect. When he took this position, he asked for the Sixty-fourth New York Regiment, which bore itself so bravely at Fair Oaks. It was given him, and as he rode out to meet it, the gallant fellows greeted him with a cheer. With pride he watched their bold and steady tread, and knew there would be no flinching where they stood. Posting them behind the brigade that was the first to break on Saturday night, he gave orders to shoot down remorselessly every man that attempted to run. Determined that another such disgrace should not overtake him, he kept the front line continually under his eye; hence he became a target for the sharpshooters, that again and again sent their bullets whistling around his ears, and it was a marvel that he was not hit.

Howard felt the disgrace of his corps keenly, though no blame was attached to him. Instead of being abused, he received the warmest sympathy; for all who knew his gallant, noble nature, felt that he had suffered beyond the power of expression.

He resolved that in the next battle, the corps should wipe out the disgrace that clung to it, and he told it so, and a few months later, at Gettysburg, it did. On Wednesday, when Reynolds, with the First Corps, suddenly came upon the enemy at this place, he, with the Eleventh, was several miles in the rear, marching leisurely forward. The former, on finding himself confronted by a superior force, sent back to the latter to hasten forward. He did so, though he was compelled to take bye-ways, as the main road was blocked by the trains of the First Corps. The sound of battle in the distance hastened his march, for it was evident that Reynolds was heavily engaged.

Spurring on in advance of his troops, Howard, with his staff, arrived on the field at one o'clock, and took a

rapid survey of the condition of affairs. Soon after, the heads of his columns appeared in view, and Reynolds having previously fallen, he assumed command of both corps, and arranged his line of battle. The enemy boldly advancing, attacked him with desperate fury, but could not force him back until Ewell's corps came to their help (the old troops of Jackson), and swinging in, in front of the Eleventh, charged down with their old battle cry. The corps, having its lost name to retrieve, bore up manfully against the shock; but pressed by overwhelming numbers, was at length driven back, though this time not in panic.

Howard now retreated through the town, and reforming his disordered lines on Cemetery Hill, opened his batteries on the enemy, and stopped his further progress. Here Hancock, sent forward by Meade, found him, and the two agreed that right there the great battle should be fought.

The next day, he, with his corps, held this hill, forming the centre of the line of battle; and during all the time the rebel attack was pressed on the left, its summit smoked and trembled with his artillery. About half an hour after sunset the enemy assaulted his position, but were driven back.

The next morning brought a renewal of the contest, and rebel shells and shot soon ploughed up the graveyard in which Howard had taken up his headquarters. Reclining on a green hillock close beside a tombstone, with his staff about him, he steadily watched the progress of the fight. The still graves around him, and the shrieking of shells overhead, reminded him of death, yet the marble slab near which he reclined, was not more tranquil than he. As a minié ball whizzed past his head, one of

those near him unconsciously dodged, but not a motion of his indicated that he heard it. The next might pierce his heart, but the thought gave him no uneasiness, for he had placed his life in the hands of his Maker, and reposed it serenely there.

In the afternoon, when Lee, previous to his last desperate assault, opened with nearly two hundred cannon on our lines, Cemetery Hill was subjected to a horrible fire. Shells ploughed up the graves, splintered the tombstones, and sent the earth flying in every direction; but Howard never moved his headquarters an inch. Calm as the dead slumbering beneath his feet, he sat amid the desolating fire, striving to pierce "the war-cloud rolling dun" beneath him, and detect the movements of the enemy. When the awful cannonade ceased, and the rebel lines came on in the last desperate charge, Howard ordered his men to lie down, and his batteries to cease firing. The rebels thought they had been silenced, and advanced confidently, when suddenly the whole corps sprang to its feet as one man, and poured in an overwhelming volley, while the batteries opened again on the shaking lines, rending the solid formations like gossamer. Howard at the same time ordered a charge, and away went the whole line. The rebels stunned and appalled by the awful destruction that suddenly engulfed them, threw down their arms by companies, and one whole regiment surrendered in mass. The Eleventh had redeemed itself, and Howard gazed with pride on his victorious troops. Seeing Hancock's corps sorely pressed, the rebel flags being actually planted on his works, he opened a terrible enfilading fire on the exposed ranks from his batteries, that nothing human could endure, and the whole rebel line fell bleeding back, and victory was

ours. That was a proud day for Howard; the disgrace of Chancellorsville was wiped out, and his corps once more worthy to stand in the noble Army of the Potomac.

His and Slocum's corps were both detached from the Army of the Potomac a little while after this battle, and despatched to Chattanooga to reinforce Rosecrans, who was heavily pressed by Bragg.

Previous to the arrival of Sherman across the country from Mississippi, Hooker, who was put in command of the two corps, crossed the Tennessee on the pontoon bridge, laid by Hazen, in order to take possession of Lookout Valley. Howard's corps at once moved up towards Brown's Ferry, his winding columns in full view of the enemy on the lofty heights above, who tried in vain to cut them in two with their shells. About six o'clock that night (the 26th of October,) he went into camp a short distance from the Ferry, the other columns led by Geary, having encamped three miles back. In the interval between them, the enemy's sharp-shooters now penetrated, firing into our trains across the river, and he sent out three companies to scatter or capture them, and then made his final dispositions for the night. The autumnal evening passed quietly away, and the camp slumbered in repose until midnight, when a dropping fire of musketry from skirmishing parties aroused him. It, however, did not increase; but an hour later his ear caught—three miles away towards Geary—the muffled sound of rapid, heavy musketry firing. It was plain that the enemy was making a fierce onslaught on him, and ordering the drums to beat to arms, he started off Schurz' division on the double quick through the gloom. The rattling of their arms and rapid measured beat of their tread had hardly

died away in the distance, when another division followed after, and "forward!" "forward!" rang through the night air, while down through the Valley rushed the panting columns. But before they reached Geary, while sweeping on a run along the base of a ridge two hundred feet high, a sheet of flame suddenly burst upon them from its sides and top. The force here being on their flank must be dislodged before proceeding farther, and Colonel O. Smith wheeled about, and charging up the cliff, almost inaccessible by daylight, and through the underbrush, upon unknown numbers, carried the heights with loud shouts. Geary, though at one time nearly surrounded, after three hours of desperate fighting, drove back the enemy, which now retired to Lookout Mountain, and the important Valley was in our possession.

In the after battle of Missionary Ridge, and in the pursuit of the enemy, Howard, under Sherman, bore his part gallantly and well. In November he received his commission as Major-General.

In the Atlanta campaign the next spring he maintained his old renown, winning at every step the increasing confidence of Sherman.

In the fierce onslaught of the rebels upon our lines before Atlanta, on the 28th of July, which has already been described, Howard, who had been placed over the Army of the Tennessee after the death of McPherson, held it to the frightful struggle with a steadiness and heroism never before excelled.

His last fight in this campaign was at Jonesboro, whither on the Macon Road Sherman had transferred his army, thus securing the fall of Atlanta. Sherman, in placing Howard over the Army of the Tennessee, showed his high appreciation of his capacity. He was sorry to

slight Hooker, but knowing precisely what kind of lieutenants he wanted, and perceiving, with wonderful sagacity the qualities of the officers with whom he came in contact, he was able to select just the leaders that he could most rely on in the hazardous experiment he was about to try.

In the following autumn, when he had pursued Hood till he was so far back towards the Tennessee that he could not trouble him in his anticipated movement across Georgia, he sat down one day on his camp-stool in front of his tent at Gaylesville, and rapidly ran his finger over the map resting on his knee, while Howard and Slocum stood beside him. After studying it awhile he planted his finger on Columbia, South Carolina, and looking up to Howard, to the no small astonishment of the latter, quietly remarked, "Howard, I believe we can go there without any serious difficulty. If we can cross the Salkahatchie, we can capture Columbia." Then running his finger northward, over rivers and swamps, he continued, as he stopped it at Goldsboro, "That point is a few days' march through a rich country, and when I reach it Lee must leave Virginia or be destroyed. We can make this march, for Grant tells me that Lee can't get away from Richmond without him." Sherman then unfolded his plans to these two generals, for he had already determined that they should command the two wings of his army in this long and hazardous march.

Howard commanded the right wing in the Georgia campaign, the movements of which are given in detail in the sketch of Kilpatrick, whose cavalry did the principal fighting on the way to Savannah.

When Sherman commenced, in January, his march north through the Carolinas, the right wing under Howard was carried in transports to Beaufort and thence taken to

the main land, from whence it advanced along the Charleston Railroad and occupied Pocotaligo. Here he was stopped awhile by torrents of rain, which flooded all the low ground, and the novel spectacle was witnessed of soldiers doing picket duty in boats and scows.

By the last of January the waters had sufficiently subsided, and the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps moved in parallel roads, in the direction of McPhersonville, Howard being in person with the former. The enemy held the lines of the Salkahatchie in force, but Howard, with small loss, succeeded in carrying River's Bridge by sending a part of his force through a swamp three miles wide—the cold water of which was never less than knee-deep, and often reaching to the shoulders. Across this, lifting their muskets above their heads, the soldiers forced their way, while still farther down, Giles E. Smith swam his division over, and thus secured this formidable line of the enemy.

Howard now pushed rapidly north toward the railroad connecting Augusta and Charleston, and reaching it near Midway, spent three days in destroying it. Pushing on between the divided forces of the enemy—one part being in and near Augusta to the westward, and the other at Branchville and Charleston to the eastward—he crossed the South Fork of the Edisto, and marched rapidly for Orangeburg. Leaving Branchville and Columbia on his right, he, from this place, advanced straight on Columbia. By the 16th of February, he was in front of the capital, and he and Sherman crossed the pontoon bridge that had been laid, side by side, and entered the conquered place. The fire was already raging which the rebels had kindled to destroy the cotton, and the flames, fed by a tempest of wind that swept in fearful gusts

through the streets, soon kindled a terrible conflagration that laid the place in ruins. Howard was up all night laboring nobly to check the fire, and protect the distracted families that were turned homeless and houseless into the streets. From Columbia, he first marched north toward Charlotte, and then struck east for Fayetteville, which he reached on the 11th of March. Heavy rains had set in, which made his march a most difficult and wasting one to his men. At Lynch Creek, he spent three days in getting through a swamp, building for miles and miles a corduroy road over mud, into which the first layer of timber would sink out of sight. At Cheraw he captured twenty-five cannon.

In marching from Fayetteville to Goldsboro, he was compelled to leave his trains, and hasten across the country to the aid of Slocum, who had the whole rebel army on his hands at Bentonville. The part he took in that engagement is given in the article on Slocum.

After the surrender of the rebel armies and the close of the war, Howard was placed at the head of the Freedmen's Bureau, at Washington—and there never was a more striking instance of putting the right man in the right place than this appointment. Firm, yet conciliatory—just and kind to the poor slave, yet without that blind fanaticism which some men designate philanthropy, he will adjust the difficulties connected with this unfortunate race, if it can be done at all. As a general, Howard possesses great tactical knowledge, and there is no man probably in the army who takes in so quickly all the advantages and disadvantages of a field on which he is to operate. The intuition almost, which prompted him to seize Cemetery Hill, and hold it, and thus give us the battle of Gettysburg, is an evidence of this. A battle is

as often won by the proper disposition of the forces as by hard fighting, and in this he excels—though he is behind none, in the tenacity with which he holds his ground, and the fierceness of his onsets. Major Nichols, who accompanied him from Atlanta to Goldsboro, says of him, "General Howard is a man whose religious convictions are intense, positive, entering into, and coloring every event of his life. When exposed to fire, there is no braver man living than he. He does not go into action in the Cromwellian spirit, singing psalms, and uttering prayers, but with a cool and quiet determination which is inspired by a lofty sense of a sacred duty to be performed. His courage is a realization of the strength of a spiritual religion, rather than a physical qualification. The general is constantly censured for rashly exposing himself to the fire of the enemy, but it is difficult to say whether the censure is just or not, for every commander of a corps of an army is the best judge of the necessities of the hour."

His personal appearance corresponds with his moral nature, for his face beams with kind and tender feeling, and one cannot look into those affectionate eyes without loving their possessor. Yet, with all this expression of gentleness, kindness, and patience, there is combined one of manly resolution and firmness of purpose, that reveals the great leader. There is little profanity around his headquarters. Once hearing a soldier swearing fiercely in the full blaze of the enemy's fire, he said gently, "Don't swear so, my man. You may be killed at any moment. Surely you do not wish to go into the next world with dreadful oaths on your lips." On another occasion, while walking in the forest alone, he came upon two men quarrelling and swearing roundly, when he approached them and said, "Men, I am sorry you

had such bad mothers." They regarded him curiously, then looked at each other, when one of them, casting his eyes to the ground, said doggedly, "I had not a bad mother! She was a good woman!" "But," replied the general, "she taught you to swear!" "No, indeed," protested the soldier, "she did not teach me to swear, she always punished me for swearing!" "And mine also," cried the other, as if doing some brave and meritorious deed, and the rough soldiers became like little children, while vindicating the names and memories of their cherished mothers; the recollections or remembrances of whom no doubt were the only oases in their depraved hearts. Howard was not slow in taking advantage of their melting mood, and exacted a promise of reformation. Noble, generous to a fault, and brave, he wins all hearts by the power of love—yet in the crash of the onset, and the tumult of a doubtful fight, he is the impersonation of cool courage, and terrible as a storm. To see him riding along the perilous edge of battle, all heedless of the screaming shot and shell, waving that empty sleeve aloft as a banner to his men, is enough to make heroes of cowards, and shame the last vestige of a craven spirit out of the most sordid wretch on earth. It is a glory to any nation to have such a man at the head of its armies, while his whole life is a sermon preached to the government, the army, and the people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAJOR-GENERAL QUINCY ADAMS GILLMORE.

HIS EARLY LIFE—WEST POINT—SENT TO FORTRESS MONROE—A TEACHER AT WEST POINT—STATIONED IN NEW YORK—CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL—HERCULEAN OPERATIONS AROUND PULASKI—CAPTURE OF THE FORT—COMMANDS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—PLACED OVER THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT—ASSAULT OF FORT WAGNER—BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER—CAPTURE OF FORT WAGNER—CHARLESTON SHELLED—ORDERED NORTH TO CO-OPERATE WITH BUTLER BELOW RICHMOND—HIS SERVICES IN THE FIELD—ASKS TO BE RELIEVED FROM SERVING UNDER BUTLER—ORDERED TO REPORT TO CANBY—PLACED AGAIN OVER THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT—CO-OPERATES WITH SHERMAN.

Few military men reach such an eminence as General Gillmore occupies, without ever having fought a pitched battle or won a great victory in the field. His victories have been those of practical military science alone; but these have been so wonderful as to make his name known over the civilized world.

He was born at Black River, Lorain county, Ohio, in 1825. Having obtained the appointment of cadet in the West Point Military Academy, he graduated in 1849, at the head of his class. Appointed First Lieutenant, he was sent to Hampton Roads and labored on the fortifications there for three years. He was then made assistant professor of practical engineering at West Point, and for

four years fulfilled the duties of this position with signal ability, acting also during the last year as quartermaster and treasurer of the Military Academy.

From 1856 to 1861 he resided in New York city, where he was stationed to purchase and send on supplies for the various fortifications scattered over our broad territory.

In the fall of 1861, when the great expedition was fitted out against Port Royal, he was appointed chief engineer, under General T. W. Sherman, and after the victory of Dupont, superintended the construction of the fortifications, &c., at Hilton Head. The task next assigned him was the reduction of Fort Pulaski on Cockspur Island. Batteries on various neighboring islands were erected, amid difficulties that to a common observer would have seemed insurmountable. One or two extracts from Gillmore's journal, will give a better idea of them than a long description:

"Feb. 11. Continued getting battery and road materials to Jones' Island during the day. * * * The work was done in the following manner: The pieces mounted on their carriages and limbered up were moved forward on shifting runways of planks laid end to end. Each party in charge of the guns had one pair of planks in excess of the number required, and timbers to rest upon when closed together. This extra pair of planks being placed in front in prolongation of those already under the carriages, the pieces were then drawn forward with drag ropes, one after another the length of a plank, thus freeing the two planks in the rear, which in their turn were carried to the front. This labor is of the most fatiguing kind." * * * *

The final planting of the breaching batteries on Tybee

Island was also a most difficult task. This is a mud marsh, with here and there hummocks of firm ground. The distance from the landing to the position selected for the advance batteries was two miles and a half. The spot being in full view of Fort Pulaski, and within range of its guns, the men had to labor altogether in the night time, covering up their work with reeds, &c., so that daylight should not reveal what had been done. He says in his journal, "No one except an eyewitness can form any but a faint conception of the Herculean labor by which mortars of eight and a half tons weight, and columbiads but a trifle lighter, were moved in the dead of night over a narrow causeway, bordered by swamps on either side, and liable at any time to be overturned and buried in the mud beyond reach. The stratum of mud is about twelve feet deep; and on several occasions the heaviest pieces, particularly the mortars, became detached from the sling carts, and were with great difficulty by the use of planks and skids kept from sinking to the bottom. Two hundred and fifty men were barely sufficient to move a single piece on sling carts. The men were not allowed to speak above a whisper, and were guided by the notes of a whistle." Thus, night after night, in rain and storm, a whispering army of men slowly heaved along these monstrous pieces, and at length got them in position and protected, before the enemy dreamed what was going on.

From the 21st of February to the 9th of April, these gigantic operations went on, until at last eleven batteries opened on the doomed place, and it fell.

In September, Gillmore was assigned by General Wright to the command of the district of Western Virginia.

In April, 1863, he attacked the rebels near Somerset, Kentucky, commanded by Pegram, and after a stubborn fight of two hours, stormed their position and drove them in confusion till night stopped the pursuit; which, said a correspondent, "for six miles was marked by torn brush, scarred trees and dead horses." Altogether it was a very gallant affair, for the rebels outnumbered Gillmore's force two to one, and were, besides, behind entrenchments.

In June, of this year, General Hunter was relieved from the command of the Department of the South, and Gillmore placed over it. From the moment he took command, he bent all his energies to the reduction of Sumter, and though he did not succeed in his endeavors, what he actually accomplished raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame as an engineer. His first grand movement was to secure a lodgment on Morris Island, which he accomplished on the 10th of July, and attempted to carry Fort Wagner by assault, but failed. He then strengthened his position and erected five batteries, all bearing on the fort. On the 18th, everything being ready, the iron-clads moved up, and at noon, a terrific bombardment from sea and land commenced, while Gillmore, from a wooden look-out, erected on a sand-hill, watched the effect. Fifty-four guns hurled their heavy metal, without a moment's intermission, against those ramparts of sand, from the land side, while six iron-clads thundered from the sea upon them. But as night came on, the heavy roar of the big guns on land and sea gradually ceased, and slowly and sullenly the monitors, with the exception of the Montauk, moved back to the anchorage ground of the morning. "The music of the billows, forever hymning their sublime chaunts, was again heard along the shore, the sun went down, not in golden glory, but in clouds of blackness

and darkness, and amid mutterings of thunder and flashes of lightning. In the slight interval between the cessation of the cannonade and the assault at the point of the bayonet, the artillery of heaven opened all along the western horizon, and in peal after peal demonstrated how insignificant is the power of man when compared with that of Him who holds the elements in the hollow of His hand."* Then followed that terrible night assault, the sad history of which is so well known to all.

Foiled here, Gillmore now resolved to shell Sumter, though two miles distant, over Forts Wagner and Gregg. But he had hardly begun to establish his batteries, before Beauregard detected their object, and immediately commenced strengthening the walls of the fort. Outside of it he piled a wall of sand bags, fifteen feet thick, and forty-five feet high, or to within fifteen feet of the parapet. Inside, he built a similar wall, making a total thickness of sand bags and brick wall of *thirty-five feet!*

In a swamp, to the left of Sumter, Gillmore resolved to place a single gun battery, mounting a two hundred pound Parrot. Colonel Serrell had charge of its construction, and at once ordered one of his lieutenants to take twenty men and enter the swamp and prepare the foundation for it to rest upon. The lieutenant soon reported that it could not be done, for it was nothing but a bed of mortar. "Try it," replied the colonel. He did; and with his men covered with mire returned, and said that he could not do it, for the mud was over the men's heads. "But it must be done," replied the colonel, "it is General Gillmore's orders; so make your requisitions for everything you want, and it shall be furnished forthwith." The lieutenant at once sat down to the table and wrote—

* *New York Tribune* account.

"Wanted, twenty men, eighteen feet long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep!" Still, the object was finally accomplished; and that, too, without men of that extraordinary altitude. "Two miles and a half of bridges," says a writer in the *United States Service Magazine*, "are built across this marsh, leading to the position chosen for the battery; "our men carry ten thousand sand bags filled with sand more than two miles, and bring over three hundred large logs and pieces of timber more than ten miles, to make a battery. Its erection requires the work of a thousand men during seven nights, and its position is concealed from the rebels by having it covered in the daytime with brushwood. After breaking by its great weight several trucks, the monster gun is finally hauled up and placed in position. Charleston, four miles and a half away, little dreams that the swamp angel is looking into her streets." The *La Presse*, of Paris, published an article on Gillmore's operations at this time, which was transferred to the French *Journal of Military Science*, a magazine of the highest authority in Europe, in which the writer says: "Prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity, and perseverance, are exhibited in the attack, as in the defence of this city, which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals. * * One is struck with amazement on reading in the journals and letters from America, the details of this contest, in which the two adversaries ought to feel mutual astonishment, as they rightfully astonish the whole world by their daily proofs of superhuman heroism."

By the morning of the 18th, Gillmore had his batteries all ready to open fire. Fort Sumter, unconscious of the awful storm that was about to burst on her, fired her morning gun as usual, the echo rolling away over the

summer sea, and ran up all her flags. But in a short time the Ironsides and monitors were seen slowly moving up the bay, when he gave the order for the bombardment to commence. All the rebel forts around replied; the iron-clads joined in, throwing their heavy metal into Fort Wagner, and from sea and land it thundered all day long, as though the whole artillery of heaven was exploding over that fearful spot. Toward night, as the light of the setting sun streamed across the face of Sumter, it showed a breach made clean through the wall of sand-bags, revealing the brick wall beyond. All night long, Gillmore kept up a slow fire, and next morning, clouds of brick-dust rising in the air showed that the huge structure was yielding to the ponderous blows that were raining upon it.

Gillmore, having got the work of demolition under way, gave the garrison no time to repair breaches; but night and day rained shot and shell into the works, until the parapet at length crumbled away, and the barbette guns with it. The well-nigh impregnable wall of sand-bags disappeared, the solid wall itself was ploughed through, and at the end of seven days, the regular outlines of the fort disappeared, and it loomed up from the water a jagged ruin. Gillmore now determined to throw incendiary shells, or Greek fire, as it is called, into Charleston, four or five miles away; but before commencing sent a flag of truce to Beauregard, informing him of his purpose, and demanding the surrender of the city. The latter did not deign a reply, and the astonished inhabitants saw huge masses of metal, as though descending from the clouds, dropping in their midst, with the crash of exploding cannon, and sending streams of fire flaming on every side, Beauregard remonstrated against the act as barbarous; but in vain. Still, the shells did

but little damage, as most of them exploded before they reached the city.

Gillmore now determined to take Fort Wagner by sapping, and so get nearer Sumter and Charleston. In two weeks' time a ditch, which, if laid out in a straight line, would reach ten miles, was dug, and our troops at length crowned the counterscarp of the fort; where, with a single bound, they could be inside. Beauregard, seeing that its fate was sealed, evacuated it the night before the assault was to take place. The troops, lying in the trenches waiting for the first streak of dawn, to rush to the assault, were informed by a deserter that the enemy had left, and with loud cheers they leaped upon the parapet and waved their flags from the summit. They then dashed forward toward Fort Gregg, on the end of the island, which they also found evacuated.

This put the whole of Morris Island in our possession. On Cumming's Point Gillmore now erected his batteries, and pounded Fort Sumter till it was a heap of rubbish, and sent shells daily into Charleston City; driving away the inhabitants, and making it desolate almost as Edom.

But the mass of débris that lay piled above the casemates of the fort made them absolutely impregnable, and in spite of Gillmore's efforts, the rebel flag still waved over it. Six months passed wearily—Sumter was assaulted—monitors were lost—fearful bombardments took place, yet no advance was made toward capturing Charleston. But though he did not succeed in the final object for which he labored, his operations were a splendid triumph of engineering skill, that astonished the world.

When, in the spring of '64, Grant began his great campaign against Richmond, he ordered Gillmore, with

the Tenth Corps, north, to operate under Butler against the rebel capital of the South. If he had placed the former in supreme command, Petersburg would have been his long before he reached the James River.

When Butler advanced to take possession of the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, Gillmore, at the head of the Tenth Corps, commanded the left wing, and by a skilful flank movement carried the western part of the enemy's works for three miles, and secured a very advantageous position. Here he wished to intrench, but Butler pompously replied that his movement was not a defensive but an offensive one. He was going to show to General Grant and the country, that one of the most accomplished West Point officers in it had, after all, but partially completed his education, and so refused to throw up any protection for the troops. The consequence was, that two days after, in the midst of a dense fog, the rebels swooped down on the right, and falling suddenly on the Eighteenth Corps, bore it, after three hours' fighting, back, when Butler ordered a general retreat. Gillmore, made of different stuff, at first refused to obey, declaring that he could hold his position, and begged earnestly to be allowed to do so. But Butler peremptorily ordered him to fall back immediately, and the defeated army retreated seven miles to Bermuda Hundred—losing its valuable position, in occupying which Butler had telegraphed that the Southern army was effectually cut off from Lee; and besides, two guns, and nearly three thousand prisoners. In speaking of this disgraceful affair, the *New York Times* says: "The truth ought to have been plain enough at the outset, that military science demands as systematic and protracted study as that of law or medicine; and that it is just as absurd to improvise a

general from a lawyer or a merchant, as to improvise a judge from a schoolmaster, or a physician from a mechanic. The want of professional training is just as sure to make military charlatans, as to make legal or medical charlatans. It is astonishing how slow our Government and the people have been to recognize so simple a truth." So, in the attack on Petersburg, which failed, Butler endeavored to put the blame on Gillmore.

Of course the latter became disgusted with such a leader, and asked to be relieved from his command. His wish was granted, and he was ordered to join the army opposed to Early, in Maryland.

In July, while following up the rebels at the head of a portion of the Nineteenth Corps, he was thrown from his horse, and injured his ankle severely. In this same month he was made major-general; thus showing what the President thought of his merits as compared with those of Butler.

In the latter part of the year, he was ordered to report to Major-General Canby, to perform an inspection tour of the defences and fortifications of the West, but we find him next spring again over the Southern Department, coöperating with Sherman in the Carolinas, supplying Wilson, and occupying Augusta.

General Gillmore, though now but forty years of age, stands at the head of the engineering officers of the world, and his performances before Charleston will constitute a part of the text books on siege operations in all the military schools of civilized nations.

CHAPTER XXX.

MAJOR-GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

WAR MAKES AND MARS FORTUNES QUICKLY—WARREN'S NATIVITY—GRADUATES AT WEST POINT—SENT TO THE SOUTHWEST—SUCCEEDS LEE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—HIS GREAT LABORS IN THE PACIFIC RAILROAD OFFICE—CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SIOUX INDIANS—EXPLORES NEBRASKA—APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AT WEST POINT—MADE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF VOLUNTEERS—BIG BETHEL—BUILDS THE WORKS ON FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE — MADE COLONEL — ACTS AS BRIGADIER IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—HIS GALLANTRY AT MALVERN HILL—HIS BRIGADE CUT UP AT MANASSAS—ANTIETAM—TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF AT GETTYSBURG—NARROW ESCAPE—MADE MAJOR-GENERAL—BATTLE OF BRISTOE STATION—COMMANDS THE CENTRE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC UNDER GRANT—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS — HIS GALLANTRY AT SPOTTSYLVANIA — NORTH ANNA—DESTROYS THE WELDON RAILROAD—SAVES SHERIDAN AT FIVE FORKS—RELIEVED FROM COMMAND—AFTER SERVICE, &c.

It is a common saying that war makes and destroys reputations rapidly. In a single hour a man may reach an elevation that causes the eyes of the civilized world to be directed on him, and in the same short interval do that which will consign him to an immortality worse than oblivion. The "fortune of war" is proverbial. Circumstances over which the man himself had no control may combine to place him in a position where acquitting himself with no more gallantry and skill than a thousand others similarly situated would do, he yet rises at once to rank and fame.

Sometimes such men have sufficient strength of character to retain what fortune so generously gives them, and prove by their future conduct that they deserve what they have obtained, but in many instances they show themselves unequal to the responsibilities which their sudden elevation brings with it, and descend as rapidly as they rose. Others attain to the highest rank without having done anything which in popular estimation entitles them to it, and yet which they fill with consummate ability. These last rise not by fortune, but solid merit, hard every-day work that tells on an army, but which is unseen and unfelt outside of it. The War Department and the leading commanders know and appreciate such men, and are compelled to avail themselves of their knowledge and ability.

Warren and McPherson are two most remarkable examples of this class of officers. The people scarcely knew of the latter until, to their astonishment, they were told that Grant in the East and Sherman in the West, were weeping over him as a great man fallen. So of the former, though his name often appeared in public despatches, but little was known of him until it was announced that a young man only thirty-four years old had been entrusted by Grant with the command of the centre of his grand army as he moved across the Rapidan to meet Lee in what he expected to be the decisive battle of the war. It was no common military ability that secured this position. There was a score of veteran officers whose names were as familiar as household words to the nation, whom one would have selected for this responsible position, yet Grant put Warren there, and simply because he knew his great ability.

Gouverneur K. Warren was born in Cold Spring, New

York State, January 8th, 1830, and hence was only thirty-one when the war broke out. He entered West Point at the early age of sixteen, and yet graduated second in a class of forty-five, thus showing that at the age of twenty he was head and shoulders above his compeers. Brevetted second-lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, he was employed in the survey of the Mississippi Delta, under the present General Humphreys. He remained here for three years, and then took the place of Lee, who had charge of the rapids of the Mississippi at Rock Island and Des Moines. As he succeeded the future rebel general, in charge, so Joe Johnston succeeded him. In 1854 he was employed under Jeff. Davis in the Mississippi railroad office, where he rendered signal service. Humphreys, in his report to the War Department when he took charge of the Pacific Railroad office, says, "I found that the preparation of the material for the general map was a work of great labor, and the superintendence of its construction and drawing had been intrusted to Lieut. G. K. Warren," &c. &c. "Lieut. Warren has continued in charge of the office duties which include the critical examination of the reports, maps, profiles and all the original data submitted by the exploring parties and others, and reports upon the results; the preparations of the general map and its engraving; the compilation of profiles of all the routes recently explored and previously examined barometrically, the preparation of all the maps, profiles, and other drawings made in the office," &c., &c., and finally adds, "In addition to this, he has largely aided me in making this report." This exhibits a proficiency and ripeness in his profession seldom witnessed in a young man of twenty-four.

In 1855 he served under Harney in an expedition

against the Sioux Indians, and had two engagements with them in which many were killed. In chasing the savages over the distant sand-plains of the frontier, he took his first lesson in actual war. In 1856 and '57 he explored the Nebraska Territory. The Smithsonian Institute published his report of Geological Explorations.

Afterwards, he was transferred to West Point, and in 1859 and '60 was Assistant Professor of Mathematics. In the meantime, however, he had been promoted, being made full second lieutenant in 1854, and first lieutenant in July, 1856. When the war broke out, he asked leave of absence to serve in the volunteer army, and in April was appointed lieut.-colonel of the Fifth New York regiment. He was in the battle of Big Bethel, and, with Dr. Winslow, brought off the wounded after it was over. The next August, he was made colonel, and in the following month promoted to captain in the regular army. He was stationed at Fortress Monroe, and afterwards served under General Dix, in Baltimore, and built the works on Federal Hill. Joining the Army of the Potomac at Yorktown, he was attached to the heavy artillery, under Tyler. Acting as brigadier, he took part in the battle of Hanover Court House, and was also in that of Gaines' Mill. Attached to Sykes' division in the retreat, he, on the evening of the 30th, when near Malvern Hill, was attacked by the enemy, whom he gallantly repulsed, capturing two guns. In all these engagements he showed rare ability, and at Malvern Hill so distinguished himself by his gallantry, that he was made brigadier-general.

He served under Pope in his Virginia campaign, and in the battle of Manassas held his brigade under such a

murderous fire, and carried it forward so fiercely, that he lost a third of his men—a fearful mortality. He was under Porter, at Antietam, but afterwards became attached to Hooker's division. When the latter assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, he made Warren Chief Topographical Engineer, who rendered efficient service in the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville; and after it was over, rode across the country to inform Sedgewick of the condition of things.

He was now made Topographical Engineer-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. Just previous to the battle of Gettysburg he obtained leave of absence, and hastening North, was married, and the same afternoon left again for the army. In the battle itself his duties led him everywhere over the field, and once, as he was crossing it under a heavy fire, a bullet cut his chin underneath, inflicting a slight wound. On the second day he stood on Round Top Hill alone, not a soldier near, and saw the enemy sweeping round upon it. He instantly flew his signal, and kept it waving, until a brigade dashed forward and occupied it.

He was soon after made major-general of volunteers, to date from Chancellorsville, and given the command of the Second Corps.

When, in the following October, Meade lay along the Rapidan, Warren was accustomed to put on a soldier's uniform, and reconnoitre the enemy's position. In this garb he was allowed to stray into a proximity, where, as a general officer, he would have been shot. In this manner he obtained much valuable information.

When Lee here suddenly outflanked Meade, compelling him to retreat in great haste, Warren commanded the rear-guard. Near Bristoe Station, the

rebels made a sudden and heavy onset upon him, and at first, having all their batteries planted, possessed greatly the advantage. But Warren, who now for the first time had an opportunity to display his great abilities as a strategist, soon reversed this state of things—and the manner in which he chose his position, handled his troops, and planted his batteries, and for five hours repelled every effort of the enemy to advance, and finally drove him to cover, showed him to be perfect master of the art of war, and called forth a congratulatory order from General Meade. He captured, in this engagement, five guns, two colors, and four hundred and fifty prisoners. The precision, promptitude, and sagacity he exhibited in this his first field, on which he commanded separately, made him at once a conspicuous man in the army. Dash and daring do not go so far with military men as with the public, and a battle so completely planned and perfectly fought as this, could not escape the observation of such men as Meade and Grant.

When the army began its great campaign against Richmond next spring, and crossed the Rapidan, Warren, at the head of the Fifth Corps, held the centre. In the first day's battle in the Wilderness, though he advanced boldly against the enemy, he was at length compelled to fall back with the loss of two guns. The second day, in reinforcing the hard pressed wings, he reduced his corps to two divisions, yet with these he firmly maintained his position.

In following up Lee to Spottsylvania, Warren was told that only a body of rebel cavalry held it, and ordered to push on and take it. He immediately sent forward a portion of his force, which ran right into a whole rebel corps, and was terribly cut up. When the tidings

reached Warren, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing forward, reached the front just as Robinson's division was breaking in great disorder. Instantly seizing the colors, he planted them amid the rebel fire, and by his voice and gallant bearing rallied the division, whose leader had fallen; but in the daring act had his horse shot under him.

In the flank movement to the North Anna, Warren crossed the river without opposition, at Jericho's Ford—his men wading it breast deep. In the severe fight that followed, he handled his troops with such skill and success, and punished the enemy so severely, that Meade complimented him publicly.

All through that terrific battle in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, North Anna, and on till the army sat down before Petersburg, he exhibited a tactical skill and fighting power unsurpassed by the oldest general in the field, and equalled by few. We have not space to follow him in all these movements, nor in those which took place in the long siege of Richmond.

In the fore-part of December, with his own corps and a part of the Second, he moved out of his camps down the Jerusalem plank road, crossed the Nottaway on pontoons, and proceeded as far as the Meherrin River; destroying twenty miles of the Weldon railroad, besides station-houses and bridges. On his return he burned Sussex Court House, in retaliation for brutal treatment and murder of some of our stragglers; and was back in his old quarters before the rebels had fairly waked up to see what a terrible blow had been struck them.

We now come to Warren's last active service in the field. When Grant made his great movement on the enemy's right flank, by which the evacuation of Petersburg

and Richmond was secured, Sheridan, it is known, took the advance on our extreme left, and pushed on to Dinwiddie Court House. A few miles beyond it, at Five Forks, he came upon the enemy, and was defeated, and compelled to fall back to Dinwiddie. Warren's corps was at once sent to his relief. It had been fighting all day, yet he sent a portion of it forward immediately, which marched all night, reaching Sheridan next morning. The rest of his corps rapidly followed, and Warren, as ordered, reported to Sheridan on his arrival, who immediately assumed entire command. Deeming himself now strong enough to resume the offensive, the latter moved forward—the rebels retiring as he advanced—until he at length drew up in front of the strong entrenchments at Five Forks. Warren was now directed to move with his whole corps on the enemy's left flank, while the cavalry attacked in front. With his usual skill and promptitude, he advanced on the strong position in three lines of battle, and sweeping steadily down, carried everything before him; capturing the rebel artillery, which was attempting to move north, and many prisoners. Finding the rebel front still holding its ground against Sheridan's cavalry, he, without waiting to reform, swooped down on the hostile line, breaking it to fragments, and giving the cavalry a chance to dash in and finish the work. Warren, in this last movement, rode with his staff in the front, and was still there just at dusk, his men shouting the victory, when he received Sheridan's order relieving him from command, and directing him to report to Grant. Before doing so, he sought a personal interview, and asked the reason of his being relieved. With strange discourtesy and injustice, the latter refused to give him any.

How Grant viewed this proceeding, may be inferred from the fact that he immediately placed Warren in command of the defences of City Point and Bermuda Hundred.

In May he was assigned to the command of the Mississippi Department, but he did not retain it long, and offered his resignation as major-general of volunteers.

He asked for an investigation, but Grant replied that it was impossible, in the disturbed state of affairs, to assemble a court of enquiry at the time, and so the matter dropped. Although this was unjust to Warren, perhaps it was quite as well it should rest so. The war was over, the country jubilant and filled with praises of Sheridan, who had fought nobly, and contributed largely to the capture of Lee. A court of enquiry would of course have been compelled to censure him—an ungracious task just then—while his condemnation would have changed the opinion of scarcely any one in or out of the army. The people felt that it was an act of injustice, born of sudden impatience and excitement, such as he has often committed, and were sorry that he had been guilty of it, but preferred to forget it in consideration of his gallant services; while among military men, if it had any effect at all, it only raised Warren higher in their estimation. A court of enquiry, therefore, would have had no effect on his reputation, though, as an act of justice, it was demanded. He could much better afford to let it pass than Sheridan can. A sudden act of injustice may be pardoned: persisting in it constitutes its chief criminality.

Warren is yet a young man, only thirty-five, and has a future before him, the character of which may be inferred from the past. Rather slightly made, with black hair and eyes, he presents a fine appearance. The for-

mation of his head shows that the thinking faculties predominate strongly over the combative ones. By those most qualified to judge, he is considered one of the best, if not the best, tactician in the army. With a nervous, quick temperament, balanced by strong reflective powers, and perfect knowledge of his profession, he combines all the qualities of a great general.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT—MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD OTHO CRESAP ORD—MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS—MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL—MAJOR-GENERAL F. P. BLAIR—MAJOR-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS — MAJOR-GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS — MAJOR-GENERAL MOWER—MAJOR-GENERAL DOBSON COX—MAJOR-GENERAL PETER J. OSTERHAUS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.

As the successor of Sedgewick in command of the Sixth Corps, General Wright must be considered as one of Grant's important generals. He was born in Connecticut, and graduated in 1841 at West Point, where from 1842 to 1843 he was assistant professor of Engineers. He was made First Lieutenant in 1848, and Captain in 1855, and Major in August, 1861. In the autumn of 1861, being appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, he was attached to the Port Royal expedition. He commanded the expedition which was sent into Florida the next winter, and, capturing Fernandina, remained for awhile in charge of the department. He commanded a division in the battle of James Island in June, 1862, but in July was ordered to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. In August he was promoted to Major-General, and assigned to the Department of the Ohio. While here he was appointed by Halleck to investigate the causes of the

evacuation of Cumberland Gap by Morgan, and completely exonerated that officer. When Grant, in 1864, organized his campaign against Richmond, General Wright commanded a division under Sedgewick, and after the death of the latter took his position, and remained at the head of the Sixth Corps to the close of the war. He showed himself in all the subsequent marches and battles, a worthy successor of a most gallant commander of a corps, distinguished for its discipline and bravery. In the last terrible battle in front of the Petersburg works, he handled his troops with a skill and power that elicited the warmest approbation, and bore off a full share of the honors, in the final pursuit and capture of Lee. An able department commander, and equally capable in the field, he ranks among the first generals of the army. He now commands the Department of Texas.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD OTHO CRESAP ORD.

General Ord served under Grant, both West and East, and has witnessed his rising and perfected fame on the battle-field. Born in Maryland, in 1818, he graduated at West Point in 1839, in the same class with Halleck. As Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, he served in Florida against the Seminoles for several years, and then was employed in garrison duty and on the coast survey, till 1846, when he was ordered to California. He did valuable service in the Mexican War, and also in preserving law and order on the Pacific coast. In 1851, he was made captain, and stationed on the At-

lantic coast, where he remained till 1855, when he was again sent to California, and continued in active service there and in Oregon, and Washington Territory, till the breaking out of the war. In 1861, he was made brigadier-general, and assigned to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, under McCall. In the autumn, he was made major in the regular army. He fought and won the battle of Dranesville, for which he was made major-general. When Halleck was sent west, he was ordered to report to him, who placed him in command at Corinth, and afterwards of the Second Division of the District of West Tennessee. He was with Grant in the combined movement with Rosecrans on Iuka—and after the battle of Corinth, vigorously pressed the rebels in their retreat. Through swamps and jungles, and over precipitous ridges, dragging his artillery by hand, he drove them from every position which they attempted to hold, generally, he says, "at the double-quick—to and across the Hatchie, at Davis's Bridge, over which and up the steep beyond, we pushed them so rapidly that they had not time to burn the bridge. In driving the enemy, we took two batteries, and have them; and at the river captured two or three hundred prisoners, among whom are field-officers, and an aid-de-camp to General Van Dorn."

He served under Grant in his Vicksburg campaign, and when the latter, during the siege, removed McClernand, he was assigned to the command of his corps.

He performed gallant service in the last great campaign against Richmond, and when Butler was removed from the Army of the James, he was placed in command of it.

In the final advance against Petersburg, he took the

flower of his army, and moved with Grant, leaving the balance north of the James, under Weitzel.

At the close of the war he was placed in command of the Department of the Ohio.

Though his career has not been one to attract in a *special* manner the attention of the public, his services have been highly appreciated by the Government, and he ranks among the ablest generals which the war has produced.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.

General Humphreys was born in Pennsylvania in 1812, graduated at West Point in 1831, and being appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the artillery, acted as assistant professor of Engineering in the Academy till the next spring. Sent to Florida, he distinguished himself in a fight with the Indians, and was made First Lieutenant in the topographical engineers. He was employed in the coast survey from 1845 to 1849. In 1853 he took charge of the office of explorations and surveys in the War Department, and his able reports were published and highly extolled. Promoted to the rank of Major in 1861, he was attached to the staff of McClellan. Made Brigadier-General in the autumn of 1862, he was assigned to a brigade in the Ninth Army Corps. His whole history as connected with the Army of the Potomac, shows him to be possessed of the highest ability. When Grant put himself at its head, he made Humphreys his chief of staff, and on the resignation of Hancock in the following autumn, placed him over the

Second Corps, which he continued to command to the close of the war. In the various battles that followed, he distinguished himself by the able manner in which he handled it, and won a place among the great generals whose names, linked to that of Grant, will go down to immortality.

MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL.

General Weitzel succeeded to the command of that portion of the Army of the James which remained north of the river in the final advance of the Army of the Potomac, and being the first to enter Richmond, occupied a conspicuous position as one of Grant's generals. Most of his active military life was in the South under Butler. He was born in Ohio, and graduated at West Point in 1855, the second of his class. He was not yet thirty years of age when he became attached to Butler's staff as lieutenant. Made brigadier-general in 1862, he distinguished himself in Louisiana, and afterward commanded under Banks in his expedition through the State. He was made chief engineer in the Department of the Gulf, and acquired a high reputation for gallantry in the assault on Port Hudson and the subsequent siege. Eventually transferred North, he served under Butler in the campaign against Richmond.

In the first expedition to capture Fort Fisher, he was sent on a reconnoissance of the place, and reported, according to General Butler's account, against the attempt to carry it by assault. Afterward placed over the Army of the James, he was stationed north of that river, when

Grant made his last great movement to the south of Petersburg. On the evacuation of the rebel capital, he entered it and took possession, establishing his head-quarters in Jefferson Davis' house. Here he soon after received the President and welcomed him to the rebel capital.

MAJOR-GENERAL F. P. BLAIR.

No man is perhaps more identified with Grant and Sherman than General Blair. A Western man himself, he has been prominent in most of the Western campaigns, in which he always exhibited the highest capacity.

In the first attack on Vicksburg by Sherman, he bore himself with a gallantry that will always make him a conspicuous object in any description of the assault of that place.

Through an almost impenetrable abattis, over a ditch half filled with water, with quicksand at the bottom, and through another abattis of heavy timber beyond, all the while swept by a murderous fire of artillery, he gallantly carried his brigade, and drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the centre hill on which the city lay. Striding on foot at its head, he still advanced up the heights—but the force was too small for the work to be accomplished, and the assault had to be abandoned. The charge would have been no more gallant had it been successful and Vicksburg captured; but success would have given it a world-wide reputation.

Through the Vicksburg campaign, leading a corps under Sherman across the country to Chattanooga, thence on to Atlanta, and finally commanding the Seventeenth Corps under Howard, going through the Georgia and Carolina campaigns, he has ever shown himself the great leader, and won imperishable renown. Cool and imperturbable under fire, he smokes his cigar in the midst of a charge as quietly as in his own tent. A great general, he is still greater as a statesman—and could those who rule the country be governed by his enlarged views, its future prospects would be far better. Under him was the splendid soldier, Giles E. Smith, who with his division swam the Salkahatchie in mid-winter, and thus helped to force this strong line of defence. Nearly six feet high, and well proportioned, this man moves like a knight of old over the battle-field.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS.

This gallant officer, commanding the Twentieth Corps under Howard in his Georgia campaign, has been shifted about in a most marvellous manner. Conceded to possess the highest merit, a favorite with all, subordinate, brave and efficient, he has, nevertheless, been advanced and set back by the mere force of circumstances. He was a division commander at Bull Run and Fredericksburg—corps commander at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and when the Eleventh and Twelfth were consolidated into the Twentieth, went back to a division, and then again became corps commander till the Carolina

campaign, when he was superseded by Mower, in accordance with the order of the President, and thence went back, at the very close of the war to his starting point—division commander.

Under him was Geary, the hero of Lookout Valley and Mountain, and afterwards the popular governor of Savannah, the fortifications around which he was the first to enter.

MAJOR-GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS

Commanded the Fourteenth Corps, under Slocum, and fought his way up from the outset of the war to his high position—being one of the ablest generals in Sherman's army.

MAJOR-GENERAL MOWER.

Mower, who succeeded Williams in the command of the Twentieth Corps, is one of the fighting men in the army. Of unconquerable resolution and energy, he is always found in the front, and seems most at home in the tumult of a great battle. It is a common remark in the army, that "three successive sets of his staff officers are in heaven." Now losing half his men in a desperate charge up a road in front of Vicksburg—now wading swamps, breast deep, at the head of his division, and again, out on the skirmish line, he is ever exposed and seemingly rash; but never fails in what he attempts. His words are few, and he leaves his deeds to speak for him.

MAJOR-GENERAL DOBSON COX.

General Cox, of the Twenty-Third Corps, is another general distinguished for great executive ability, —ready, prompt, and daring, Sherman always knew that whatever task was assigned to him would be done. Although born in Canada, his parents were residents of New York city. His brilliant career in the Kanawah Valley of Virginia, is one of the bright spots in the history of the war.

MAJOR-GENERAL PETER J. OSTERHAUS.

Prominent among the generals that served under both Sherman and Grant is this gallant Prussian. Starting as major of volunteers, in Missouri, at the commencement of the war, he has fought his way over all obstacles to major-general. Under Sigel, Curtis, McClernand, and Blair, he was always foremost in the fight. Wounded in the battle of Champion Hills, he nevertheless next day rode at the head of his division. With nothing but his own merits to push him forward, he was finally placed over Logan's Fifteenth Corps, in the Georgia campaign. Always at his post, and ready for any enterprise, he pours his own enthusiastic spirit into his troops in battle, and handles them with masterly skill and success. He has done his adopted country noble service, and will be remembered, in after years, with Kosciusko, Baron Steuben, and other illustrious foreigners, whose names grace the annals of the Republic. Loving freedom, he is wil-

ling to fight for it; and without that captious, quarrelsome spirit, which characterizes some, is ready for any work, and indulges in no complaints. Such men the nation has always delighted to honor, and all the more, as the land they freely offer their lives for is not that of their birth.

There are other distinguished generals who did not grow up under Grant and Sherman, but served under the former in his last great campaign, and who deserve a separate place in history, such as Griffin, and Ayres, and Crawford, and Merritt, and Custer, and a host that might be named, whose deeds would fill volumes. There, too, are Hurlbut, and Corse, and McCook, and Wood, and the gallant Hovey, and A. J. Smith, and Steadman, and some who have sealed their devotion to their country with their blood. Canby, Steele, and Wilson, and those operating in the remotest sections of the country, might be embraced in a work that proposed to give an account of Grant's Generals, because his command embraced the entire military of the Republic; but, as I said, I chose to limit myself to those holding high or separate commands in the armies he and Sherman led, or who had grown up under their training, leaving to other pens, or to another place, the narrative of their great deeds.

APPENDIX.

REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, MO., FOUGHT NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, *June 26th*, 1865.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of State:

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a full and complete return of the battle of Belmont, Missouri, fought Nov. 7, 1861, which I would respectfully ask to have substituted in the place of my report of that action of date Nov. 19, 1861, made to Gen. S. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General to the General-in-Chief. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Referred to the Adjutant-General for publication with the accompanying report.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

June 27, 1865.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT SOUTHEAST MISSOURI,
CAIRO, Ill., *Nov.* 17, 1861.

GENERAL: The following order was received from Headquarters Western Department:

ST. LOUIS, *Nov.* 1, 1861.

Gen. Grant, Commanding at Cairo:

You are hereby directed to hold your whole command ready to march at an hour's notice, until further orders, and you will take particular care to be amply supplied with transportation and ammunition. You are also directed to make demonstrations with your troops along both sides of the river toward Charleston, Norfolk, and Blandville, and to keep your columns constantly moving back and against these places, without, however, attacking the enemy. Very respectfully, &c.,

CHAUNCEY McKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

At the same time I was notified that similar instructions had been sent to Brig.-Gen. C. F. Smith, commanding Paducah, Ky., and was directed to communicate with him freely as to my movements, that his might be co-operative.

On the 2d of the same month, and before it was possible for any considerable preparation to have been made for the execution of this order, the following telegraphic dispatch was received:

ST. LOUIS, *Nov.* 2, 1861.

To Brig.-Gen. Grant:

Jeff. Thompson is at Indian Ford of the St. Francis River, twenty-five miles below Greenville, with about 3,000 men. Col. Carlin has started with force from Pilot Knob. Send a force from Cape Girardeau and Bird's Point to assist Carlin in driving Thompson into Arkansas.

By order of Maj.-Gen. FREMONT,
C. MCKEEVER, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The forces I determined to send from Bird's Point were immediately designated, and Col. R. J. Oglesby, Eighth Illinois Volunteers, assigned to the command, under the following detailed instructions:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT SOUTHEAST MISSOURI,
CAIRO, *Nov.* 3, 1861.

Col. R. J. Oglesby, Commanding, &c., Bird's Point, Mo.:

You will take command of an expedition consisting of your regiment, four companies of the Eleventh Illinois, all of the Eighteenth and Twenty-ninth, three companies of cavalry from Bird's Point (to be selected and notified by yourself), and a section of Schwartz's Battery, artillery, and proceed to Commerce, Missouri. From Commerce you will strike for Sikeston—Mr. Cropper acting as guide. From there go in pursuit of a rebel force understood to be 3,000 strong, under Jeff. Thompson, now at Indian Ford, on the St. Francis River.

An expedition has already left Ironton, Mo., to attack this force. Should they learn that they have left that place, it will not be necessary for you to go there, but pursue the enemy in any direction he may go; always being cautious not to fall in with an unlooked-for foe too strong for the command under you.

The object of the expedition is to destroy this force, and the manner of doing it is left largely at your discretion; believing it better not to trammel you with instructions.

Transportation will be furnished you for fourteen days' rations and four or five days' forage. All you may require outside of this must be furnished by the country through which you pass. In taking supplies you will be careful to select a proper officer to press them, and require a receipt to be given, and the articles pressed to be accounted for in the same manner as if purchased.

You are particularly enjoined to allow no foraging by your men. It is demoralizing in the extreme, and is apt to make open enemies where they would not otherwise exist. U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General.

Col. J. B. Plummer, Eleventh Missouri Volunteers, commanding at Cape Girardeau, was directed to send one regiment in the direction of Bloomfield with a view to attracting the attention of the enemy.

The forces under Col. Oglesby were all got off on the evening of the 3d.

On the 5th, a telegram was received from headquarters, St. Louis, stating that the enemy was reinforcing Price's army, from Columbus, by way of White River, and directing that the demonstration that had been ordered against Columbus be immediately made. Orders were accordingly at once given to the troops under my command that remained at Cairo, Bird's Point,

and Fort Holt. A letter was also sent to Brig.-Gen. C. F. Smith, commanding at Paducah, requesting him to make a demonstration at the same time against Columbus.

To more effectually attain the object of the demonstration against the enemy at Belmont and Columbus, I determined, on the morning of the 6th, to temporarily change the direction of Col. Oglesby's column toward New Madrid, and also to send a small force under Col. W. H. L. Wallace, Eleventh Illinois Volunteers, to Charleston, Mo., to ultimately join Col. Oglesby. In accordance with this determination I addressed Col. Oglesby the following communication:

CAIRO, *Nov.* 6, 1861.

Col. R. J. Oglesby, Commanding Expedition:

On receipt of this, turn your column toward New Madrid. When you arrive at the nearest point to Columbus from which there is a road to that place, communicate with me at Belmont.

U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General.

Which was sent to Col. Wallace with the following letter:

CAIRO, *Nov.* 6, 1861.

Col. W. H. L. Wallace, Bird's Point, Mo.:

Herewith I send you an order to Col. Oglesby to change the direction of his column toward New Madrid, halting to communicate with me at Belmont from the nearest point on his road.

I desire you to get up the Charleston expedition ordered for to-morrow, to start to-night, taking two days' rations with them. You will accompany them to Charleston, and get Col. Oglesby's instructions to him by a messenger, if practicable, and when he is near enough you may join him. For this purpose you may substitute the remainder of your regiment in place of an equal amount from Col. Marsh's. The two days' rations carried by your men in haversacks will enable you to join Col. Oglesby's command, and there you will find rations enough for several days more should they be necessary. You may take a limited number of tents, and at Charleston press wagons to carry them to the main column. There you will find sufficient transportation to release the pressed wagons.

U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General.

On the evening of the 6th I left this place on steamers, with McClernand's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. N. B. Buford; Thirtieth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. Philip B. Foulke; Thirty-first Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Col. John A. Logan; Dollins' Company Independent Illinois Cavalry, Capt. J. J. Dollins; Delano's Company Adams County Illinois Cavalry, Lieut. J. R. Catlin. Dougherty's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-second Regiment Illinois Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. H. E. Hart; Seventh Regiment Iowa Volunteers, Col. J. G. Lanman; amounting to 3,114 men of all arms, to make the demonstration against Columbus. I proceeded down the river to a point nine miles below here, where we lay until next morning, on the Kentucky shore, which served to distract the enemy and lead him to suppose that he was to be attacked in his strongly fortified position at Columbus.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, I received information from Col. W. H. L. Wallace at Charleston (sent by a messenger on board steamer *W. H. B.*), that he had learned from a reliable Union man that the enemy had been crossing from Columbus to Belmont the day before, for the

purpose of following after and cutting off the forces under Col. Oglesby. Such a move on his part seemed to me more than probable, and gave at once a two-fold importance to my demonstration against the enemy, namely: the prevention of reinforcements to Gen. Price, and the cutting off of the two columns that I had sent, in pursuance of directions, from this place and Cape Girardeau in pursuit of Jeff. Thompson. This information determined me to attack vigorously his forces at Belmont; knowing that should we be repulsed, we could reëmbark without difficulty under the protection of the gunboats. The following order was given:

ON BOARD STEAMER BELLE MEMPHIS,
Nov. 7, 1861—2 o'clock A. M.

SPECIAL ORDER:—The troops composing the present expedition from this place will move promptly at six o'clock this morning. The gunboats will take the advance, and be followed by the First Brigade, under command of Brig.-Gen. John A. McClernand, composed of all the troops from Cairo and Fort Holt. The Second Brigade, comprising the remainder of the troops of the expedition, commanded by Col. John Dougherty, will follow. The entire force will debark at the lowest point on the Missouri shore where a landing can be effected in security from the rebel batteries. The point of debarkation will be designated by Capt. Walke, commanding naval forces.

By order of Brig.-Gen. U. S. GRANT.

JOHN A. RAWLINS, A. A. G.

Promptly at the hour designated we proceeded down the river to a point just out of range of the rebel batteries at Columbus, and debarked on the Missouri shore. From here the troops were marched, with skirmishers well in advance, by flank for about one mile towards Belmont, and there formed in line of battle. One battalion had been left as a reserve near the transports. Two companies from each regiment were thrown forward as skirmishers, to ascertain the position of the enemy, and about nine o'clock met and engaged him. The balance of my force, with the exception of the reserve, was promptly thrown forward, and drove the enemy foot by foot, and from tree to tree, back to his encampment on the river bank, a distance of over two miles. Here he had strengthened his position by felling the timber for several hundred yards around his camp, making a sort of abattis. Our men charged through this, driving the enemy under cover of the bank, and many of them into their transports in quick time, leaving us in possession of everything not exceedingly portable.

Belmont is situated on low ground, and every foot is commanded by the guns on the opposite shore, and, of course, could not be held for a single hour after the enemy became aware of the withdrawal of his troops. Having no wagons with me, I could move but little of the captured property, consequently gave orders for the destruction of everything that could not be removed, and an immediate return to our transports. Tents, blankets, &c., were set on fire and destroyed, and our return march commenced, taking his artillery and a large number of captured horses and prisoners with us. Three pieces of artillery being drawn by hand, and one by an inefficient team, were spiked and left on the road; two were brought to this place.

We had but fairly got under way when the enemy, having received reinforcements, rallied under cover of the river bank and the woods on the point of land in the bend of the river above us, and made his appearance between us and our transports, evidently with a design of cutting off our return to them.

Our troops were not in the least discouraged, but charged the enemy and again defeated him. We then, with the exception of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, Colonel N. B. Buford commanding, reached our transports and embarked without further molestation. While waiting for the arrival of this regiment and to get some of our wounded from a field hospital near by, the enemy, having crossed fresh troops from Columbus, again made his appearance on the river bank and commenced firing upon our transports. The fire was returned by our men from the decks of the steamers, and also by the gunboats, with terrible effect, compelling him to retire in the direction of Belmont. In the meantime Colonel Buford, although he had received orders to return with the main force, took the Charleston road from Belmont and came in on the road leading to Bird's Point, where we had formed the line of battle in the morning. At this point, to avoid the shells from the gunboats that were beginning to fall among his men, he took a blind path direct to the river, and followed a wood road up its bank, and thereby avoided meeting the enemy, who were retiring by the main road. On his appearance on the river bank a steamer was dropped down and took his command on board, without his having participated or lost a man in the enemy's attempt to cut us off from our transports.

Notwithstanding the crowded state of our transports, the only loss we sustained from the enemy's fire upon them, was three men wounded, one of whom belonged to one of the boats.

Our loss in killed on the field was eighty-five, three hundred and one wounded, (many of them, however, slightly,) and ninety-nine missing. Of the wounded one hundred and twenty-five fell into the hands of the enemy. Nearly all the missing were from the Seventh Iowa regiment, which suffered more severely than any other. All the troops behaved with great gallantry, which was in a degree attributable to the coolness and presence of mind of their officers, particularly the Colonels commanding.

General McClernand was in the midst of danger throughout the engagement, and displayed both coolness and judgment. His horse was three times shot under him.

Colonel Dougherty, of the Twenty-second Illinois volunteers, commanding the Second Brigade, by his coolness and bravery, entitles himself to be named among the most competent of officers for command of troops in battle. In our second engagement he was three times wounded, and fell a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Among the killed was Lieutenant-Colonel A. Wentz, Seventh Iowa Volunteers, and among the wounded were Colonel J. G. Lauman and Major E. W. Rice, of the Seventh Iowa.

The reports of sub-commanders will detail more fully particulars of the engagements, and the conduct of both officers and men.

To my staff, Captain John A. Rawlins, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenants C. B. Lagow and Wm. S. Hillyer, Aids-de-Camp, and Captain R. B. Hatch, Assistant Quartermaster, I am much indebted for the promptitude with which they discharged their several duties.

Surgeon J. H. Brinton, United States Volunteers, chief medical officer, was on the field during the entire engagement, and displayed great ability and efficiency in providing for the wounded, and in organizing the medical corps.

Major J. D. Webster, Acting Chief Engineer, also accompanied me on the field, and displayed soldierly qualities of a high order.

My own horse was shot under me during the engagement.

The gunboats "Tyler," Captain Walke, and "Lexington," Captain Stem-

bolt, conveyed the expedition and rendered most efficient service. Immediately upon our landing, they engaged the enemy's batteries on the heights above Columbus, and protected our transports throughout. For a detailed account of the part taken by them, I refer with pleasure to the accompaning report of Captain H. S. Walke, senior officer.

In pursuance of my request, General Smith, commanding at Paducah, sent on the 7th instant a force to Mayfield, Kentucky, and another in the direction of Columbus, with orders not to approach nearer, however, than twelve or fifteen miles of that place. I also sent a small force on the Kentucky side towards Columbus, under Colonel John Cook, Seventh Illinois Volunteers, with orders not to go beyond Elliott's Mills, distant some twelve miles from Columbus. These forces having marched to the points designated in their orders, returned, without having met serious resistance.

On the evening of the 7th information of the result of the engagement at Belmont was sent to Colonel Oglesby, commanding expedition against Jeff. Thompson, and order, to return to Bird's Point by way of Charleston, Missouri. Before these reached him, however, he had learned that Jeff. Thompson had left the place where he was reported to be when the expedition started, (he having gone toward New Madrid or Arkansas,) and had determined to return. The same information was sent to the commanding officer at Cape Girardeau, with directions for the troops to be brought back that had gone out from that place.

From all the information I have been able to obtain since the engagement, the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was much greater than ours. We captured one hundred and seventy-five prisoners, all his artillery and transportation, and destroyed his entire camp and garrison equipage. Independent of the injuries inflicted upon him, and the prevention of his reinforcing Price, or sending a force to cut off the expeditions against Jeff. Thompson, the confidence inspired in our troops in the engagement will be of incalculable benefit to us in the future. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General.

Brigadier-General SETH WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C.

GRANT'S ORDERS WHILE AT MEMPHIS.

DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL,
MEMPHIS, TENN., *July* 10, 1862.

The constant communication between the so-called Confederate army and their friends and sympathizers in the city of Memphis, despite the orders heretofore issued, and the efforts to enforce them, induced the issuing of the following order:

The families now residing in the city of Memphis of the following persons, are required to move south beyond the lines within five days of the date hereof:

First. All persons holding commissions in the so-called Confederate army, or who have voluntarily enlisted in said army, or who accompany and are connected with the same.

Second. All persons holding office under or in the employ of the so-called Confederate Government.

Third. All persons holding State, county, or municipal offices, who claim allegiance to said so-called Confederate Government, and who have abandoned their families and gone South.

Safe conduct will be given to the parties hereby required to leave, upon application to the Provost-Marshal of Memphis.

By command of Major-General GRANT.

DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL,
MEMPHIS, TENN., *July* 11, 1862.

* * * * * * *

In order that innocent, peaceable, and well-disposed persons may not suffer for the bad conduct of the guilty parties coming within the purview of Special Order No. 14, dated July 10, 1862, they can be relieved from the operation of said order No. 14, by signing the following parole, and producing to the Provost-Marshal General, or the Provost-Marshal of Memphis, satisfactory guarantees that they will keep the pledge therein made:

PAROLE.

First. "I have not, since the occupation of the city of Memphis by the Federal army, given any aid to the so-called Confederate army, nor given or sent any information of the movements, strength, or position of the Federal army to any one connected with said Confederate army.

Second. "I will not, during the occupancy of Memphis by the Federal army, and my residing therein, oppose or conspire against the civil or military authority of the United States; and I will not give aid, comfort, or encouragement to the so-called Confederate army, nor to any person coöperating therewith.

"All of which I state and pledge upon my sacred honor."

By command of Major-General GRANT.

WILLIAM S. HILLYER, Provost-Marshal General.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SHERMAN AND THE AUTHORITIES OF ATLANTA.

"ATLANTA, GA., *September* 11.

"*Major-General W. T. Sherman:*

"SIR: The undersigned mayor, and two members of council for the city of Atlanta, for the time being the only legal organ of the people of the said city, to express their wants and wishes, ask leave most earnestly, but respectfully, to petition you to reconsider the order requiring them to leave Atlanta. At first view it struck us that the measure would involve extraordinary hardship and loss, but since we have seen the practical execution of it, so far as it has progressed, and the individual condition of many of the people, and heard their statements as to the inconveniences, loss, and suffering attending it, we are satisfied that the amount of it will involve in the

aggregate consequences appalling and heartrending. Many poor women are in an advanced state of pregnancy; otbers now having young children, and whose husbands are either in the army, prisoners, or dead. Some say: 'I have such a one sick at home; who will wait on them when I am gone?' Others say: 'What are we to do? We have no houses to go to, and no means to buy, build, or to rent any—no parents, friends, or relatives to go to.' Another says: 'I will try and take this or that article of property, but such and such things I must leave behind, though I need them much.' We reply to them: 'General Sherman will carry your property to Rough and Ready, and General Hood will take it there on.' And they will reply to this: 'But I want to leave the railroad at such a point, and cannot get conveyance from there on.' We only refer to a few facts to try to illustrate in part how the measure will operate in practice. As you advanced, the people north of us fell back, and before your arrival here a large portion of the people had retired south, so that the country south of this is already crowded, and without houses to accommodate the people; and we are informed that many are now staying in churches and other out-buildings. This being so, how is it possible for the people still here (mostly women and children) to find any shelter? and how can they live through the winter in the woods —no shelter or subsistence—in the midst of strangers who know them not, and without the power to assist them, if they were willing to do so? This is but a feeble picture of the consequences of this measure. You know the woe, the horror, and the suffering cannot be described by words. Imagination can only conceive of it, and we ask you to take these things into consideration. We know your mind and time are constantly occupied with the duties of your command, which almost deter us from asking your attention to this matter; but thought it might be that you had not considered the subject in all its awful consequences, and that on more reflection, you, we hope, would not make this people an exception to all mankind; for we know of no such instance ever having occurred—surely none such in the United States; and what has this helpless people done, that they should be driven from their homes, to wander as strangers, outcasts, and exiles, and to subsist on charity? We do not know, as yet, the number of people still here. Of those who are here we are satisfied a respectable number, if allowed to remain at home, could subsist for several months without assistance, and a respectable number for a much longer time, and who might not need assistance at any time. In conclusion, we most earnestly and solemnly petition you to reconsider this order, or modify it, and suffer this unfortunate people to remain at home and enjoy what little means they have.

"Respectfully submitted,

"JAMES M. CALHOUN, Mayor.
"E. E. RAWSON, } Councilmen.
"L. C. WELLS." }

Here is General Sherman's answer to the letter of Mayor Calhoun and the Councilmen of Atlanta:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, *September* 12, 1864.

"*James M. Calhoun, Mayor, E. E. Rawson and S. C. Wells, representing City Council of Atlanta:*

"GENTLEMEN: I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition to revoke my order removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will

be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggle in which millions, yea, hundreds of millions of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have peace, not only in Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this, we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop the war, we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution which all men must respect and obey. To defeat these armies, we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

"Now I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce, or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and, sooner or later, want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting until the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scenes of the past month? Of course I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not suppose this army will be here till the war is over? I cannot discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do; but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

"War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know that I will make more sacrifices than any of you to-day to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power—if it relaxes one bit of pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of *Union*. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses, and streets, and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion such as has swept the South into rebellion; but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a Government, and those who insist on war and its desolation.

"You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against the terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home, is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error, and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes, or your horses, or your houses, or your land, or anything you have; but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have; and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you.

"I repeat, then, that by the original compact of government, the United

States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be: that the South began the war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom-houses, &c., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry, and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg, and Mississippi, we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands, and whom we could not see starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different—you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent carloads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shells and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the Government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it only can be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success.

"But, my dear sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now you must go, and take with you the old and feeble. Feed and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

"Yours, in haste, W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

REPORT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
GOLDSBORO, N. C., *April 4th*, 1865.

GENERAL,—I must now endeavor to group the events of the past three months, connected with the armies under my command, in order that you may have as clear an understanding of the late campaign as the case admits of. The reports of the subordinate commanders will enable you to fill up the picture.

I have heretofore explained how, in the progress of our arms, I was enabled to leave in the West an army under Major-General George H. Thomas of sufficient strength to meet emergencies in that quarter, while in person I conducted another army, composed of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps, and Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, to the Atlantic slope, aiming to approach the grand theatre of war in Virginia by the time the season would admit of military operations in that latitude. The first lodgment on the coast was made at Savannah, strongly fortified and armed, and valuable to us as a good seaport, with its navigable stream inland. Near a month was consumed there in refitting the army, and in making the proper disposition of captured property, and other local matters; but by the 15th of January I was all ready to resume the march. Preliminary to this, General Howard, commanding the right wing, was ordered to embark his command at Thunderbolt, transport it to Beaufort, South Carolina, and

thence by the 15th of January make a lodgment on the Charleston Railroad at or near Pocotaligo. This was accomplished punctually, at little cost, by the Seventeenth Corps, Major-General Blair, and a dépôt for supplies was established near the mouth of Pocotaligo Creek, with easy water communication back to Hilton Head.

The left wing, Major-General Slocum, and the cavalry, Major-General Kilpatrick, were ordered to rendezvous about the same time near Robertsville and Coosahatchie, South Carolina, with a dépôt of supplies at Pureysburg or State's Ferry, on the Savannah River. General Slocum had a good pontoon bridge constructed opposite the city, and the "Union Causeway," leading through the low rice-fields opposite Savannah, was repaired and "corduroyed;" but before the time appointed to start, the heavy rains of January had swelled the river, broken the pontoon bridge, and overflowed the whole "bottom," so that the causeway was four feet under water, and General Slocum was compelled to look higher up for a passage over the Savannah River. He moved up to Sister's Ferry, but even there, the river, with its overflowed bottoms, was near three miles wide, and he did not succeed in getting his whole wing across until during the first week of February.

In the meantime General Grant had sent me Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps to garrison Savannah, and had drawn the Twenty-third Corps, Major-General Schofield, from Tennessee, and sent it to reinforce the commands of Major-Generals Terry and Palmer, operating on the coast of North Carolina, to prepare the way for my coming.

On the 18th of January I transferred the forts and city of Savannah to Major-General Foster, commanding the Department of the South, imparted to him my plans of operation, and instructed him how to follow my movements inland by occupying in succession the city of Charleston and such other points along the sea-coast as would be of any military value to us. The combined naval and land forces, under Admiral Porter and General Terry had, on the 15th of January, captured Fort Fisher and the rebel forts at the mouth of Cape Fear River, giving me an additional point of security on the sea-coast. But I had already resolved in my own mind, and had so advised General Grant, that I would undertake at one stride to make Goldsboro', and open communication with the sea by the Newbern Railroad, and had ordered Colonel W. W. Wright, superintendent of military railroads, to proceed in advance to Newbern, and to be prepared to extend the railroad out from Newbern to Goldsboro' by the 15th of March.

On the 19th of January all preparations were complete, and the orders of march were given. My chief quartermaster and Commissary Generals Easton and Beckwith were ordered to complete the supplies at Sister's Ferry and Pocotaligo, and then to follow our movements coastwise, looking for my arrival at Goldsboro', North Carolina, about March 15th, and opening communication with me from Morehead City.

On the 22d of January I embarked from Savannah for Hilton Head, where I held a conference with Admiral Dahlgren, United States Navy, and Major-General Foster, commanding the Department of the South, and next proceeded to Beaufort, riding out thence on the 24th to Pocotaligo, where the Seventeenth Corps, Major-General Blair, was encamped. The Fifteenth Corps was somewhat scattered—Wood's and Hazen's divisions at Beaufort, John E. Smith marching from Savannah by the coast road, and Corse still at Savannah, cut off by the storms and freshet in the river. On the 25th a demonstration was made against the Combahee Ferry and Railroad Bridge, across the Salkahatchie, merely to amuse the enemy, who had evidently adopted that river as his defensive line against our supposed *objective*,

the city of Charleston. I reconnoitred the line in person, and saw that the heavy rains had swollen the river so that water stood in the swamps for a breadth of more than a mile, at a depth of from one to twenty feet. Not having the remotest intention of approaching Charleston, a comparatively small force was able, by seeming preparations to cross over, to keep in their front a considerable force of the enemy disposed to contest our advance on Charleston. On the 27th I rode to the camp of General Hatch's division of Foster's command, on the Tullafinney and Coosahatchie Rivers, and directed those places to be evacuated, as no longer of any use to us. That division was then moved to Pocotaligo to keep up the feints already begun, until we should, with the right wing, move higher up and cross the Salkahatchie about Broxton's Bridge.

On the 29th I learned that the roads back of Savannah had at last become sufficiently free of the flood to admit of General Slocum putting his wing in motion, and that he was already approaching Sister's Ferry, whither a gun-boat, the "Pontiac," Captain Luce, kindly furnished by Admiral Dahlgren, had preceded him to cover the crossing. In the meantime three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps had closed up at Pocotaligo, and the right wing had loaded its wagons and was ready to start. I, therefore, directed General Howard to move one corps, the Seventeenth, along the Salkahatchie, as high up as River's Bridge, and the other, the Fifteenth, by Hickory Hill, Loper's Cross-roads, Anglesey Post-office, and Beaufort's Bridge. Hatch's division was ordered to remain at Pocotaligo, feigning at the Salkahatchie Railroad Bridge and Ferry, until our movement turned the enemy's position and forced him to fall behind the Edisto.

The Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps drew out of camp on the 31st of January, but the real march began on the 1st of February. All the roads northward had for weeks been held by Wheeler's cavalry, who had, by details of negro laborers, felled trees, burned bridges, and made obstructions to impede our march. But so well organized were our pioneer battalions, and so strong and intelligent our men, that obstructions seemed only to quicken their progress. Felled trees were removed and bridges rebuilt by the heads of columns before the rear could close up. On the 2d of February the Fifteenth Corps reached Loper's Cross-roads, and the Seventeenth was at River's Bridge. From Loper's Cross-roads I communicated with General Slocum, still struggling with the floods of the Savannah River at Sister's Ferry. He had two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, General Williams, on the east bank, and was enabled to cross over on his pontoons the cavalry of Kilpatrick. General Williams was ordered to Beaufort's Bridge by way of Lawtonville and Allandale, Kilpatrick to Blackville *via* Barnwell, and General Slocum to hurry the crossing at Sister's Ferry as much as possible, and overtake the right wing on the South Carolina Railroad. General Howard, with the right wing, was directed to cross the Salkahatchie and push rapidly for the South Carolina Railroad, at or near Midway. The enemy held the line of the Salkahatchie in force, having infantry and artillery intrenched at River's and Beaufort's Bridges. The Seventeenth Corps was ordered to carry River's Bridge, and the Fifteenth Corps Beaufort's Bridge. The former position was carried promptly and skilfully by Mower's and Giles A. Smith's divisions of the Seventeenth Corps, on the 3d of February, by crossing the swamp, nearly three miles wide, with water varying from knee to shoulder deep. The weather was bitter cold, and Generals Mower and Smith led their divisions in person on foot, waded the swamp, made a lodgment below the bridge, and turned on the rebel brigade which guarded it, driving it in confusion and disorder toward Branchville. Our casualties were 1 officer

and 17 men killed, and 70 men wounded, who were sent to Pocotaligo. The line of the Salkahatchie being thus broken, the enemy retreated at once behind the Edisto at Branchville, and the whole army was pushed rapidly to the South Carolina Railroad at Midway, Bamberg (or Lowry's Station), and Graham's Station. The Seventeenth Corps, by threatening Branchville, forced the enemy to burn the railroad bridge, and Walker's Bridge below, across the Edisto. All hands were at once set to work to destroy railroad track. From the 7th to the 10th of February this work was thoroughly prosecuted by the Seventeenth Corps from the Edisto up to Bamberg, and by the Fifteenth Corps from Bamberg up to Blackville. In the meantime General Kilpatrick had brought his cavalry rapidly by Barnwell to Blackville, and had turned towards Aiken, with orders to threaten Augusta, but not to be drawn needlessly into a serious battle. This he skilfully accomplished, skirmishing heavily with Wheeler's cavalry, first at Blackville and afterward at Williston and Aiken. General Williams, with two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, marched to the South Carolina Railroad at Graham's Station on the 8th, and General Slocum reached Blackville on the 10th. The destruction of the railroad was continued by the left wing from Blackville up to Windsor. By the 11th of February all the army was on the railroad all the way from Midway to Johnson's Station, thereby dividing the enemy's forces, which still remained at Branchville and Charleston on the one hand, Aiken and Augusta on the other.

We then began the movement on Orangeburg. The Seventeenth Corps crossed the south fork of Edisto River at Binnaker's Bridge and moved straight for Orangeburg, while the Fifteenth Corps crossed at Holman's Bridge and moved to Poplar Springs in support. The left wing and cavalry were still at work on the railroad, with orders to cross the South Edisto at New and Guignard's Bridges, move to the Orangeburg and Edgefield Road, and there await the result of the attack on Orangeburg. On the 12th the Seventeenth Corps found the enemy intrenched in front of the Orangeburg Bridge, but swept him away by a dash, and followed him, forcing him across the bridge, which was partially burned. Behind the bridge was a battery in position, covered by a cotton and earth rampart, with wings as far as could be seen. General Blair held one division (Giles A. Smith's) close up to the Edisto, and moved the other two to a point about two miles below, where he crossed Force's division by a pontoon bridge, holding Mower's in support. As soon as Force emerged from the swamp the enemy gave ground, and Giles Smith's division gained the bridge, crossed over, and occupied the enemy's parapet. He soon repaired the bridge, and by four P. M. the whole corps was in Orangeburg, and had begun the work of destruction on the railroad. Blair was ordered to destroy this railroad effectually up to Lewisville and to push the enemy across the Congaree and force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th; and without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia.

The Seventeenth Corps followed the State Road, and the Fifteenth crossed the North Edisto from Poplar Springs at Schilling's Bridge, above the mouth of "Cawcaw Swamp" Creek, and took a country road which came into the State Road at Zeigler's. On the 15th, the Fifteenth Corps found the enemy in a strong position at Little Congaree Bridge (across Congaree Creek,) with a *tête-de-pont* on the south side, and a well constructed fort on the north side, commanding the bridge with artillery. The ground in front was very bad, level and clear, with a fresh deposit of mud from a recent overflow. General Charles R. Wood, who commanded the leading division succeeded, how-

ever, in turning the flank of the *tête-de-pont* by sending Stone's brigade through a cypress swamp to the left; and following up the retreating enemy promptly, he got possession of the bridge and the fort beyond. The bridge had been partially damaged by fire, and had to be repaired for the passage of artillery, so that night closed in before the head of the column could reach the bridge across Congaree River in front of Columbia. That night the enemy shelled our camps from a battery on the east side of the Congaree above Granby. Early next morning (February 16th) the head of the column reached the bank of the Congaree opposite Columbia, but too late to save the fine bridge which spanned the river at that point. It was burned by the enemy. While waiting for the pontoons to come to the front, we could see people running about the streets of Columbia, and occasionally small bodies of cavalry, but no masses. A single gun of Capt. De Grass's battery was firing at their cavalry squads, but I checked his firing, limiting him to a few shots at the unfinished State-house walls, and a few shells at the railroad dépôt, to scatter the people who were seen carrying away sacks of corn and meal that we needed. There was no white flag or manifestation of surrender. I directed General Howard not to cross directly in front of Columbia, but to cross the Saluda at the factory, three miles above, and afterward Broad River, so as to approach Columbia from the north. Within an hour of the arrival of General Howard's head of column at the river opposite Columbia, the head of column of the left wing also appeared, and I directed General Slocum to cross the Saluda at Zion Church, and thence to take roads direct for Winnsboro', breaking up *en route* the railroads and bridges about Alston.

General Howard effected a crossing of the Saluda near the factory on the 16th, skirmishing with cavalry, and the same night made a flying bridge across Broad River, about three miles above Columbia, by which he crossed over Stone's brigade of Wood's division, Fifteenth Corps. Under cover of this brigade a pontoon bridge was laid on the morning of the 17th. I was in person at this bridge, and at 11 A. M. learned that the Mayor of Columbia had come out in a carriage and made formal surrender of the city to Colonel Stone, Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry, commanding third brigade, first division, Fifteenth Corps. About the same time, a small party of the Seventeenth Corps had crossed the Congaree in a skiff, and entered Columbia from a point immediately west. In anticipation of the occupation of the city, I had made written orders to General Howard touching the conduct of the troops. These were to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for our own use, as well as all railroads, dépôts, and machinery useful in war to an enemy, but to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, asylums, and harmless private property. I was the first to cross the pontoon bridge, and in company with General Howard rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. The brigade of Colonel Stone was already in the city, and was properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were on the streets, and general good order prevailed. General Wade Hampton, who commanded the Confederate rear-guard of cavalry, had, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired, to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled every where, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in trees and against houses, so as to resemble a snow-storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city near the court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers. During the day, the Fifteenth Corps passed through Columbia and out on the Camden

Road. The Seventeenth did not enter the town at all; and, as I have before stated, the left wing and cavalry did not come within two miles of the town.

Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smouldering fires set by Hampton's order were rekindled by the wind, and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread, and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city. The whole of Wood's division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which by midnight had become unmanageable, and raged until about four A. M., when, the wind subsiding, they were got under control. I was up nearly all night, and saw Generals Howard, Logan, Wood, and others laboring to save houses, and to protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter and of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And, without hesitation, I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly "Roman stoicism," but from folly and want of sense, in filling it with lint, cotton, and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames; but others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina. During the 18th and 19th, the arsenal, railroad dépôts, machine-shops, foundries, and other buildings were properly destroyed by detailed working parties, and the railroad track torn up and destroyed to Kingsville and the Wateree Bridge, and up in the direction of Winnsboro'.

At the same time, the left wing and cavalry had crossed the Saluda and Broad Rivers, breaking up the railroad about Alston, and as high up as the bridge across Broad River on the Spartanburg Road, the main body moving straight for Winnsboro', which General Slocum reached on the 21st of February. He caused the railroad to be destroyed up to Blackstake's Dépôt, and then turned to Rocky Mount, on the Catawba River. The Twentieth Corps reached Rocky Mount on the 22d, laid a pontoon bridge, and crossed over during the 23d. Kilpatrick's cavalry followed, and crossed over in a heavy rain during the night of the 23d, and moved up to Lancaster, with orders to keep up the delusion of a general movement on Charlotte, North Carolina, to which General Beauregard and all the cavalry of the enemy had retreated from Columbia. I was also aware that Cheatham's corps of Hood's old army was aiming to make a junction with Beauregard at Charlotte, having been cut off by our rapid movement on Columbia and Winnsboro'. From the 23d to the 26th we had heavy rains, swelling the rivers and making the roads almost impassable. The Twentieth Corps reached Hanging Rock on the 26th, and waited there for the Fourteenth Corps to get across the Catawba. The heavy rains had so swollen the river that the pontoon bridge broke, and General Davis had very hard work to restore it and get his command across. At last he succeeded, and the left wing was all put in motion for Cheraw.

In the meantime, the right wing had broken up the railroad to Winnsboro', and thence turned for Pea's Ferry, where it was crossed over the Catawba before the heavy rains set in, the Seventeenth Corps moving straight on Cheraw *via* Young's Bridge, and the Fifteenth Corps by Tiller's and Kelly's Bridges. From this latter corps detachments were sent into Camden to burn the bridge over the Wateree, with the railroad dépôt, stores, etc.

A small force of mounted men under Captain Duncan was also despatched to make a dash and interrupt the railroad from Charleston to Florence, but it met Butler's division of cavalry, and, after a sharp night-skirmish on Mount Elon, was compelled to return unsuccessful. Much bad road was encountered at Lynch's Creek, which delayed the right wing about the same length of time as the left wing had been at the Catawba.

On the 2d of March, the leading division of the Twentieth Corps entered Chesterfield, skirmishing with Butler's division of cavalry, and the next day about noon the Seventeenth Corps entered Cheraw, the enemy retreating across the Pedee and burning the bridge at that point. At Cheraw we found much ammunition and many guns, which had been brought from Charleston on the evacuation of that city. These were destroyed, as also the railroad trestles and bridges down as far as Darlington. An expedition of mounted infantry was also sent down to Florence, but it encountered both cavalry and infantry, and returned, having only broken up in part the branch road from Florence to Cheraw.

Without unnecessary delay the columns were again put in motion, directed on Fayetteville, North Carolina, the right wing crossing the Pedee at Cheraw and the left wing and cavalry at Sneedsboro'. General Kilpatrick was ordered to keep well on the left flank, and the Fourteenth Corps, moving by Love's Bridge, was given the right to enter and occupy Fayetteville first. The weather continued unfavorable and the roads bad, but the Fourteenth and Seventeenth Corps reached Fayetteville on the 11th of March, skirmishing with Wade Hampton's cavalry, that covered the rear of Hardee's retreating army, which, as usual, had crossed Cape Fear River, burning the bridge. During the march from the Pedee, General Kilpatrick kept his cavalry well on the left and exposed flank. During the night of the 9th of March his three brigades were divided to picket the roads. General Hampton, detecting this, dashed in at daylight and gained possession of the camp of Colonel Spencer's brigade, and the house in which General Kilpatrick and Colonel Spencer had their quarters. The surprise was complete, but General Kilpatrick quickly succeeded in rallying his men on foot in a swamp near by, and by a prompt attack, well followed up, regained his artillery, horses, camp, and everything, save some prisoners whom the enemy carried off, leaving their dead on the ground.

The 12th, 13th and 14th were passed at Fayetteville, destroying absolutely the United States Arsenal and the vast amount of machinery which had formerly belonged to the old Harper's Ferry United States Arsenal. Every building was knocked down and burned, and every piece of machinery utterly broken up and ruined, by the first regiment Michigan engineers, under the immediate supervision of Colonel O. M. Poe, chief engineer. Much valuable property of great use to an enemy was here destroyed or cast into the river.

Up to this period, I had perfectly succeeded in interposing my superior army between the scattered parts of my enemy. But I was then aware that the fragments that had left Columbia under Beauregard had been reinforced by Cheatham's corps from the West and the garrison of Augusta, and that ample time had been given to move them to my front and flank about Raleigh. Hardee had also succeeded in getting across Cape Fear River ahead of me, and could, therefore, complete the junction with the other armies of Johnston and Hoke in North Carolina. And the whole, under the command of the skilful and experienced Joe Johnston, made up an army superior to me in cavalry, and formidable enough in artillery and infantry to justify me in extreme caution in making the last step necessary to complete

the march I had undertaken. Previous to reaching Fayetteville, I had dispatched to Wilmington from Laurel Hill Church two of our best scouts with intelligence of our position and my general plans. Both of these messengers reached Wilmington, and on the morning of the 12th of March the army tug "Davidson," Capt. Ainsworth, reached Fayetteville from Wilmington, bringing me full intelligence of events from the outer world. On the same day, this tug carried back to General Terry, at Wilmington, and General Schofield, at Newbern, my dispatches to the effect that on Wednesday, the 15th, we would move for Goldsboro', feigning on Raleigh, and ordering them to march straight for Goldsboro', which I expected to reach about the 20th. The same day, the gun-boat "Eolus," Captain Young, United States Navy, also reached Fayetteville, and through her I continued to have communication with Wilmington until the day of our actual departure. While the work of destruction was going on at Fayetteville, two pontoon bridges were laid across Cape Fear River, one opposite the town, the other three miles below.

General Kilpatrick was ordered to move up the plank road to and beyond Averysboro'. He was to be followed by four divisions of the left wing, with as few wagons as possible; the rest of the train, under escort of the two remaining divisions of that wing, to take a shorter and more direct road to Goldsboro'. In like manner, General Howard was ordered to send his trains, under good escort, well to the right, toward Faison's Dépôt and Goldsboro', and to hold four divisions light, ready to go to the aid of the left wing if attacked while in motion. The weather continued very bad, and the roads had become mere quagmire. Almost every foot of it had to be corduroyed to admit the passage of wheels. Still, time was so important that punctually, according to order, the columns moved out from Cape Fear River on Wednesday, the 15th of March. I accompanied General Slocum, who, preceded by Kilpatrick's cavalry, moved up the river or plank road that day to Kyle's Landing, Kilpatrick skirmishing heavily with the enemy's rear-guard about three miles beyond, near Taylor's Hole Creek. At General Kilpatrick's request, General Slocum sent forward a brigade of infantry to hold a line of barricades. Next morning, the column advanced in the same order, and developed the enemy, with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, in an intrenched position in front of the point where the road branches off toward Goldsboro', through Bentonville. On an inspection of the map, it was manifest that Hardee, in retreating from Fayetteville, had halted in the narrow, swampy neck between Cape Fear and South rivers, in hopes to hold me to save time for the concentration of Johnston's armies at some point to his rear, namely, Raleigh, Smithfield, or Goldsboro'. Hardee's force was estimated at 20,000 men. It was necessary to dislodge him, that we might have the use of the Goldsboro' Road, as also to keep up the feint on Raleigh as long as possible. General Slocum was, therefore, ordered to press and carry the position, only difficult by reason of the nature of the ground, which was so soft that horses would sink everywhere, and even men could hardly make their way over the common pine barren.

The Twentieth Corps, General Williams, had the lead, and Ward's division the advance. This was deployed, and the skirmish line developed the position of a brigade of Charleston heavy artillery armed as infantry (Rhett's) posted across the road behind a light parapet, with a battery of guns enfilading the approach across a cleared field. General Williams sent a brigade (Casey's) by a circuit to his left that turned this line, and by a quick charge broke the brigade, which rapidly retreated back to a second line, better built and more strongly held. A battery of artillery (Winnager's) well posted, under the immediate direction of Major Reynolds, chief of artillery of the

Twentieth Corps, did good execution on the retreating brigade, and, on advancing Ward's division over this ground, General Williams captured three guns and two hundred and seventeen prisoners, of which sixty-eight were wounded, and left in a house near by with a rebel officer, four men and five days' rations. One hundred and eight rebel dead were buried by us. As Ward's division advanced, he developed a second and stronger line, when Jackson's division was deployed forward on the right of Ward, and the two divisions of Jeff. C. Davis' (Fourteenth) Corps on the left well toward the Cape Fear River. At the same time, Kilpatrick, who was acting in concert with General Williams, was ordered to draw back his cavalry and mass it on the extreme right, and, in concert with Jackson's right, to feel forward for the Goldsboro' Road. He got a brigade on the road, but it was attacked by McLaw's rebel division furiously, and, though it fought well and hard, the brigade drew back to the flank of the infantry. The whole line advanced late in the afternoon, drove the enemy well within his intrenched line, and pressed him so hard that next morning he was gone, having retreated in a miserable stormy night over the worst of roads. Ward's division of infantry followed to and through Averysboro', developing the fact that Hardee had retreated, not on Raleigh, but on Smithfield. I had the night before directed Kilpatrick to cross South River at a mill-dam to our right rear, and move up on the east side toward Elevation. General Slocum reports his aggregate loss in this affair, known as that of Averysboro', at twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven wounded. We lost no prisoners. The enemy's loss can be inferred from his dead (one hundred and eight) left for us to bury. Leaving Ward's division to keep up a show of pursuit, Slocum's column was turned to the right, built a bridge across the swollen South River, and took the Goldsboro' Road, Kilpatrick crossing to the north in the direction of Elevation, with orders to move eastward, watching that flank. In the meantime, the wagon trains and guards, as also Howard's column, were wallowing along the miry roads towards Bentonville and Goldsboro'. The enemy's infantry, as before stated, had retreated on Smithfield, and his cavalry retreated across our front in the same direction, burning the bridges across Mill Creek. I continued with the head of Slocum's column, and camped the night of the 18th with him on the Goldsboro' Road, twenty-seven miles from Goldsboro', about five miles from Bentonville, and where the road from Clinton to Smithfield crosses the Goldsboro' Road. Howard was at Lee's Store, only two miles south, and both columns had pickets three miles forward, to where the two roads came together and became common to Goldsboro'.

All the signs induced me to believe that the enemy would make no further opposition to our progress, and would not attempt to strike us in flank while in motion. I therefore directed Howard to move his right wing by the new Goldsboro' Road, which goes by way of Falling Creek Church. I also left Slocum and joined Howard's column, with a view to open communication with General Schofield, coming up from Newbern, and Terry from Wilmington. I found General Howard's column well strung out, owing to the very bad roads, and did not overtake him in person until he had reached Falling Creek Church, with one regiment forward to the cross-roads near Cox's Bridge across the Neuse. I had gone from General Slocum about six miles, when I heard artillery in his direction, but was soon made easy by one of his staff officers overtaking me, explaining that his leading division (Carlin's) had encountered a division of rebel cavalry (Dibbrell's), which he was driving easily. But soon other staff officers came up, reporting that he had developed near Bentonville the whole of the rebel

army, under General Johnston himself. I sent him orders to call up the two divisions guarding his wagon trains, and Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, still back near Lee's Store, to fight defensively until I could draw up Blair's corps, then near Mount Olive Station, and, with the three remaining divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, come up on Johnston's left rear from the direction of Cox's Bridge. In the meantime, while on the road, I received couriers from both Generals Schofield and Terry. The former reported himself in possession of Kinston, delayed somewhat by want of provisions, but able to march so as to make Goldsboro' on the 21st; Terry was at or near Faison's Dépôt. Orders were at once despatched to Schofield to push for Goldsboro', and to make dispositions to cross Little River in the direction of Smithfield as far as Millard; to General Terry to move to Cox's Bridge, lay a pontoon bridge, and establish a crossing; and to General Blair to make a night march to Falling Creek Church; and at daylight, the right wing, General Howard, less the necessary wagon guards, was put in rapid motion on Bentonville. By subsequent reports, I learned that General Slocum's head of column had advanced from its camp of March 18th, and first encountered Dibbrell's cavalry, but soon found his progress impeded by infantry and artillery. The enemy attacked his head of column, gaining a temporary advantage, and took three guns and caissons of General Carlin's division, driving the two leading brigades back on the main body. As soon as General Slocum realized that he had in his front the whole Confederate army, he promptly deployed the two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps, General Davis, and rapidly brought up on their left the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, General Williams. These he arranged on the defensive, and hastily prepared a line of barricades. General Kilpatrick also came up at the sound of artillery, and massed on the left. In this position, the left wing received six distinct assaults by the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee, and Cheatham, under the immediate command of General Johnston himself, without giving an inch of ground, and doing good execution on the enemy's ranks, especially with our artillery, the enemy having little or none.

Johnston had moved by night from Smithfield with great rapidity and without unnecessary wheels, intending to overwhelm my left flank before it could be relieved by its co-operating columns. But he "reckoned without his host." I had expected just such a movement all the way from Fayetteville, and was prepared for it. During the night of the 19th General Slocum got up his wagon train with its guard of two divisions, and Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, which reinforcement enabled him to make his position impregnable. The right wing found rebel cavalry watching its approach, but unable to offer any serious opposition, until our head of column encountered a considerable body behind a barricade, at the forks of the road near Bentonville, about three miles east of the battle-field of the day before. This body of cavalry was, however, quickly dislodged, and the intersection of the roads secured. On moving forward the Fifteenth Corps, General Logan found that the enemy had thrown back his left flank, and had constructed a line of parapet connecting with that toward General Slocum, in the form of a bastion, its salient on the main Goldsboro' Road, interposing between General Slocum on the west and General Howard on the east, while the flanks rested on Mill Creek, covering the road back to Smithfield. General Howard was instructed to proceed with due caution until he had made strong connection on his left with General Slocum. This he soon accomplished, and by four P. M. of the 20th a complete and strong line of battle confronted the enemy in his intrenched position, and General John-

ston, instead of catching us in detail, was on the defensive, with Mill Creek and a single bridge to his rear. Nevertheless, we had no object to accomplish by a battle, unless at an advantage, and, therefore, my general instructions were to press steadily with skirmishers alone, to use artillery pretty freely on the wooded space held by the enemy, and to feel pretty strongly the flanks of his position, which were, as usual, covered by the endless swamps of this region of country. I also ordered all empty wagons to be sent at once to Kinston for supplies, and all other impediments to be grouped near the Neuse, south of Goldsboro', holding the real army in close contact with the enemy, ready to fight him if he ventured outside his parapets and swampy obstructions.

Thus matters stood about Bentonville on the 21st of March. On the same day General Schofield entered Goldsboro' with little or no opposition, and General Terry had got possession of the Neuse River at Cox's Bridge, ten miles above, with pontoon bridge laid and a brigade across, so that the three armies were in actual connection, and the great object of the campaign was accomplished.

On the 21st a steady rain prevailed, during which General Mower's division of the Seventeenth Corps, on the extreme right, had worked well to the right around the enemy's flank, and had nearly reached the bridge across Mill Creek, the only line of retreat open to the enemy. Of course, there was extreme danger that the enemy would turn on him all his reserves, and, it might be, let go his parapets to overwhelm Mower. Accordingly, I ordered at once a general attack by our skirmish line from left to right. Quite a noisy battle ensued, during which General Mower was enabled to regain his connection with his own corps by moving to his left rear. Still, he had developed a weakness in the enemy's position of which advantage might have been taken; but that night the enemy retreated on Smithfield, leaving his pickets to fall into our hands, with many dead unburied, and wounded in his field hospitals. At daybreak of the 22d, pursuit was made two miles beyond Mill Creek, but checked by my order. General Johnston had utterly failed in his attempt, and we remained in full possession of the field of battle.

General Slocum reports the losses of the left wing about Bentonville at nine officers and one hundred and forty-five killed, fifty-one officers and eight hundred and sixteen men wounded, and three officers and two hundred and twenty-three men missing, taken prisoners by the enemy; total, one thousand two hundred and forty-seven. He buried on the field one hundred and sixty-seven rebel dead, and took three hundred and thirty-eight prisoners.

General Howard reports the losses of the right wing at two officers and thirty-five men killed, twelve officers and two hundred and eighty-nine men wounded, and one officer and sixty men missing; total, three hundred and ninety-nine. He also buried one hundred rebel dead and took one thousand two hundred and eighty-seven prisoners.

The cavalry of Kilpatrick was held in reserve, and lost but few, if any, of which I have no report as yet. Our aggregate loss at Bentonville was one thousand six hundred and forty-six.

I am well satisfied that the enemy lost heavily, especially during his assault on the left wing during the afternoon of the 19th; but as I have no data save his dead and wounded left in our hands, I prefer to make no comparisons.

Thus, as I have endeavored to explain, we had completed our march on the 21st, and had full possession of Goldsboro', the real "objective," with

its two railroads back to the sea-ports of Wilmington and Beaufort, North Carolina. These were being rapidly repaired by strong working parties, directed by Colonel W. W. Wright, of the Railroad Department. A large number of supplies had already been brought forward to Kinston, to which place our wagons had been sent to receive them. I, therefore, directed General Howard and the cavalry to remain at Bentonville during the 22d to bury the dead and remove the wounded, and on the following day, all the armies to the camps assigned them about Goldsboro', there to rest and receive the clothing and supplies of which they stood in need. In person I went, on the 23d, to Cox's Bridge, to meet General Terry, whom I met for the first time, and on the following day rode into Goldsboro', where I found General Schofield and his army. The left wing came in during the same day and next morning, and the right wing followed on the 24th, on which day the cavalry moved to Mount Olive Station and General Terry back to Faison's. On the 25th the Newbern Railroad was finished, and the first train of cars came in, thus giving us the means of bringing from the dépôt at Morehead City full supplies to the army.

It was all-important that I should have an interview with the General-in-Chief; and, presuming that he could not at this time leave City Point, I left General Schofield in chief command, and proceeded with all expedition by rail to Morehead City, and thence by steamer to City Point, reaching General Grant's headquarters on the evening of the 27th of March. I had the good fortune to meet General Grant, the President, Generals Meade, Ord, and others of the Army of the Potomac, and soon learned the general state of the military world, from which I had been in a great measure cut off since January. Having completed all necessary business, I re-embarked on the navy steamer Bat, Captain Barnes, which Admiral Porter placed at my command, and returned *via* Hatteras Inlet and Newbern, reaching my own headquarters in Goldsboro' during the night of the 30th. During my absence, full supplies of clothing and food had been brought to camp, and all things were working well.

I have thus rapidly sketched the progress of our columns from Savannah to Goldsboro', but for more minute details must refer to the reports of subordinate commanders and of staff officers, which are not yet ready, but will in due season be forwarded and filed with this report. I can not even with any degree of precision recapitulate the vast amount of injury done the enemy, or the quantity of guns and materials of war captured and destroyed. In general terms, we have traversed the country from Savannah to Goldsboro', with an average breadth of forty miles, consuming all the forage, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, cured meats, corn meal, etc. The public enemy, instead of drawing supplies from that region to feed his armies, will be compelled to send provisions from other quarters to feed the inhabitants. A map herewith, prepared by my chief engineer, Colonel Poe, with the routes of the four corps and cavalry, will show at a glance the country traversed. Of course, the abandonment to us by the enemy of the whole sea-coast, from Savannah to Newbern, North Carolina, with its forts, dock-yards, gun-boats, etc., was a necessary incident to our occupation and destruction of the inland routes of travel and supply; but the real object of this march was to place this army in a position easy of supply, whence it could take an appropriate part in the spring and summer campaign of 1865. This was completely accomplished on the 21st of March, by the junction of the three armies and occupation of Goldsboro'.

In conclusion, I beg to express in the most emphatic manner my entire satisfaction with the tone and temper of the whole army. Nothing seems

to dampen their energy, zeal or cheerfulness. It is impossible to conceive a march involving more labor and exposure, yet I can not recall an instance of bad temper by the way, or hearing an expression of doubt as to our perfect success in the end. I believe that this cheerfulness and harmony of action reflects upon all concerned quite as much real honor and fame as "battles gained" or "cities won," and I, therefore, commend all—generals, staff, officers, and men, for these high qualities, in addition to the more soldierly ones of obedience to orders, and the alacrity they have always manifested when danger summoned them "to the front." I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General Commanding.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff, Washington City, D. C.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S TESTIMONY BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON THE WAR.

I met General Johnston in person at a house five miles from Durham Station, under a flag of truce. After a few preliminary remarks he said to me, since Lee had surrendered his army at Appomattox Court-house, of which he had just been advised, he looked upon farther opposition by him as the greatest possible of crimes; that he wanted to know whether I could make him any general concessions; anything by which he could maintain his hold and control of his army, and prevent its scattering; anything to satisfy the great yearning of their people; if so, he thought he could arrange terms satisfactory to both parties. He wanted to embrace the condition and fate of all the armies of the Southern Confederacy to the Rio Grande, to make one job of it, as he termed it.

I asked him what his powers were—whether he could command and control the fate of all the armies to the Rio Grande. He answered that he thought he could obtain the power, but he did not possess it at that moment; he did not know where Mr. Davis was, but he thought if I could give him time he could find Mr. Breckenridge, whose orders would be obeyed everywhere, and he could pledge to me his personal faith that whatever he undertook to do would be done.

I had had frequent correspondence with the late President of the United States, with the Secretary of War, with General Halleck, and with General Grant, and the general impression left upon my mind, that if a settlement could be made, consistent with the Constitution of the United States, the laws of Congress, and the Proclamation of the President, they would not only be willing, but pleased to terminate the war by one single stroke of the pen.

I needed time to finish the railroad from the Neuse Bridge up to Raleigh, and thought I could put in four or five days of good time in making repairs to my road, even if I had to send propositions to Washington; I, therefore, consented to delay twenty-four hours, to enable General Johnston to procure what would satisfy me as to his authority and ability as a military man, to do what he undertook to do; I, therefore, consented to meet him the next day, the 17th, at twelve noon, at the same place.

We did meet again; after a general interchange of courtesies, he re-

marked that he was then prepared to satisfy me that he could fulfil the terms of our conversation of the day before. He then asked me what I was willing to do; I told him, in the first place, I could not deal with any body except men recognized by us as "belligerents," because no man could go beyond that fact. The Attorney General has since so decided, and any man of common sense so understood it before; there was no difference upon that point as to the men and officers accompanying the Confederate armies. I told him that the President of the United States, by a published proclamation, had enabled every man in the Southern Confederate Army, of the rank of colonel and under, to procure and obtain amnesty, by simply taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and agreeing to go to his home and live in peace. The terms of General Grant to General Lee extended the same principles to the officers, of the rank of Brigadier-General and upward, including the highest officer in the Confederate Army, viz., General Lee, the commander-in-chief. I was, therefore, willing to proceed with him upon the same principles.

Then a conversation arose as to what form of government they were to have in the South? Were the States there to be dissevered, and were the people to be denied representation in Congress? Were the people there to be, in the common language of the people of the South, slaves to the people of the North? Of course, I said "No; we desire that you shall regain your position as citizens of the United States, free and equal to us in all respects, and with representation upon the condition of submission to the lawful authority of the United States as defined by the Constitution, the United States courts, and the authorities of the United States supported by those courts." He then remarked to me that General Breckenridge, a major-general in the Confederate Army, was near by, and, if I had no objection, he would like to have him present. I called his attention to the fact, that I had on the day before explained to him that any negotiation between us must be confined to belligerents. He replied that he understood that perfectly. "But," said he, "Breckenridge, whom you do not know, save by public rumor, as Secretary of War, is, in fact, a major-general; I give you my word for that. Have you any objection to his being present as a major-general?" I replied, "I have no objection to any military officer you desire being present as a part of your personal staff." I myself had my own officers near me at call.

Breckenridge came, a stranger to me, whom I had never spoken to in my life, and he joined in the conversation; while that conversation was going on a courier arrived and handed to General Johnston a package of papers; he and Breckenridge sat down and looked over them for some time and put them away in their pockets; what they were I know not, but one of them was a slip of paper, written, as General Johnston told me, by Mr. Reagan, Postmaster General of the Southern Confederacy; they seemed to talk about it *sotto voce*, and finally handed it to me; I glanced over it; it was preceded by a preamble, and closed with a few general terms; I rejected it at once.

We then discussed matters; talked about slavery, talked about everything. There was a universal assent that slavery was as dead as a thing could be; that it was one of the issues of the war long since determined; and even General Johnston laughed at the folly of the Confederate government in raising negro soldiers, whereby they gave us all the points of the case. I told them that slavery had been treated by us as a dead institution, first by one class of men from the initiation of the war, and then from the date of the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and finally by the assent

of all parties. As to reconstruction, I told them I did not know what the views of the administration were. Mr. Lincoln, up to that time, in letters and by telegrams to me, encouraged me by all the words that could be used in general terms to believe, not only in his willingness, but in his desire that I should make terms with civil authorities, governors, and legislatures, even as far back as 1863. It then occurred to me that I might write off some general propositions, meaning little or meaning much, according to the construction of parties—what I would term "glittering generalities"—and send them to Washington, which I could do in four days. That would enable the new President to give me a clew to his policy in the important juncture which was then upon us, for the war was over; the highest military authorities of the Southern Confederacy so confessed to me openly, unconcealedly, and repeatedly. I, therefore, drew up the memorandum (which has been published to the world) for the purpose of referring it to the proper executive authority of the United States, and enabling him to define to me what I might promise, simply to cover the pride of the Southern men, who thereby became subordinate to the laws of the United States, civil and military. I made no concessions to General Johnston's army or the troops under his direction and immediate control; and if any concessions were made in these general terms, they were made because I then believed, and now believe, they would have delivered into the hands of the United States the absolute control of every Confederate officer and soldier, all their muster-rolls, and all their arms. It would save us all the incidental expense resulting from the military occupation of that country by provost-marshals, provost-guards, military governors, and all the machinery by which alone military power can reach the people of a civilized country. It would have surrendered to us the armies of Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith, both of them capable of doing infinite mischief to us by exhausting the resources of the whole country upon which we were to depend for the future extinguishment of our debt, forced upon us by their wrongful and rebellious conduct. I never designed to shelter a human being from any liability incurred in consequence of past acts to the civil tribunals of our country, and I do not believe a fair and manly interpretation of my terms can so construe them, for the words "United States courts," "United States authorities," "limitations of executive power," occur in every paragraph. And if they seemingly yield terms better than the public would desire to be given to the Southern people, if studied closely and well it will be found that there is an absolute submission on their part to the government of the United States, either through its executive, legislative, or judicial authorities. Every step in the programme of these negotiations was reported punctually, clearly, and fully, by the most rapid means of communication that I had. And yet I neglected not one single precaution necessary to reap the full benefits of my position in case the government amended, altered, or absolutely annulled those terms. As those matters were necessarily mingled with the military history of the period, I would like at this point to submit to the committee my official report, which has been in the hands of the proper officer, Brigadier-General Rawlings, Chief of Staff of the Army of the United States, since about the 12th instant. It was made by me at Manchester, Va., after I had returned from Savannah, whither I went to open up the Savannah River and reap the fruits of my negotiations with General Johnston, and to give General Wilson's force in the interior a safe and sure base from which he could draw the necessary supply of clothing and food for his command. It was only after I had fulfilled all this that I learned, for the first time, through the public press, that my conduct had been animadverted upon, not only by the Secretary of War, but

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